1976

COMET

To Kirk
Good Luck in the future
Lelia

Best Wishes
To A Brother
Norman

Hi Kirk
Hope you like the picture
Love
Mary

To Kirk
Wishing you the best
Bobbie

To Kirk.
Culture is your
Ways and Actions
Love, Peace, Happiness
"Peace"
(Queens, Nigeria, earth)

To Kirk
Best wishes
to a great guy
Great luck in the future
Love
Lynn
'76

To Kirk
Best wishes
in the future
and pmii cause
I love yo
Lynnette
'76
CD

To Kirk
Best wishes
in the future
Good Luck
Love
Peace Beatrice

To Kirk
Good luck
stay true
Love Charles

TO KIRK
BEST WISHES
IN THE
FUTURE
JOE ROAD

To Kirk
Best wishes
and good luck
in the future.
"stay sweet"
from
Tonya

To Kirk.
Best Wishes in
the Future good
Luck and be cool
Love
Nigelik earth

TO Kirk
Good Luck
in the
future
Love
always
Sheila
Cooper.

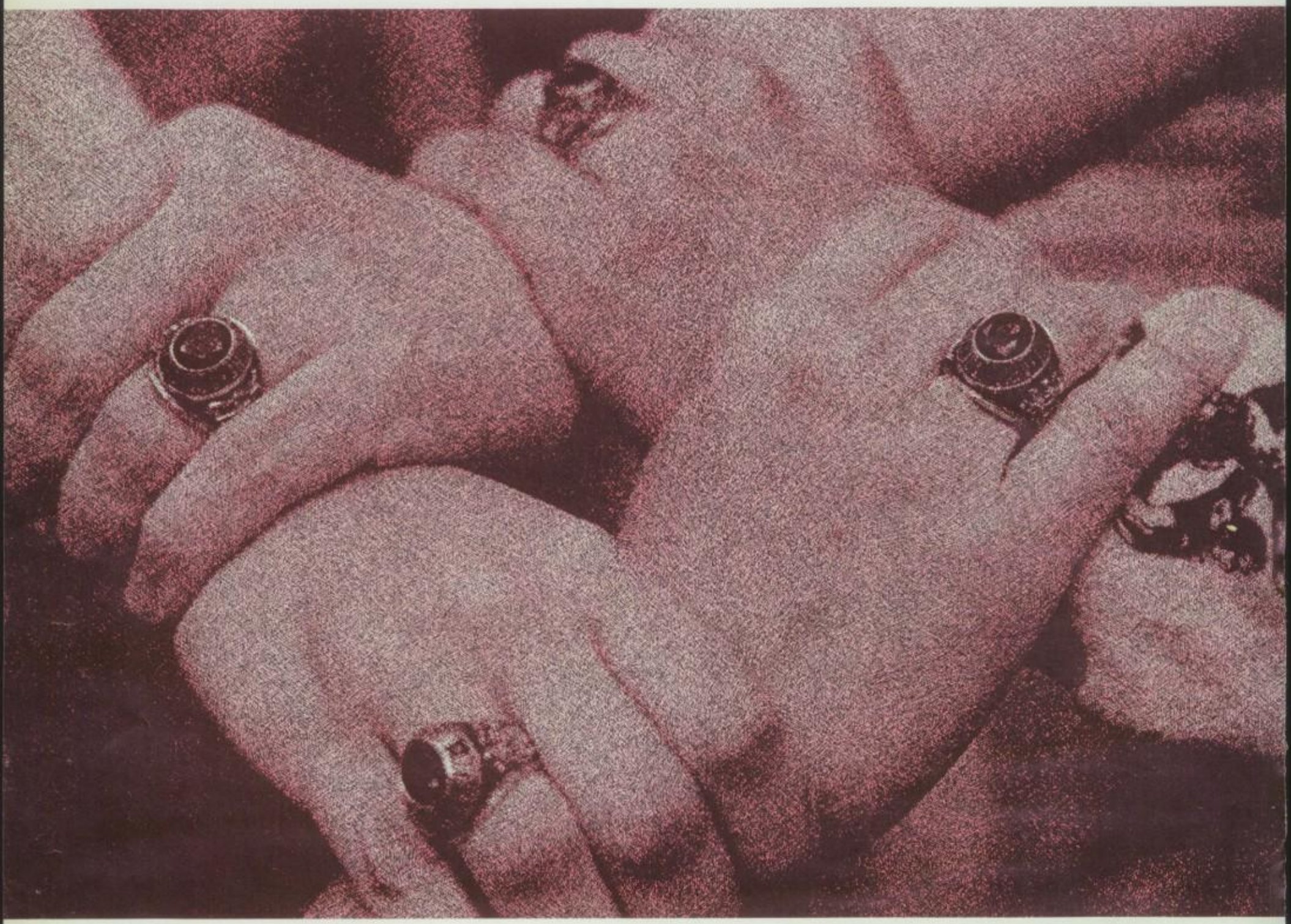
To Kirk
Best Wishes
+ Good Luck
in the Future
(Stay Sweet)
Love Always
"Tesa"

To Kirk
Good Luck
+ Best wishes
Love Lori wright

Do Your
Best!
For the
Coming
Years
Sheila

Comet '76
New Utrecht High School
Michael A. Russo, Principal

To Kirk
Good Luck on
Whatever you do
and stay cool
Love Always
Melinda



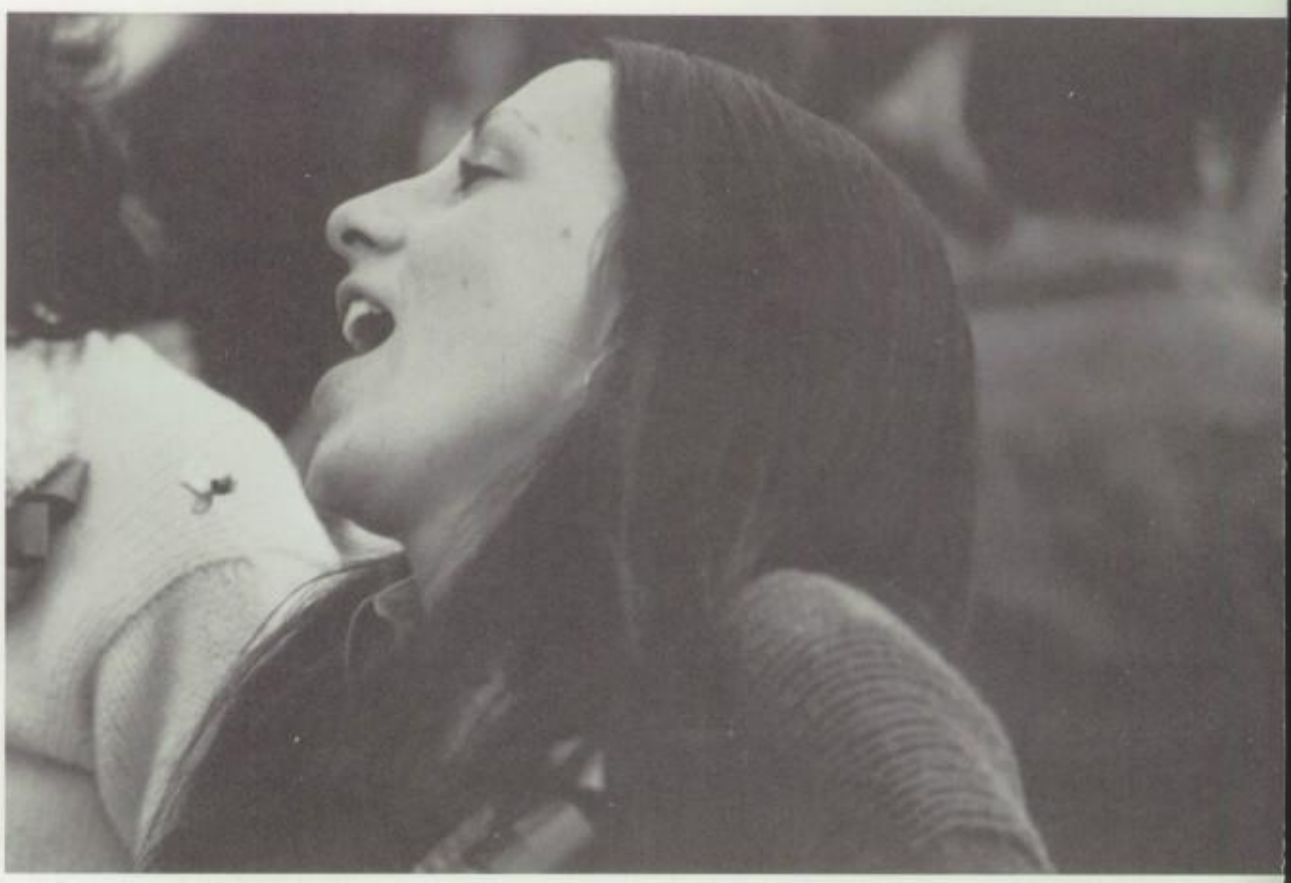
Dedication

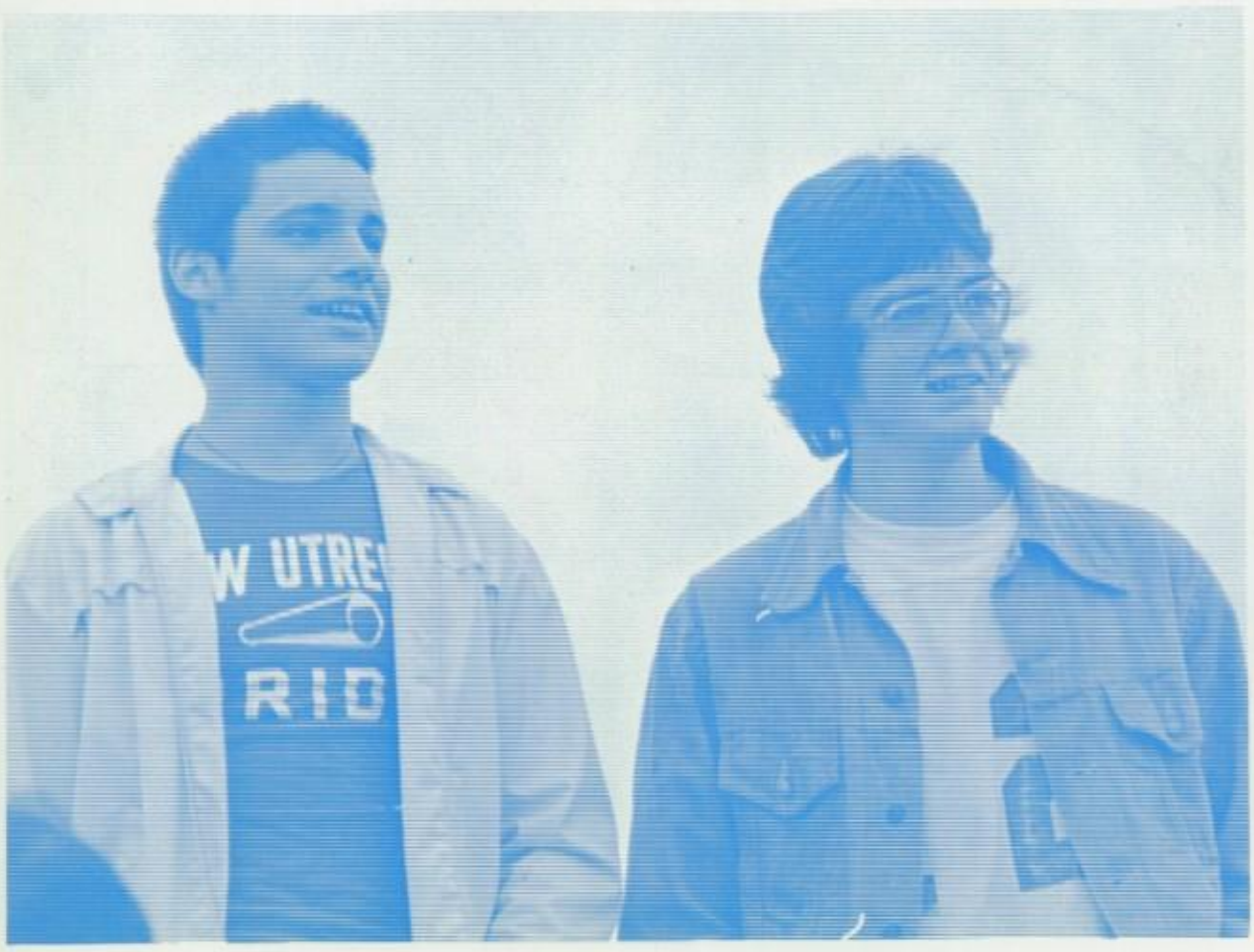
For the Senior Class of New Utrecht, 1976 marks the year of graduation from high school. Also during 1976, America commemorates its 200th anniversary as a nation. The coinciding of these two events causes us to reflect upon ourselves in a special way — as private individuals who measure our personal dreams and achievements, and as individuals in a larger society, the American society. We realize that these two identities are inseparable. Our personal dreams and our personal achievements are part of a larger fabric: America's dreams and America's achievements.

Our forefathers, 200 years ago, made a dream into a reality. They left their remarkable spirit not only to successive generations but to the very air over the land, so that all who chose to make America their home imbibed of this spirit and became Americans. We, as Americans today, can boast of a heritage unlike that of any nation in the world. It is the quality of this heritage which lets us look with pride on our past and with great expectations at our future. The American Spirit is a remarkable combination: the intense love of individuality, which allows us to respect the differences we find in others; the ability to laugh at ourselves, a sign of the self-respect we earned through respect for others; the curiosity and enthusiasm that encourage explorations of new horizons; the idealism which compels us to uncover the negative aspects of our society; and the pragmatism which allows us to adapt to what there is while we're working to change, rebuild and perfect the structure within which we live.

During our four years at New Utrecht, that selfsame spirit has been an underlying theme in our education. The staff of Comet, therefore, would like to dedicate COMET 76 to that American Spirit which has held a continent together for two centuries and which we feel will someday lead us into a nobler way of life.

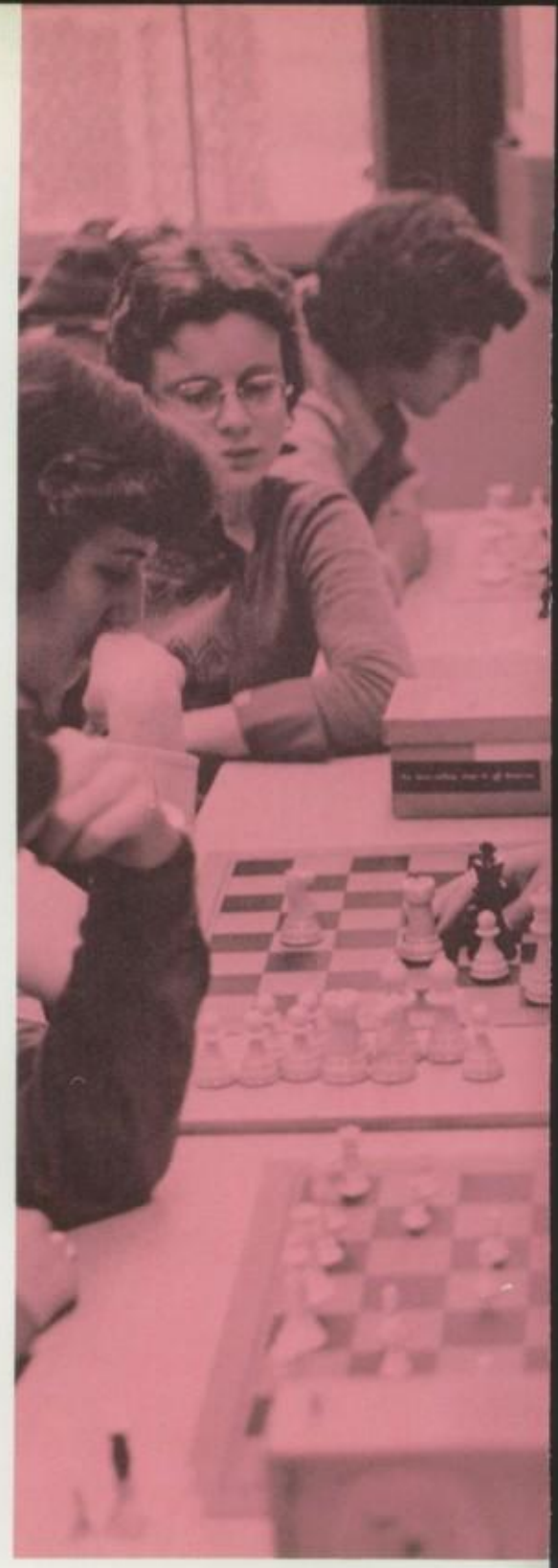
That Feeling Called Spirit

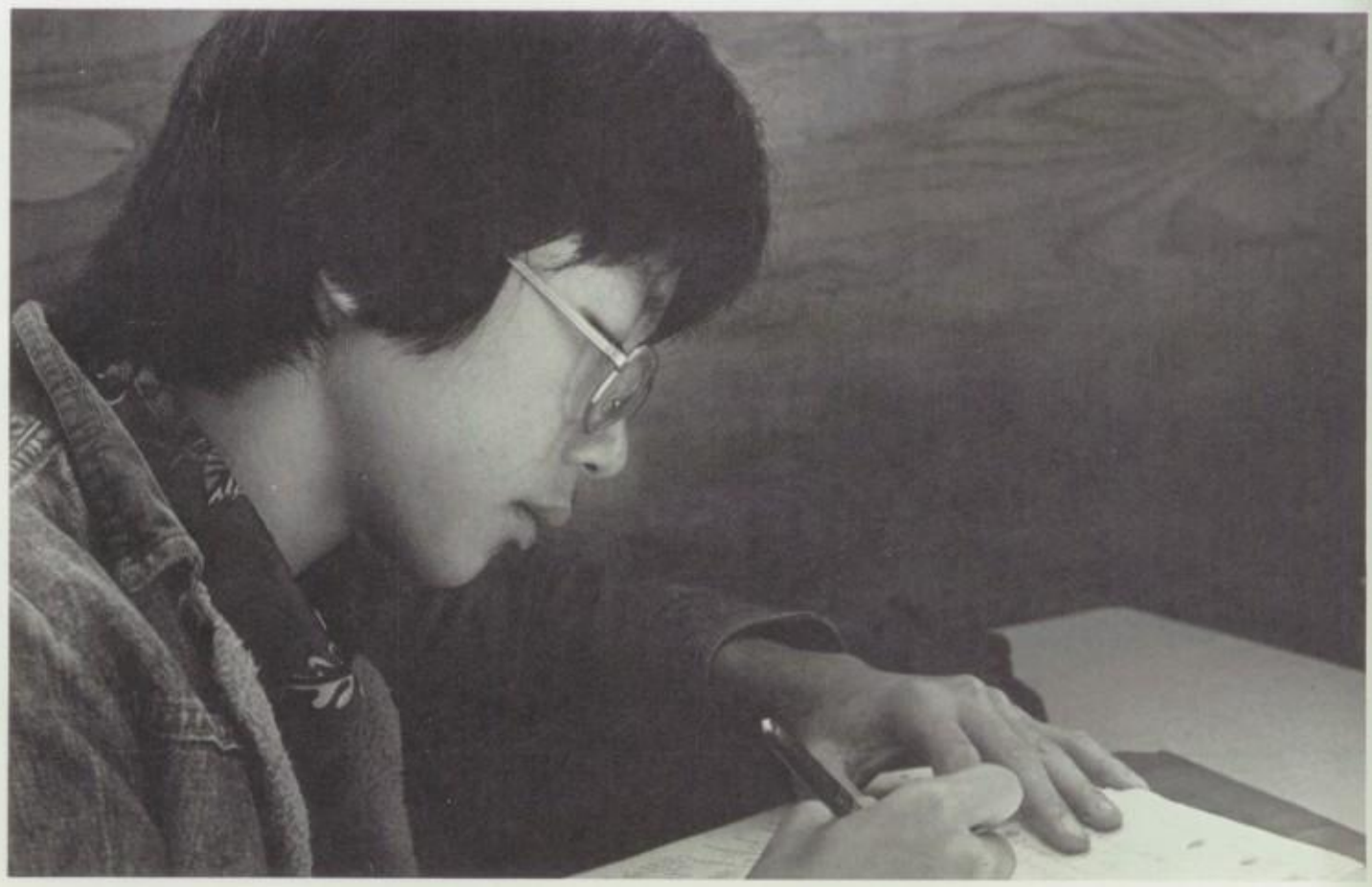




Men work together,
I told him from the heart,
Whether they work together
or apart.

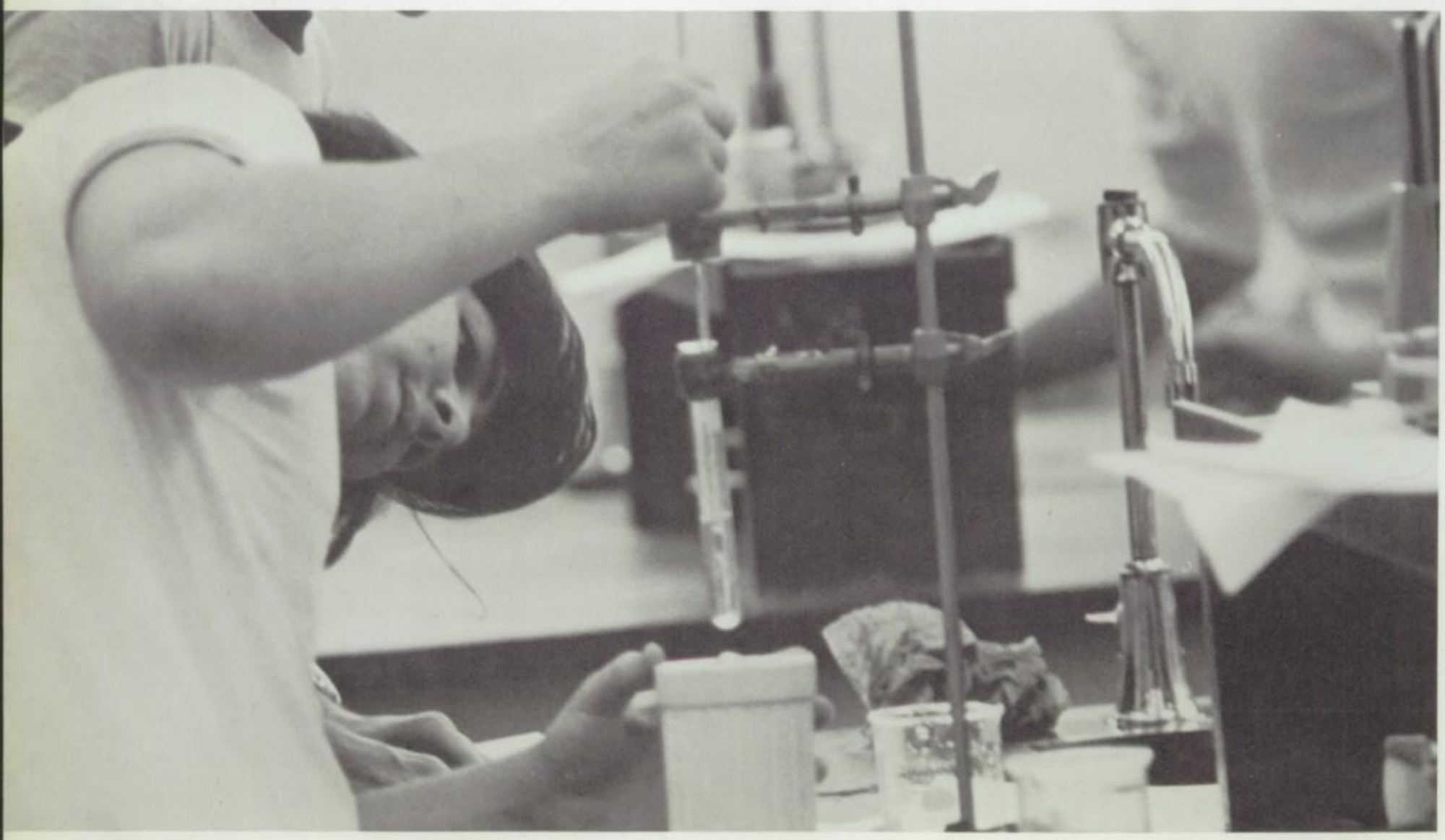
Robert Frost

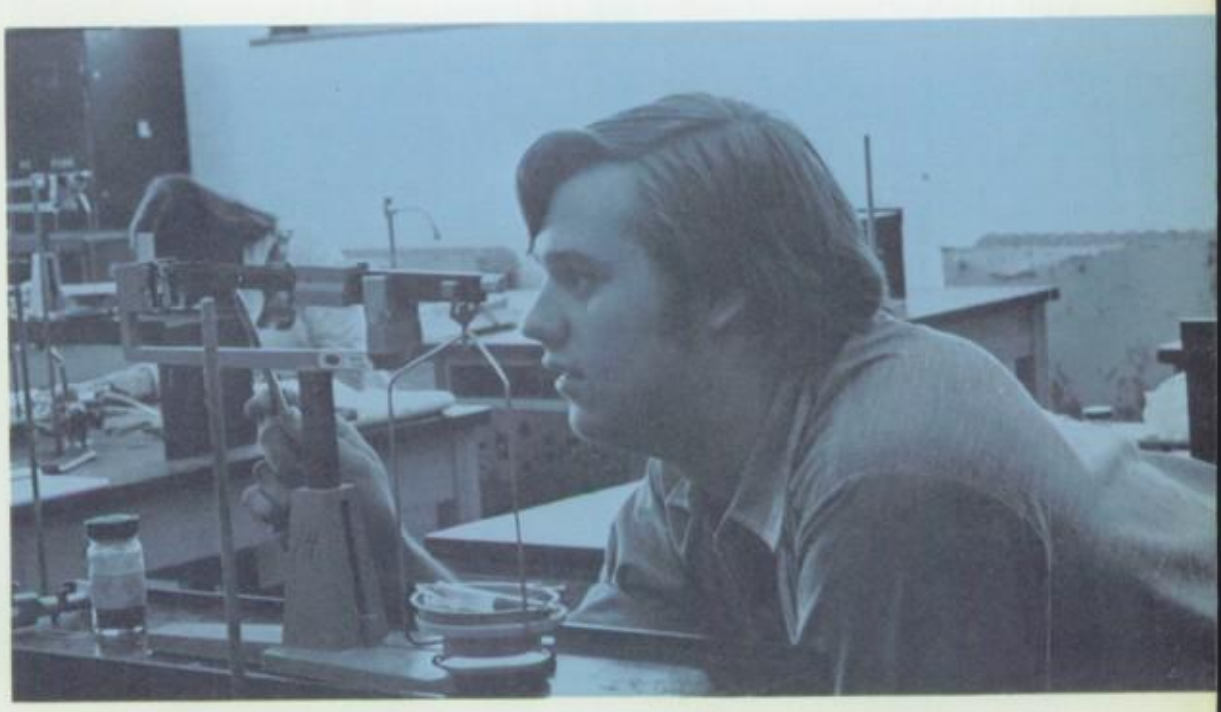




The important thing is not to stop questioning. Curiosity has its own reason for existing. One cannot help but be in awe when he contemplates the mysteries of eternity, of life, of the marvelous structure of reality.

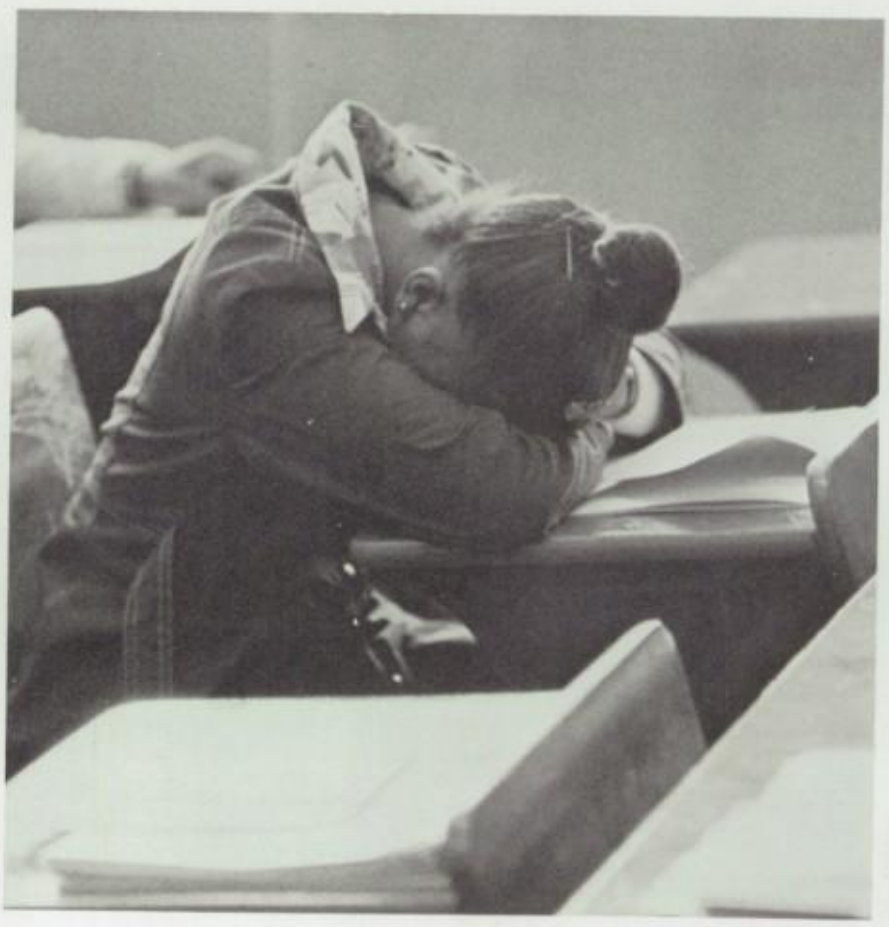
Albert Einstein





Some men see things as they are and say why. I dream things that never were and say — why not?

Robert F. Kennedy



Laughter is the tonic, the relief, the surcease of pain.

Charlie Chaplin

But where is what I started for so long ago?
And why is it yet unfound?

Walt Whitman

I think that the true discovery of America is before us. I think the true fulfillment of our spirit, of our people, of our mighty and immortal land, is yet to come.

Thomas Wolfe

Michael A. Russo, Principal

NEW UTRECHT HIGH SCHOOL

OFFICE OF THE PRINCIPAL

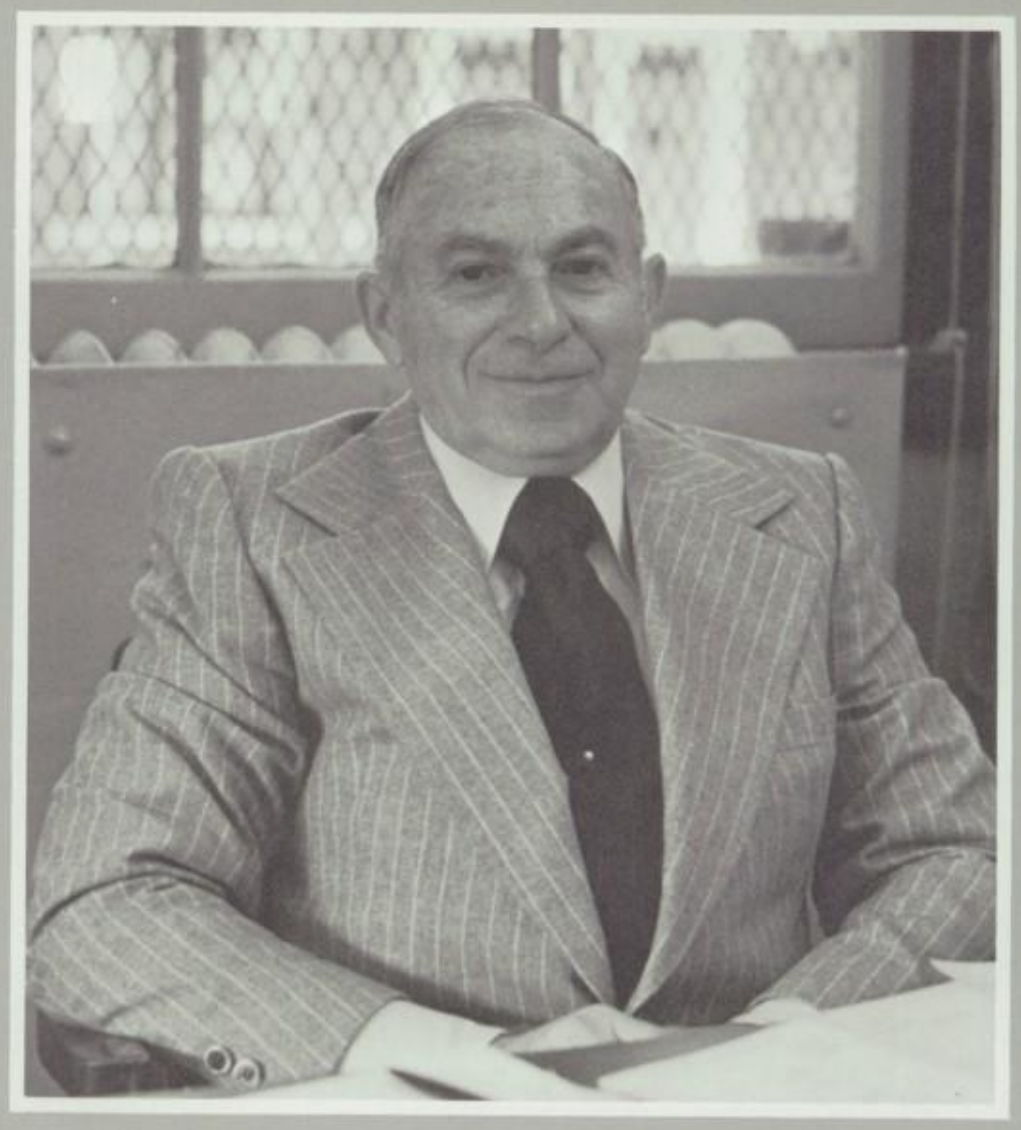
Dear Graduates:

In this Bicentennial Year we have been reminded repeatedly of the events of two hundred years ago that brought our nation into being. Very few of us have ancestors who were Americans in 1776 but we all take pride in the accomplishments of that year.

We can also share in the pride of Americans because of the contributions made to the greatness of the United States by our own ancestors, whether they have been here for centuries or are recent arrivals. America is great because of the shared labor of all who have come to its shores. I know that New Utrecht has always stressed the character training that makes for good Americans and I am sure that history will record your contributions to the future greatness of our country.

Michael A. Russo

MICHAEL A. RUSSO
Principal

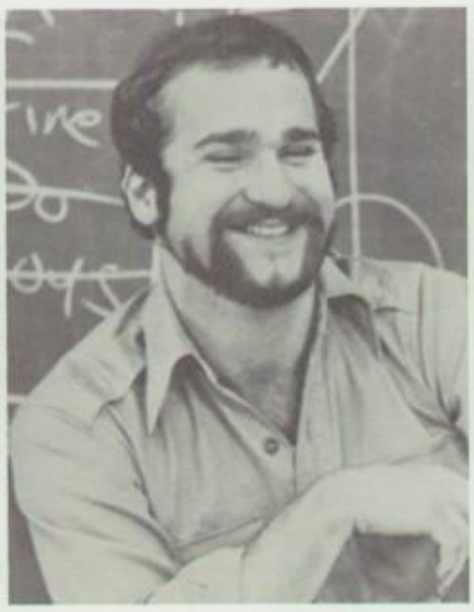


Herbert Potell
Assistant Principal

Leon Nissenfeld
Assistant Principal

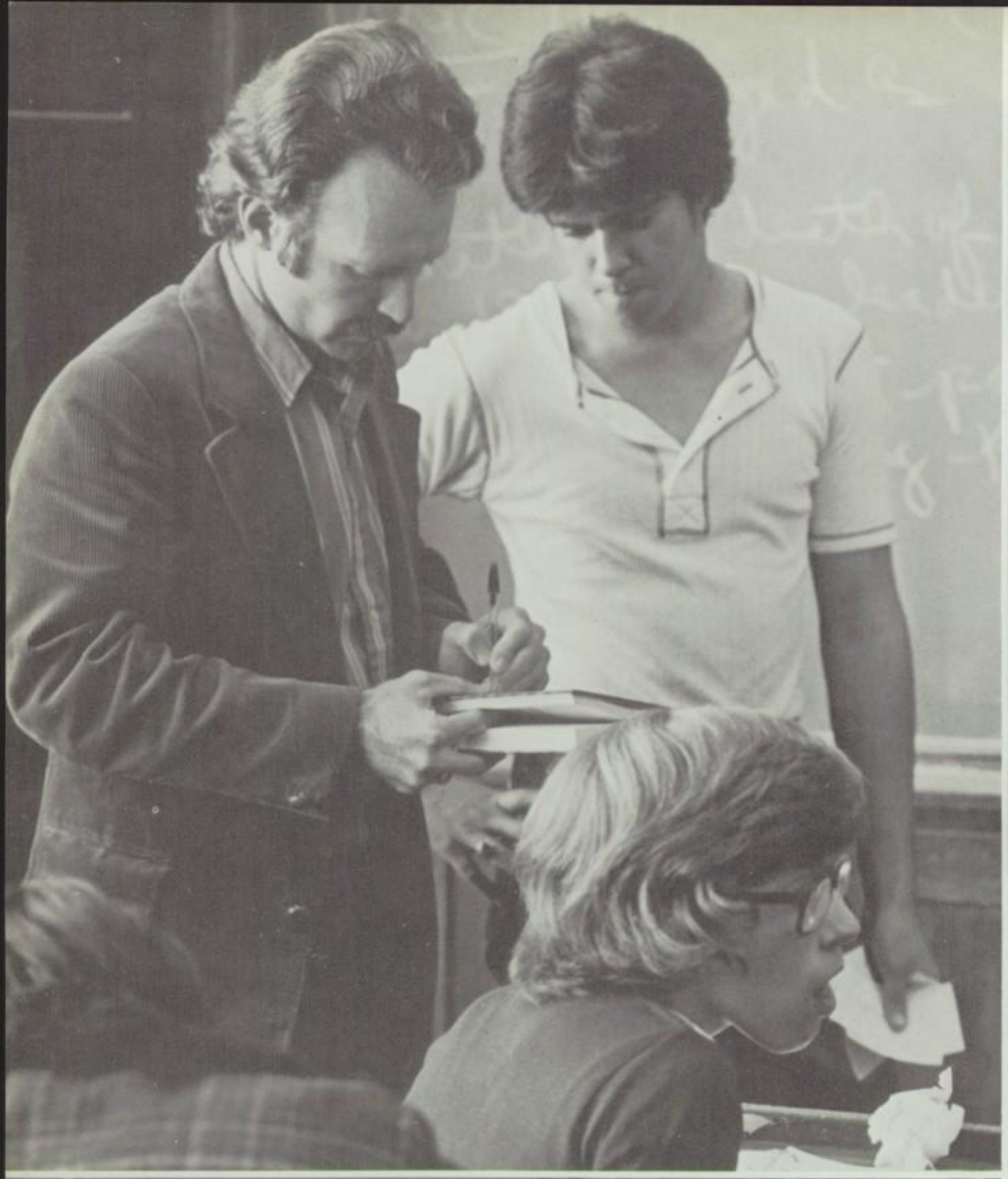
faculty

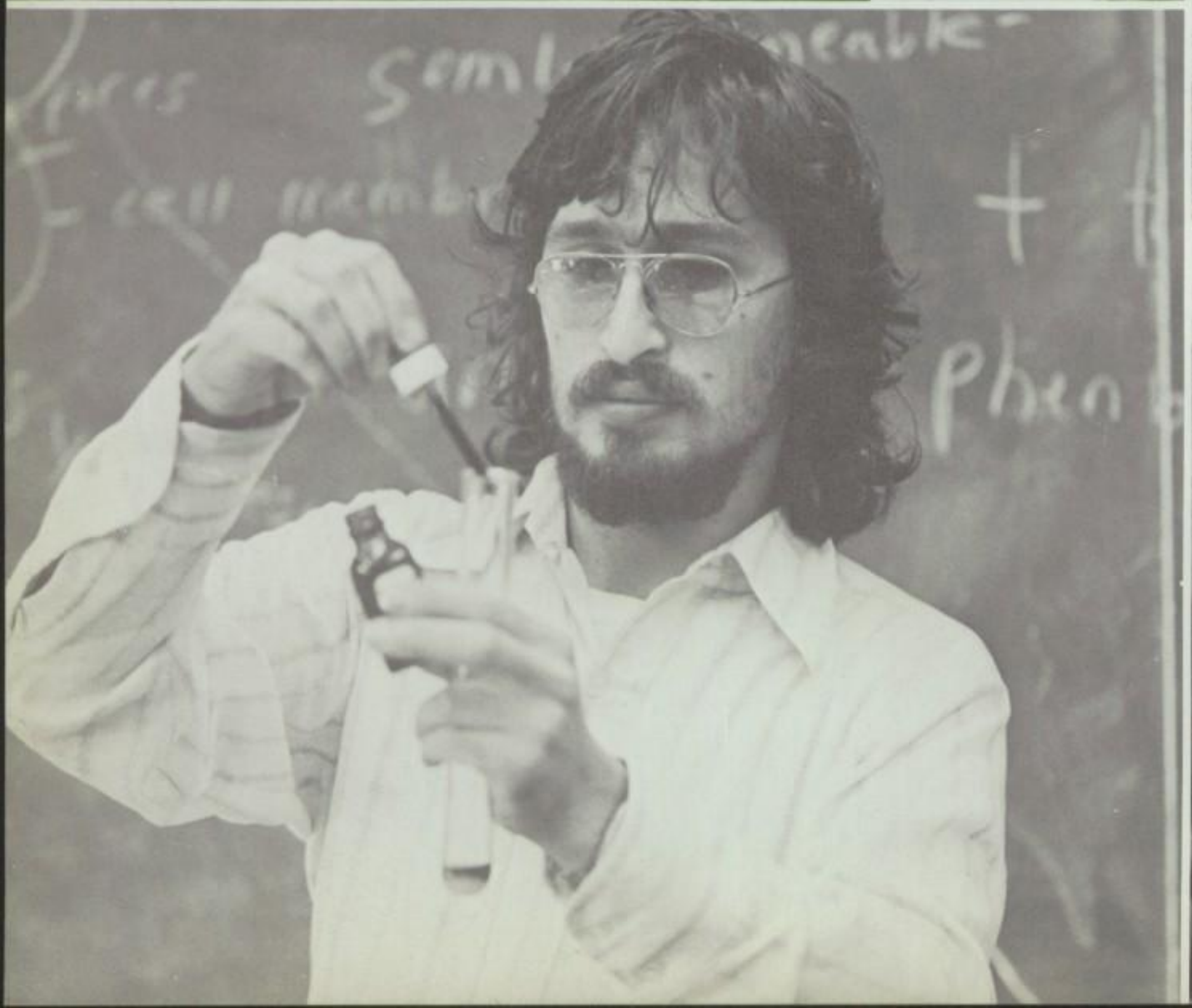
Everyone seemed willing

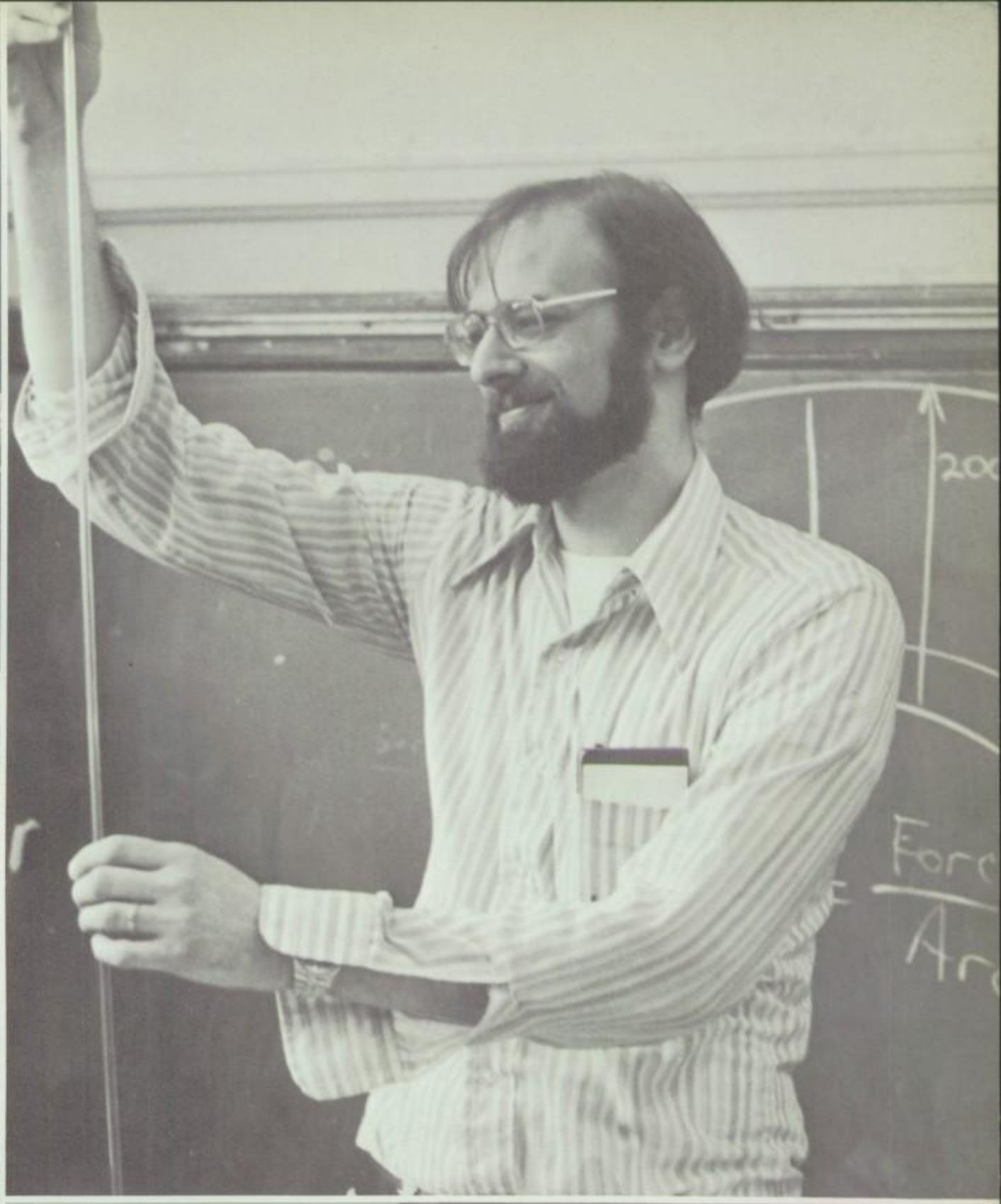


to voice his own ideas on the American Spirit . . .

As our school's various Chairmen are representatives of their respective departments, we thought it would be appropriate to ask them to submit a paragraph of their thoughts on the American Spirit and its relation to their department. We would like to extend our thanks to those Chairmen who have contributed to our yearbook.



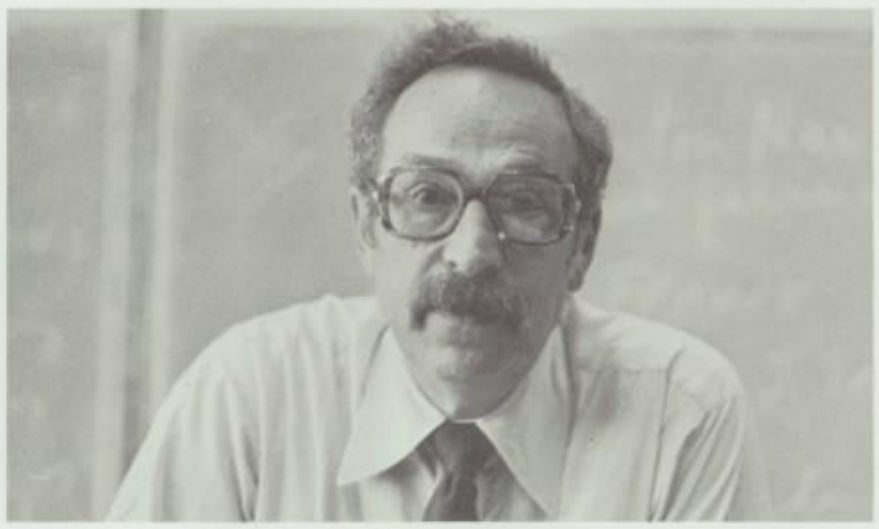




English

The essence of The American Spirit is in the citizen's right to dissent and in his responsibility to resist conformism, for rigid thinking makes us easy victims of repression. Our own great dissenters — Paine, Thoreau, Twain — make this clear. And so, even as we honor our heroes, we subject their ideas to critical scrutiny, for we are by instinct skeptical. Thus the English teacher stimulates independent judgment and encourages students to shape the future. When, therefore, reflection becomes their characteristic response to ideas, democracy will recover its vitality, able to distinguish real threats to freedom. A free people knows, too, that realization of the American dream of more freedom for more people rests on renewed commitment to The American Spirit, which inspires bold, reasoned dissent, drives out bad ideas with good ones.

Patricia Flynn



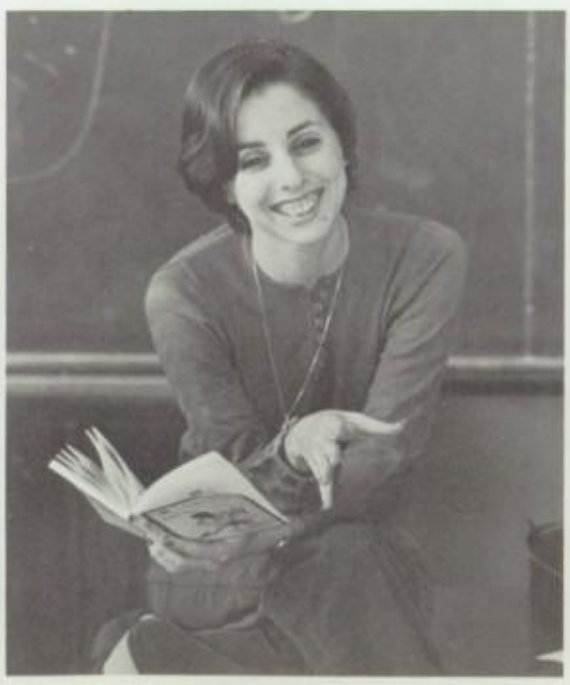
Ted Wolman, **Chairman**

Paul Cohen

Craig Jones

Paula Epstein

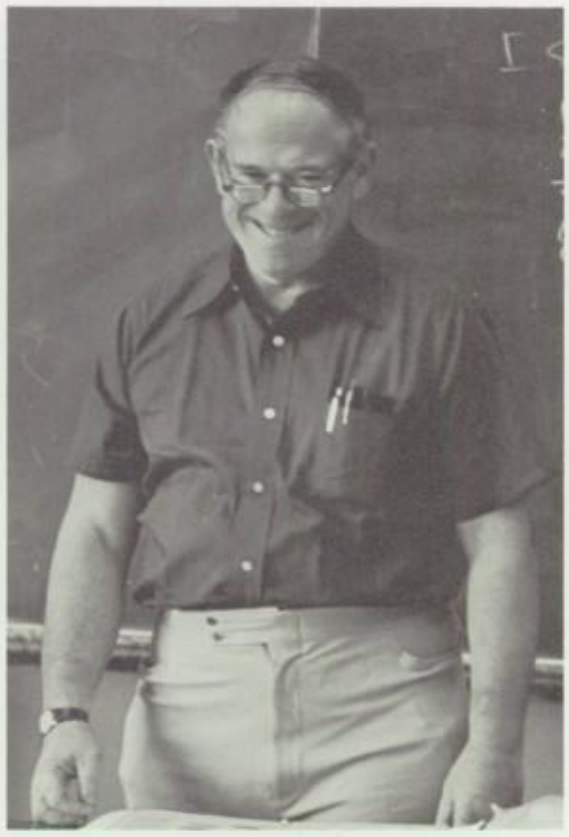
Anna Campanaro



Nancy Lowenthal

Ellen Jackson

June Goldberg



Sol Feingold

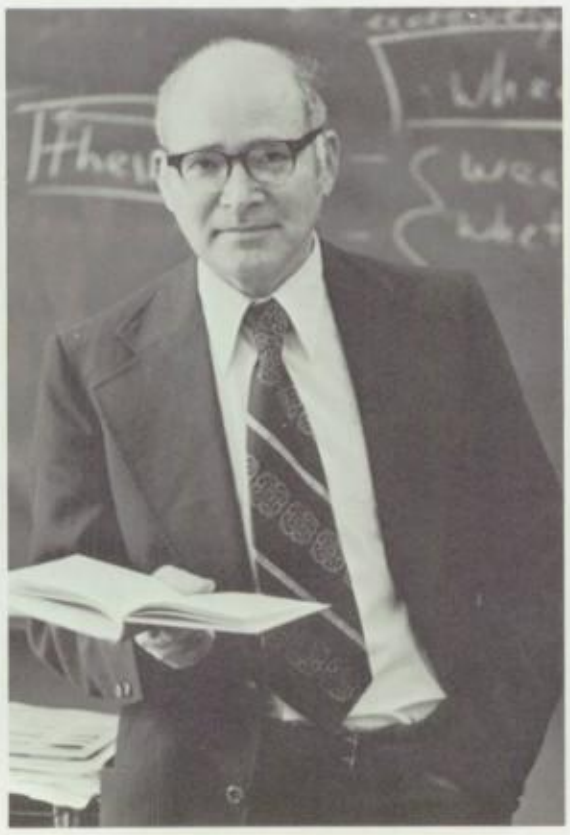
Beatrice Rosenbaum

Nathan Rosenberg

Linda Escuder

Paul Friedman

Linda Yurman



Sol Sommers

Harold Udewitz

Sheila Averbach

Jeanette Ende

John Carroll

Philip Canciglia

Marguerite Biundo

Walter Scanlon

Louis Geneve

Alan Storace

Seymour Kaplan

Dillies Pilevsky

Judith Kozak

Seated: Dorothy Tesoro. **Standing:** Ann Manasso.

Blanche Minkoff

Susan Silverman

Library

Left To Right: Rose Coppola, Olga Marino, Norma Faigelman, Fred Wolfe

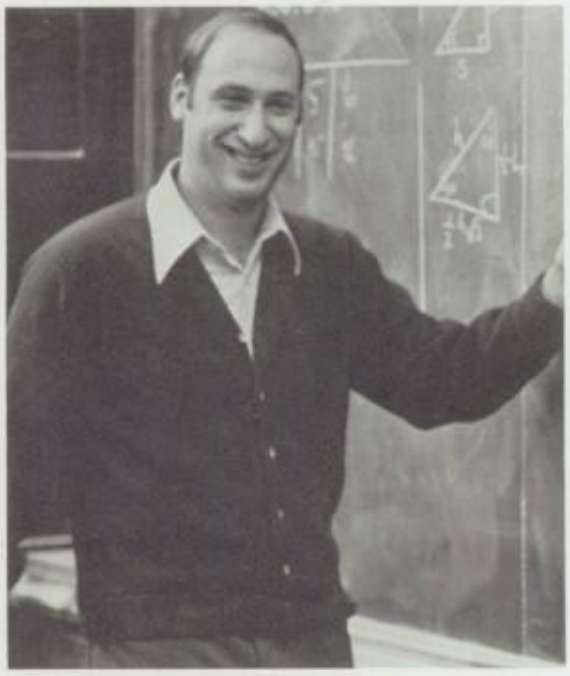
Mathematics

Mathematics is considered the stepping stone to scientific and technological progress because the very ideas in terms of which these scientific theories have meaning were created by mathematicians. The numerical computations in some of the problems during the past 30 years far exceeded human capacity, and new types of calculating machines and computers had to be invented and built to do the inhuman arithmetic.

In this year of our Bicentennial celebration, it might be appropriate to consider how we, as Americans, might best use the computers given to us by mathematicians. Perhaps the right questions must be asked of them, questions whose answers will serve to guide man towards a higher civilization. The computer aids man in his striving to create a better world; with proper use, man's invention will serve to enrich his spirit as well.

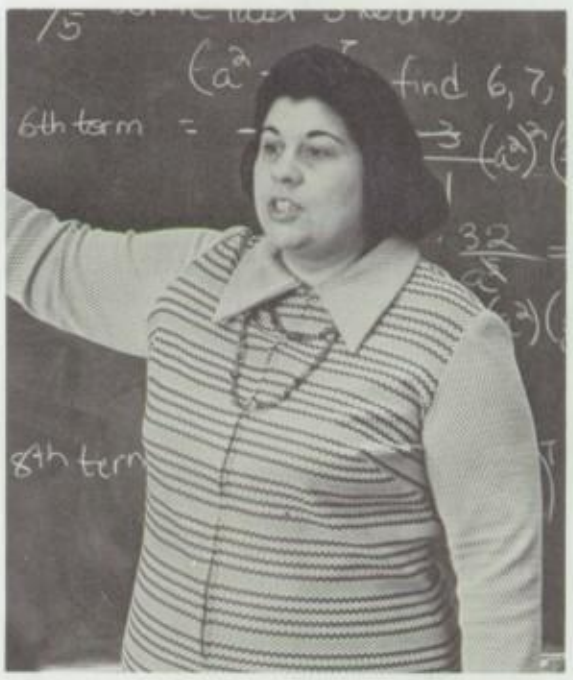
Neil Kaufman, **Acting Chairman**

Michael Falcone



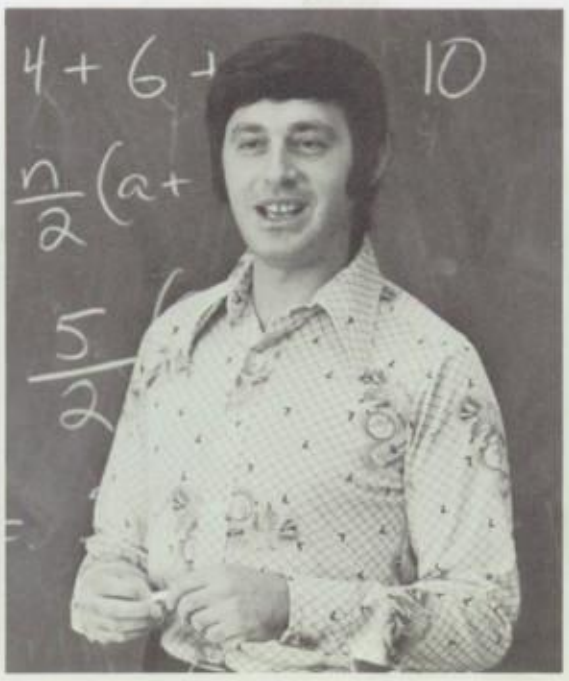
Richard Platner

Aaron Richman

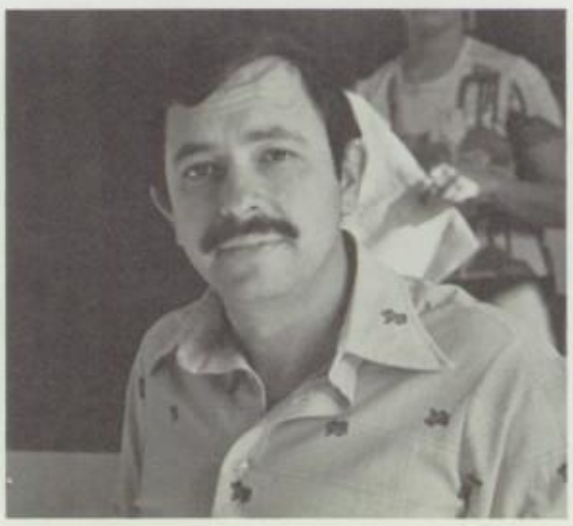


Lee Hilsenrath

Mary Dorney



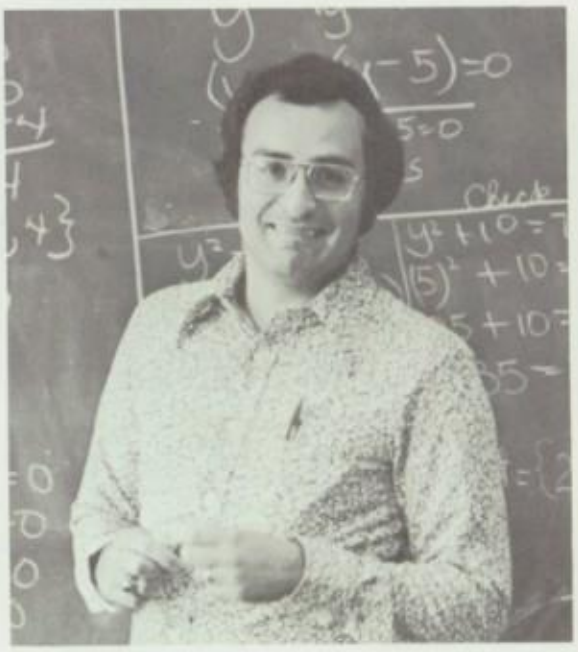
Sheldon Jacobowitz



Paul Winkler

Mary Ann Grunseich

Kenneth Elstein



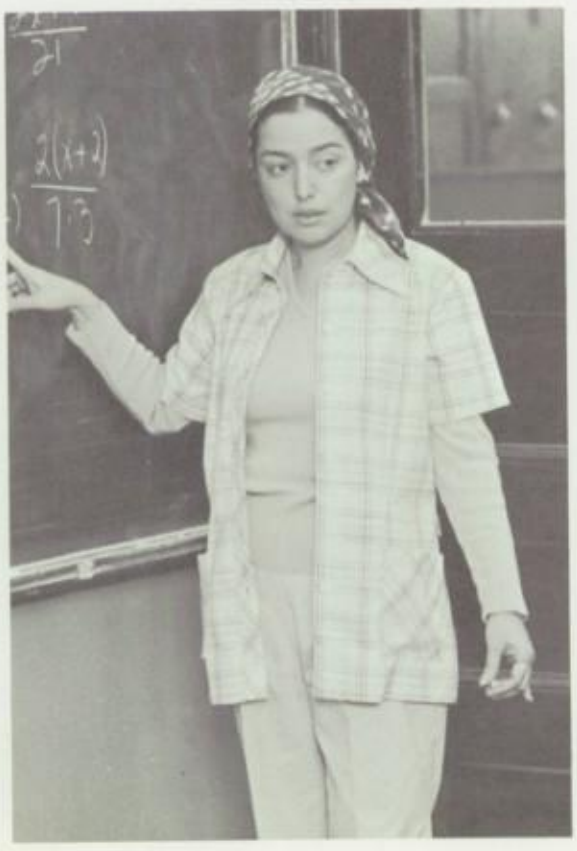
Frank Meringolo

Steve Zinman

Elliot Fagin

Sandi Levy

Angela Reformato



Judith Perkus

Norman Gelles

Noga Kerstein

Valerie Quinlan

Miriam Green

Bernard Storch

Alma Cohen

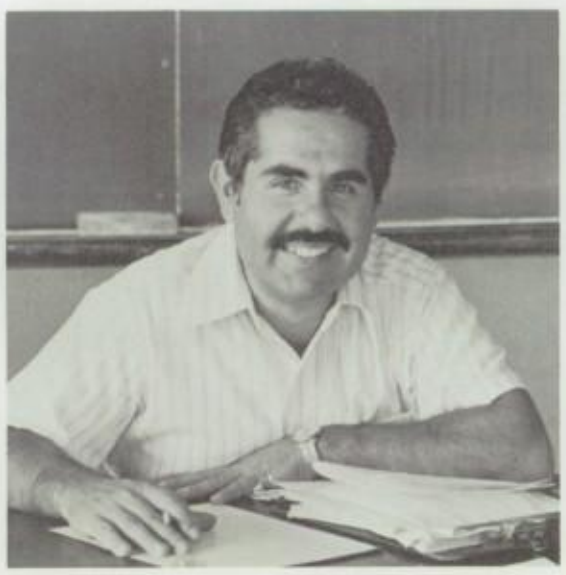
Foreign Language

Two centuries ago, George Washington advised against forming "entangling alliances". Now we find ourselves a leader of the world community. To meet this challenge, as well as to realize our ideal of human understanding, we must be able to communicate with others in the world.

Foreign languages are vital today from still another point of view. No longer is the homogeneity of the "melting pot" seen as our ideal goal. Our culture is now perceived as a mosaic formed of various groups which put into effect the American ideal of individuality while contributing in a unique way to form a homogenous picture that is our country. A study of foreign languages helps make this attainable.

Dr. Robert Cabat, **Chairman**

Matthew Zagami



Aldo Guarnieri

Roslyn Schindler

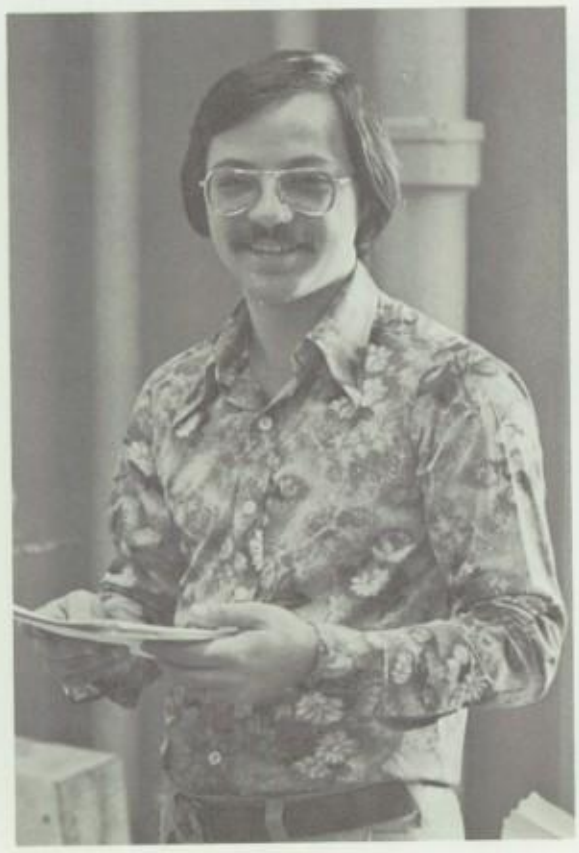
Dr. G. H. Weiss

Jean Pierre Halioua

Joseph Rizzi

Miriam Altman

Vivian Iasilli



Anthony Iacono

Giovanni Enea

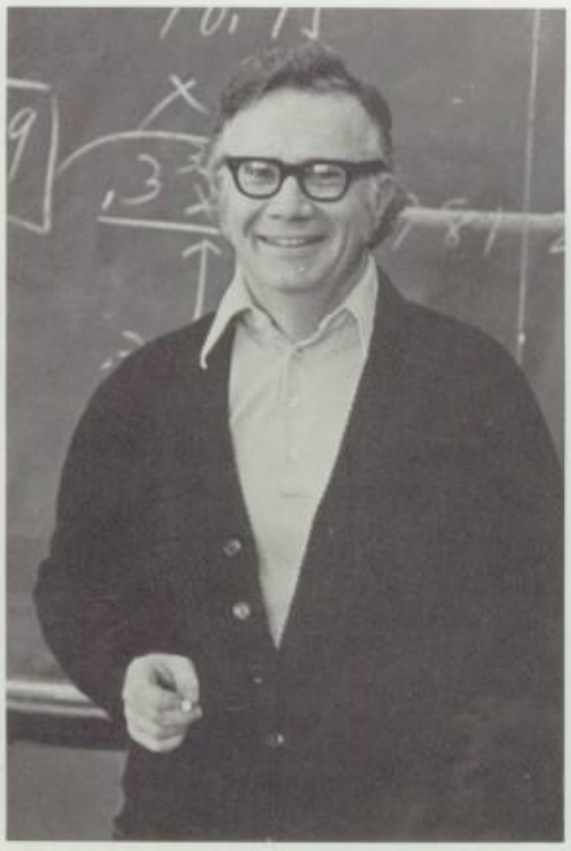
Josephine Pacini

Lucille Grillo

Accounting

The Accounting Department is proud to train our young people for jobs in the business world that will make them productive American citizens. Through our Business Mathematics, Accounting, Distributive Education and Law courses, students realize that they are free to choose a business career in these areas and are equipped to contribute their services to an American economy.

Certainly, their right to a free education and their freedom in choosing an employer of their choice reflect our American spirit.



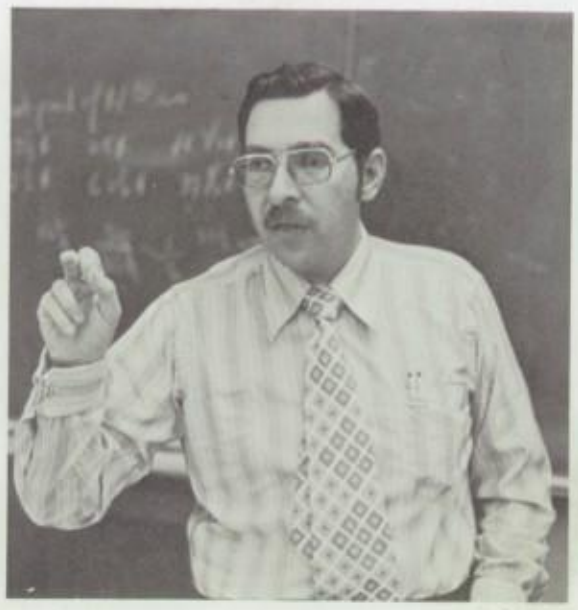
Harold Schaeffer

Milton Kestenbaum, **Chairman**

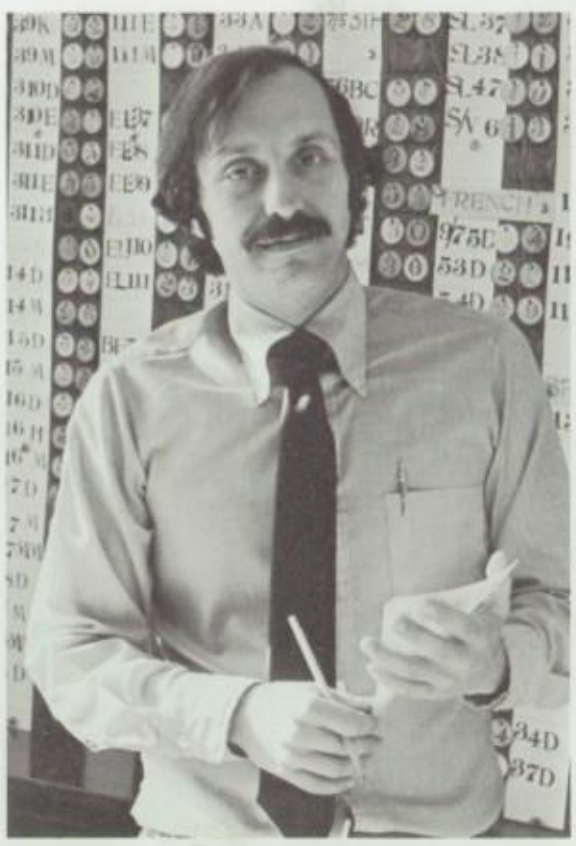
Brian Rothlander

Helen Friedman

Dorothy Michaels



Jerry Auerbach

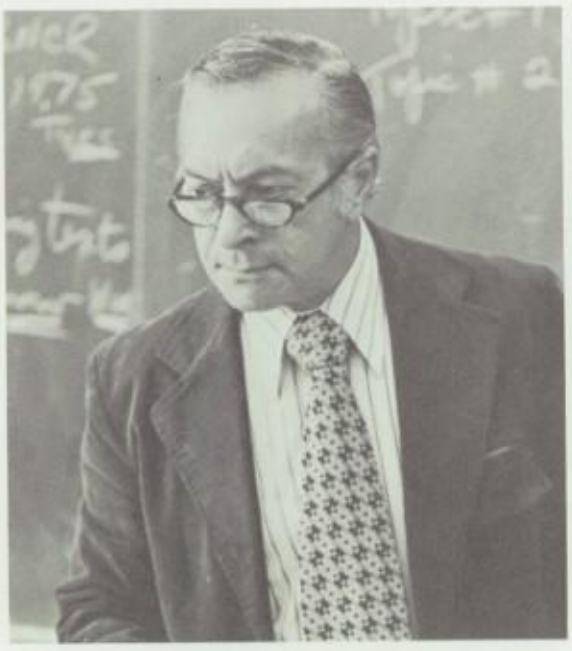


Leonard Emmerman

Communication Arts

So important is the individual's right to speak his feelings that the first amendment to our Constitution preserves this freedom. And history has shown us that the man who masters the spoken word can mold the destiny of mankind. What American has not been influenced by certain words? "I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death." "Government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth." A talented use of speech often evokes gaiety and happiness. The clever use of the spoken word results in persuasive appeal.

With the expansion, in our time, of mass communications, this power of oral communication has become more pervasive than ever. Therefore, we must learn to be aware of the power of the spoken word, to use speech wisely and to assume the responsibilities that go with freedom of speech.



Herbert Charner

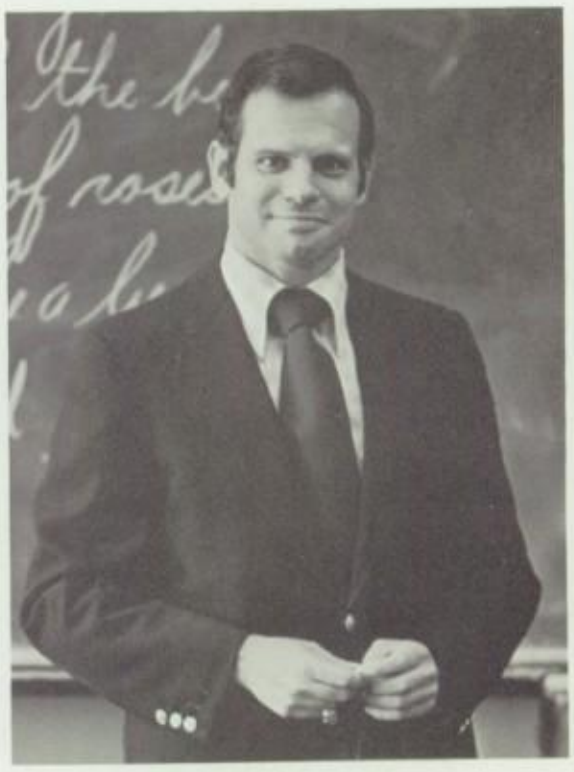
Helen Stember

Rhoda Agin, **Chairman**

Cynthia Mintz

Richard Dimenstein

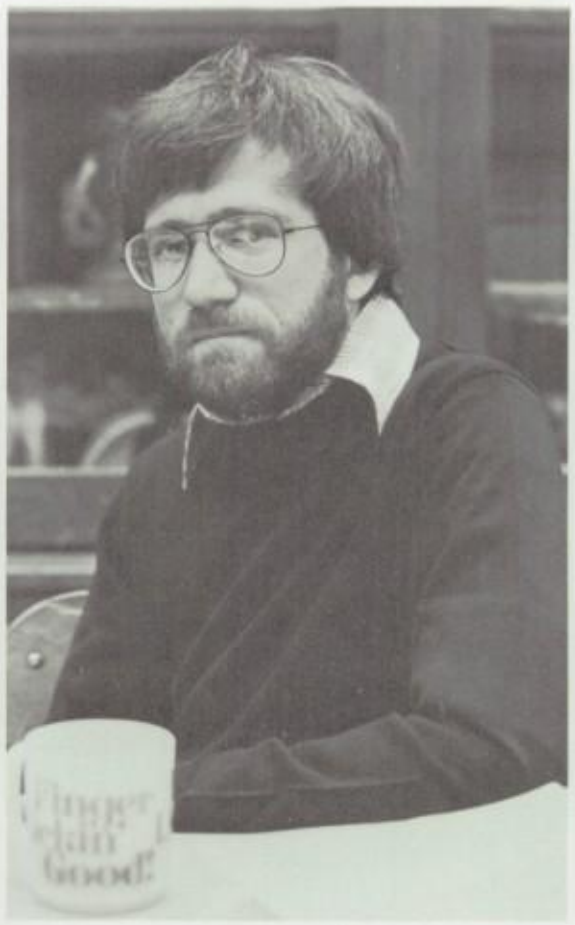
Carin Dachs



Peter Goldfinger

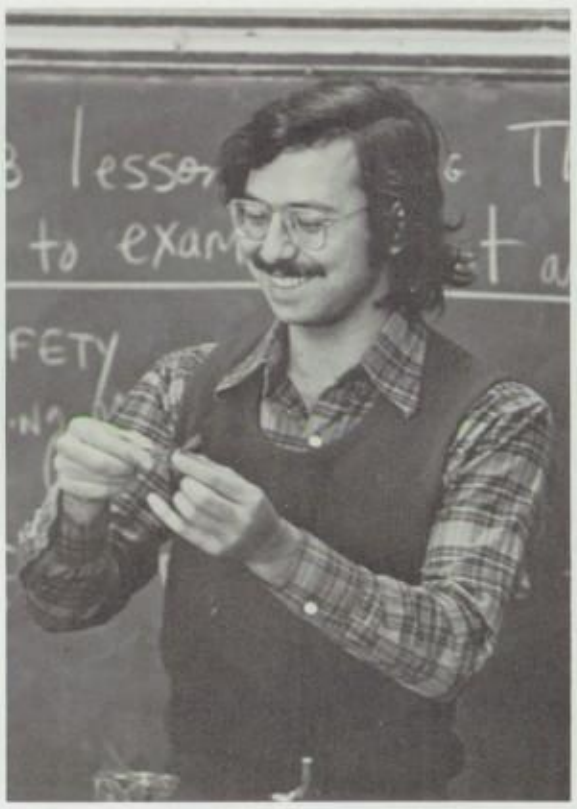
Biology

Robert Kurke, **Coordinator**



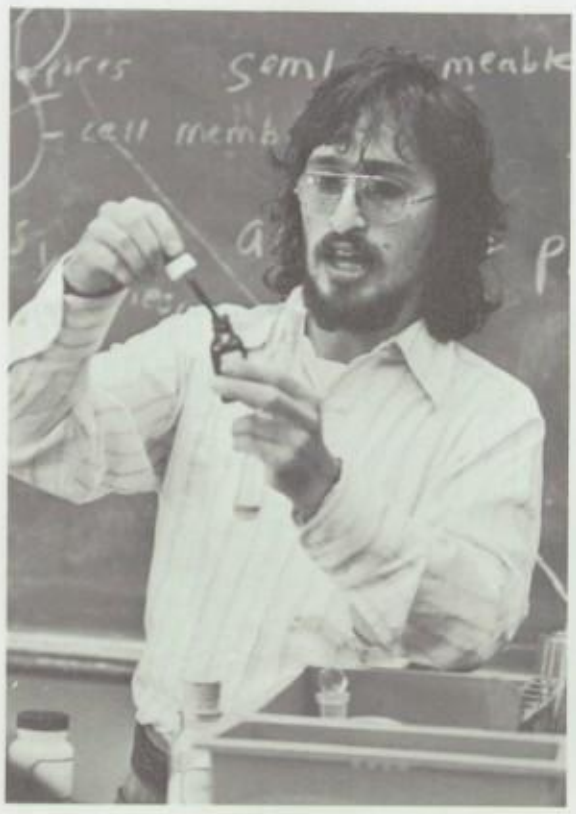
Gerald Garmisa

Robert Baiardi



Nathan Melzer

Sandra Ribolow



Neal Rappaport

Eileen Goldberg

Walter Sharrin

Franklin Gunther

Stephen Caplan, **Coordinator**

Marion Green

Michael Matteo

Edith Wunderlich

Leslie Selbst

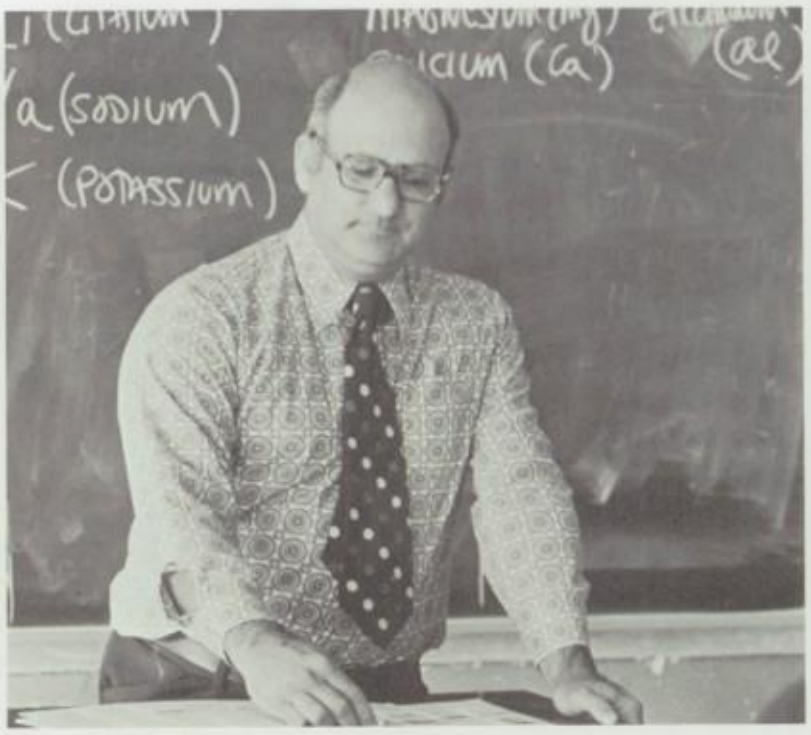
Ruth Schrank

Physical Sciences

A spirit of creative activity existed in early America, which resulted from a feeling that Americans could know and love their country better through scientific investigation of her natural resources. American ingenuity in science and technology has continued up to the present time.

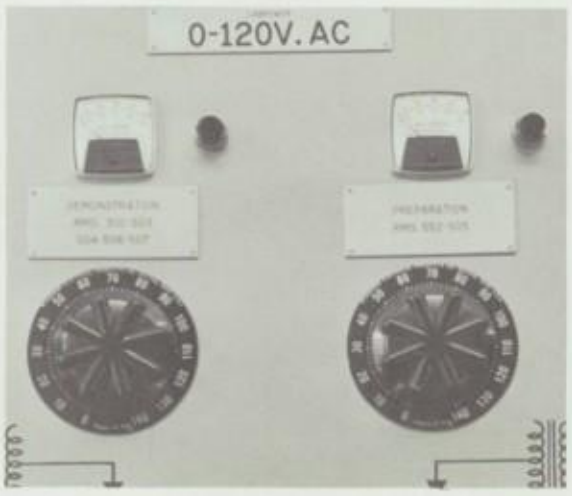
The single most impressive tribute to America and its science is that Albert Einstein, the greatest of all scientists, chose this country to be his home. All of us, including the graduates of New Utrecht High School, must heed his words. "In war science serves that we may poison and multilate each other. In peace ... instead of freeing us from spiritually exhausting labor, it has made men into slaves of machinery."

Perhaps one of our graduates could start to change all this.



Ronald Kronheim, **Chairman**

Alice Birnhak



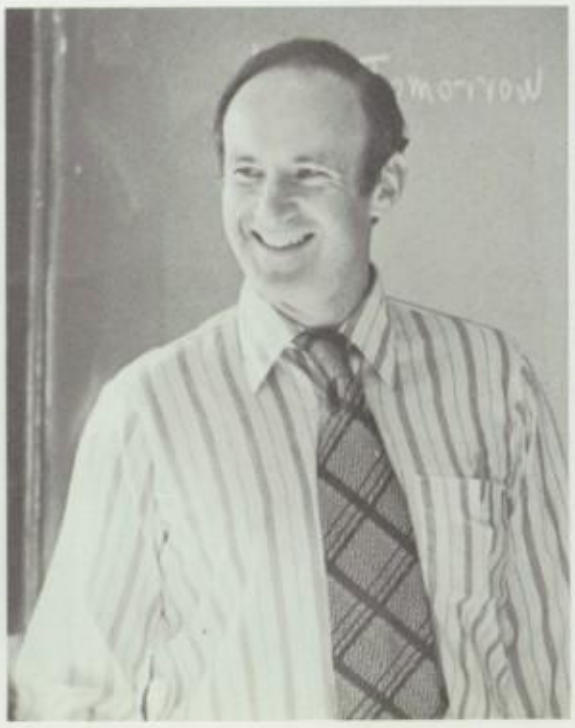
Maryann Schafer

Steve Citron

Mark Levy

Gerry Sippin

Samuel Friedman



Irv Jablon

Social Studies

In 1776, our founding fathers embarked on an experiment in political, economic, and social organization. The belief that all men are created with equal, inalienable rights was a revolutionary idea. American democracy has met the test of a bloody Civil War, economic depression, corruption by government officials, and protracted wars on foreign soils. During each crisis, the wisdom and philosophies of our founding fathers has endured. It is our responsibility today to see that our democratic heritage continues to endure. We must strive to eliminate inequality, promote equal opportunity, and provide each of our citizens with a sense of dignity. Through the study of our heritage, we can apply the American ideal to comtemporary problems and meet the challenges of the future.

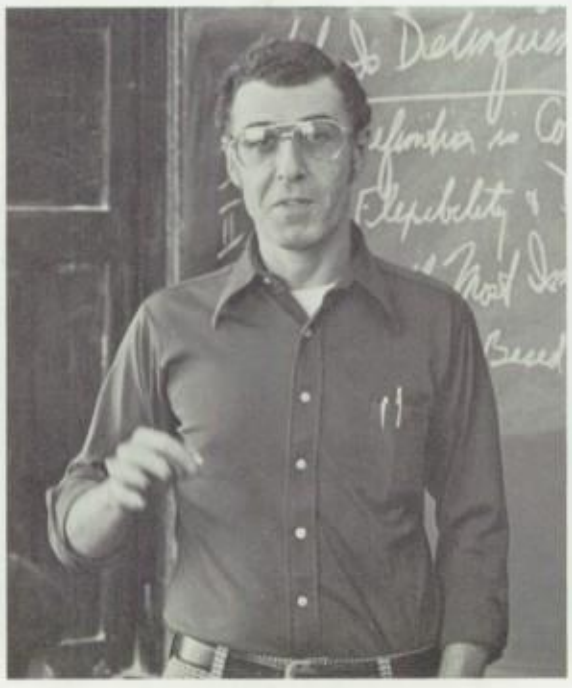
Fred Hochbaum, **Chairman**

Joan Bula

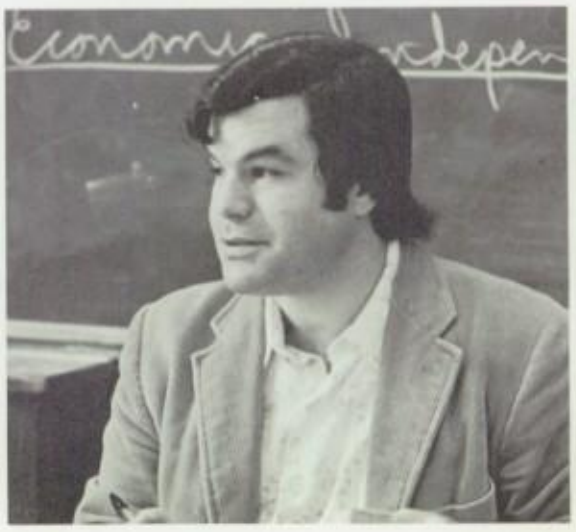
Mary Butz

Marvin Reiskin

Melvin Heller

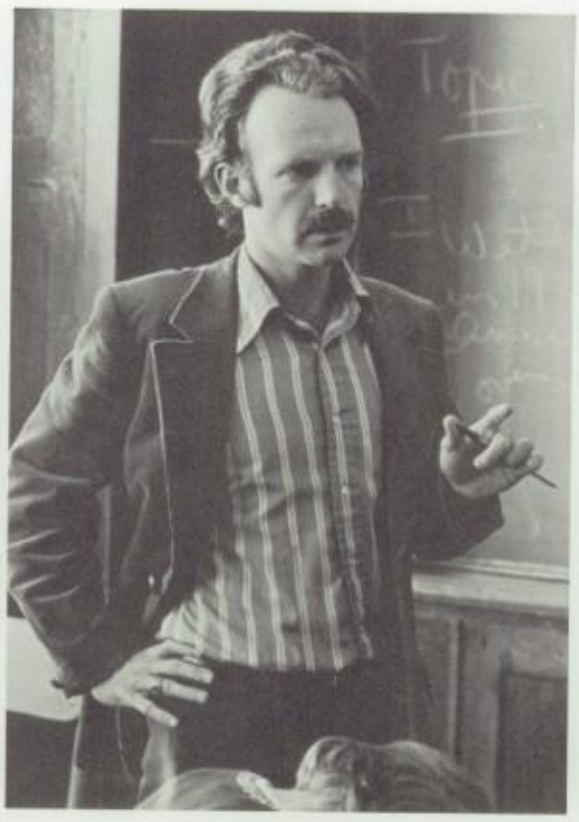


Sid Waine

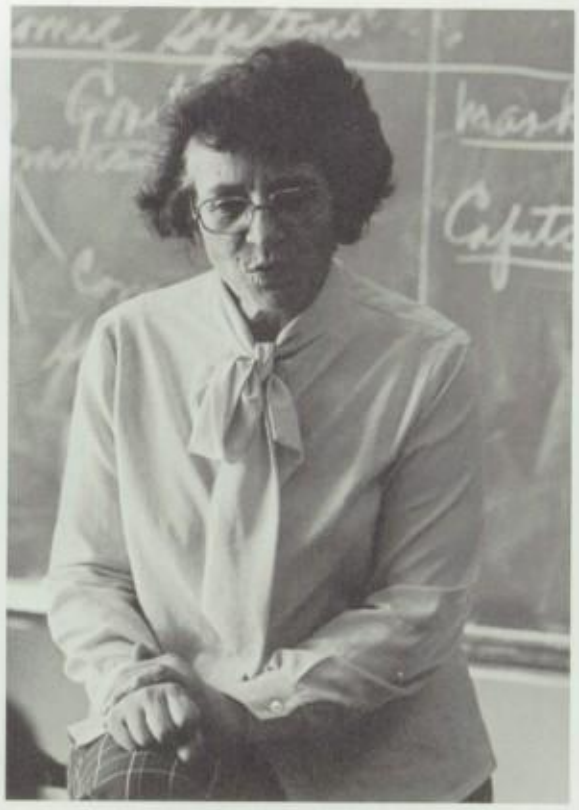


Jack Paige

Joseph Iorio

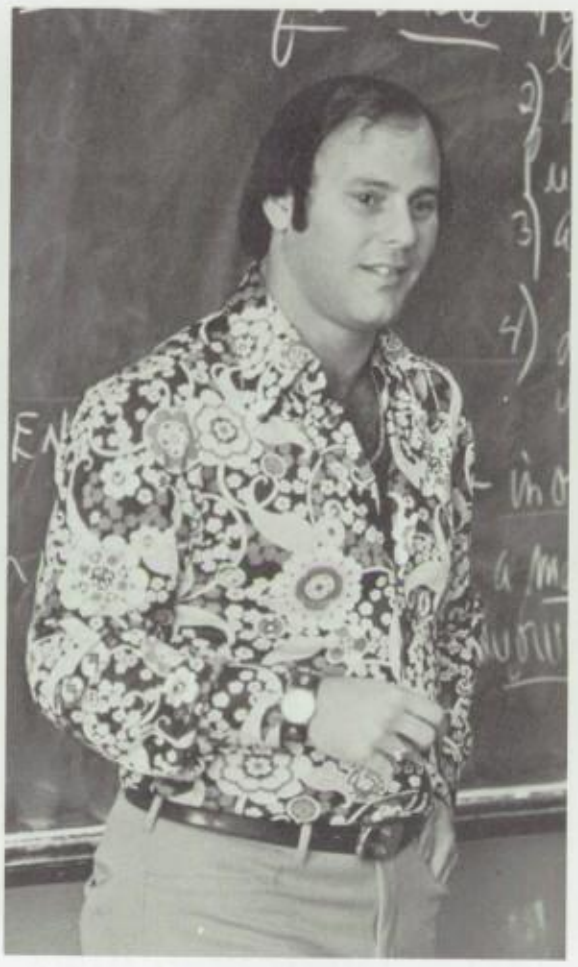


Robert Kaye

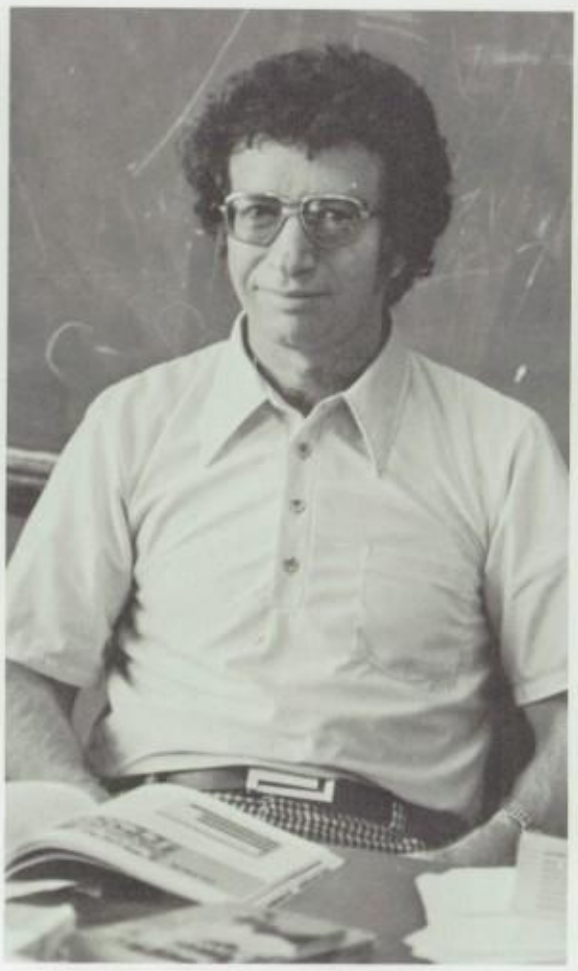


Stella Baker

Joseph Quinlan

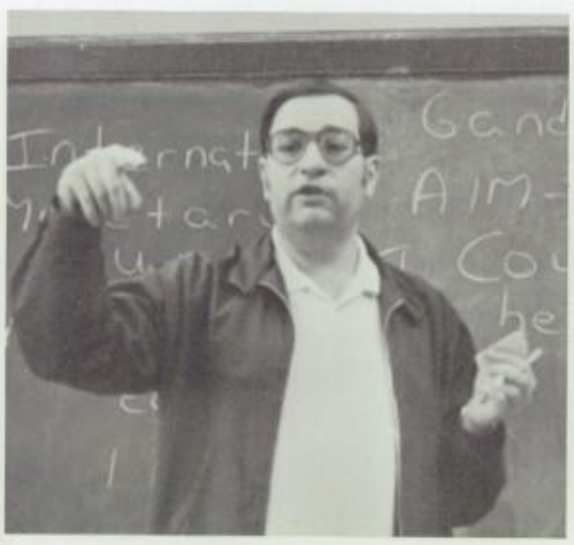


Michael Cohen

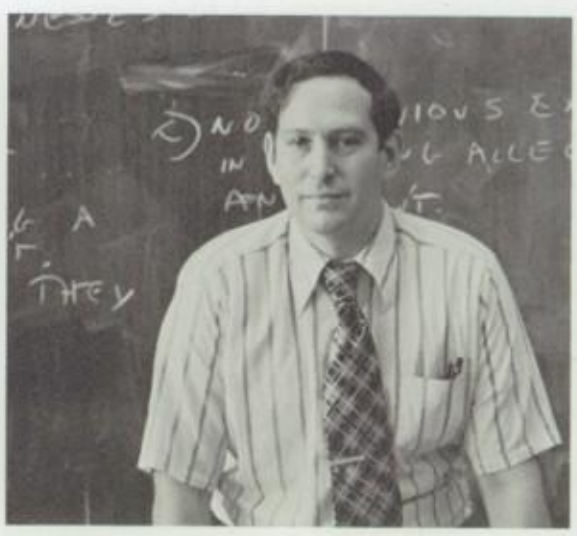


Arnold Zucker

Irving Prince

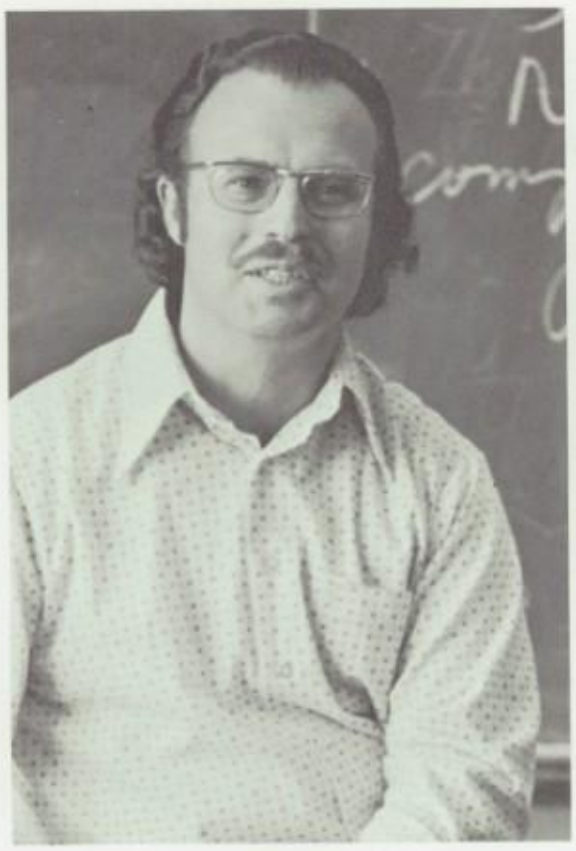


Edward Tarangelo



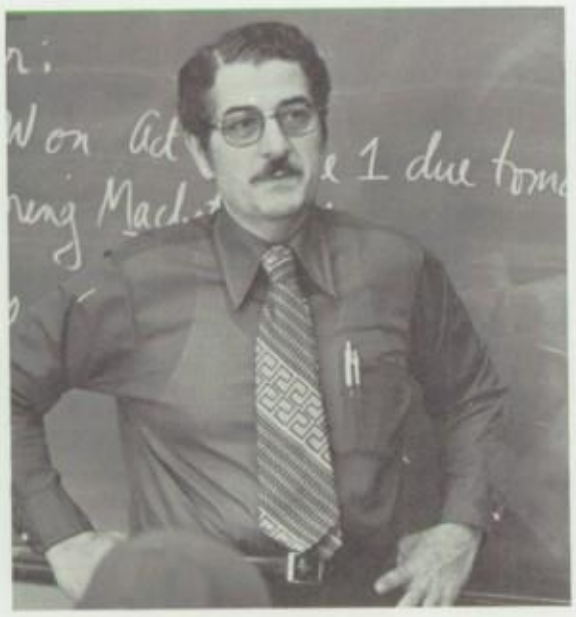
Sidney Hook

Rosina Montana



Marvin Levy

William Slosberg



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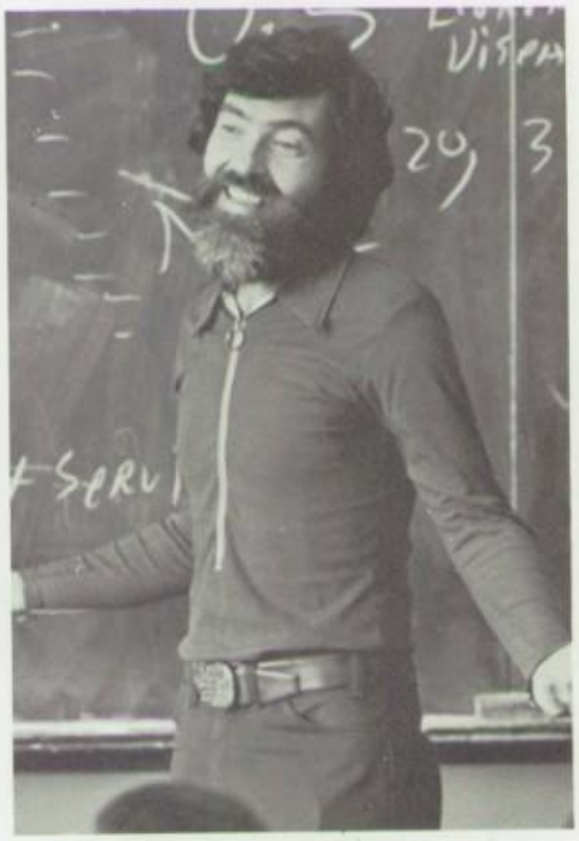
Edward Ali



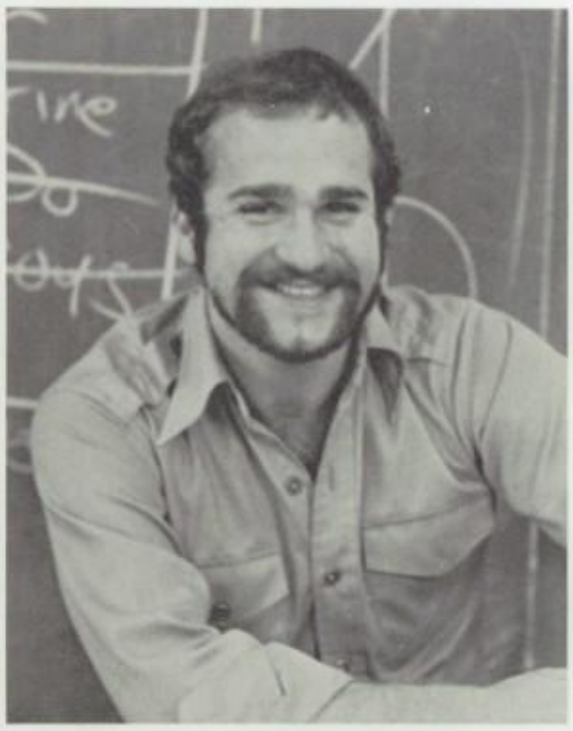
Herb Miller

Frank Volpicella

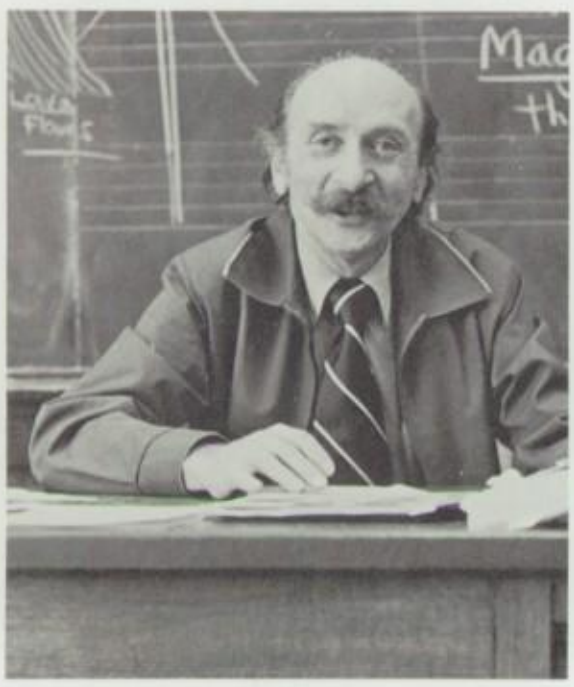
Leonard Shapiro

Norman Greenfield

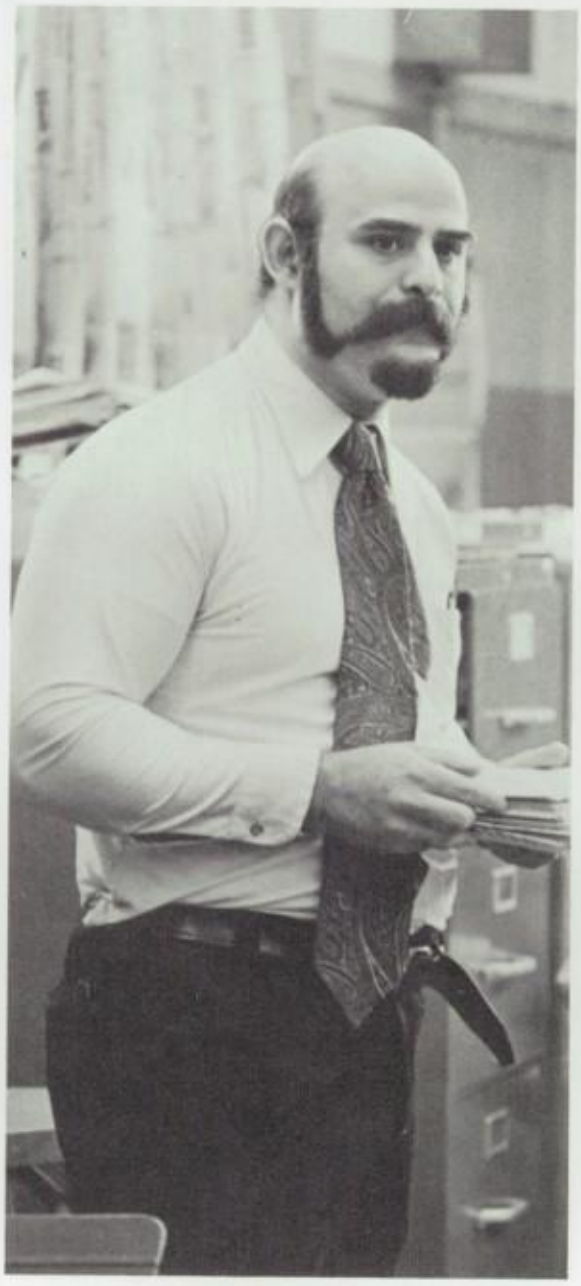
Music



Alex Butman



Joseph Rubel



Ronald Bennett, **Chairman**

Lee Reycraft

Art

Edward Donlin

Eleanore Riedmann

Maria DeSimone

Industrial Arts

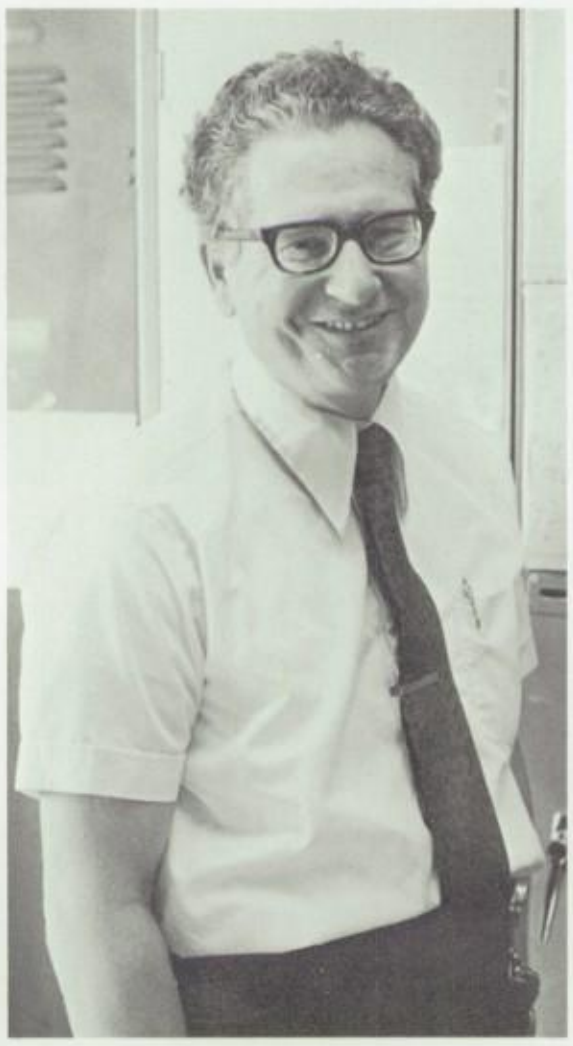
The American Spirit has been the inspiring force which has helped develop our country into the leading industrial nation in the world. The mechanical skills required to keep our nation's factories producing means that educational systems must be in tune with the kind of society we are living in. The continuation of the greatness of our nation as an industrial democracy depends upon the young of today.

Robert Tornick

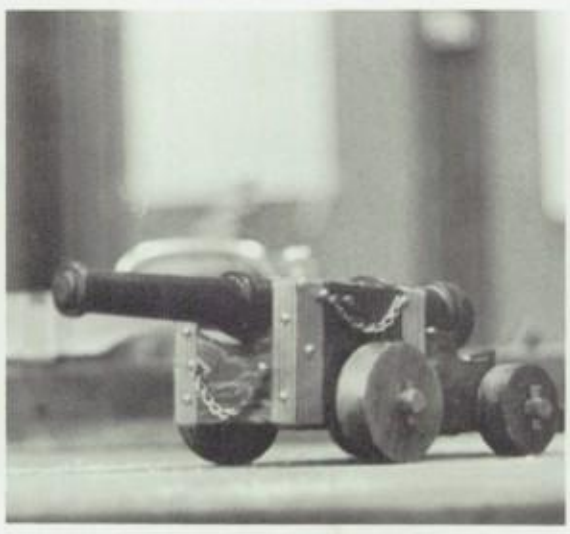
John Zagami

Sheldon Rief

Leonard Basta



Harry Berkowitz, **Chairman**



John Parente

Paul Petrucci

Michael Marmo

Secreterial Studies

America is a nation where free enterprise flourishes. We in New York City are fortunate indeed to be in the business capital of the world. Here are the job and business opportunities that exist nowhere else.

All students who prepare for a business career in our Secretarial Studies Department are well trained and equipped to enter the world of work. They are free to apply for jobs offered by either private industry or governmental agencies. They are free to choose the type of firm they wish to be employed by and they are assured of equal rights on their jobs. Truly, this is the free spirit of America.

Helen McClenahan, **Chairman**

Gertrude Kestenbaum

Julia Bigeleisen

Roslyn Gersten

Chrisavia Hyman

Ruth Sacks

Dorothy Eber

Lillian Benowitz

Helayne Leibowitz

Olga Marton

Shirley Teitelbaum

Home Economics

Claudette Altomerianos

Catherine Golden

Ruth Marcus

Boys' Health Education

Monte Midler

Allen Leibowitz, **Chairman**

Kenneth Weinstein

Martin Weiss

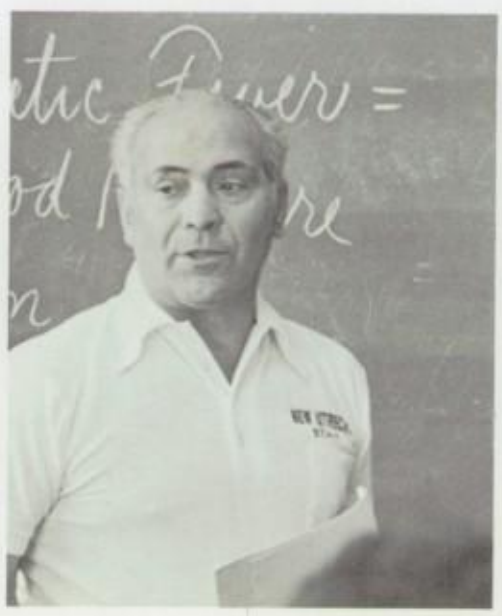
David Reinertsen

Herbert Schweitzer

Maurice Goldberg

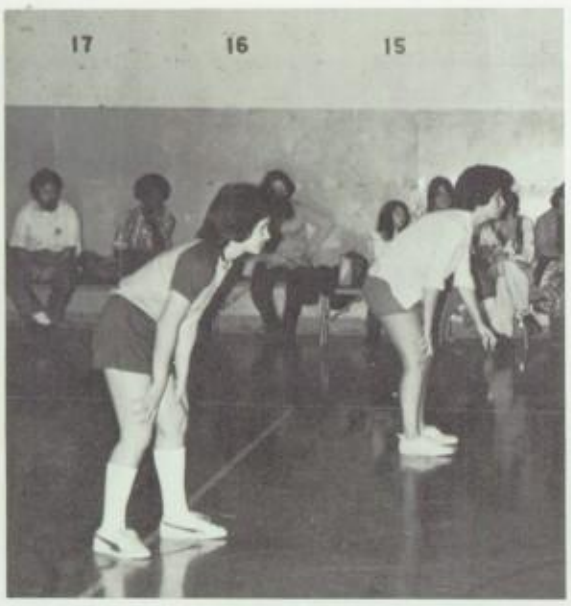
Frank Finkelman

Athletics plays a major role in the American way of life. Participants learn to be competitive, to practice good sportsmanship, and thus to prepare for both success and disappointment in the outside world. Also, at present, much stress is being laid on physical fitness, and the skills taught in the physical education courses lead to better health and enjoyment. Today Athletics is big business in America. Talented youngsters are given an opportunity to go to college and become professional athletes or use this ability as a stepping stone to another profession. Therefore, Athletics and the American Spirit are inseparable.



Dominic Marinello

Girls' Health Education



Florence Cook, **Coordinator**

Angela Echavarry

Shari Basis

Debbie Burko

Florence Klarfeld

Maxine Storch

Mary Hartnett

Janice Barone

Guidance

Vincent Andretta, **School Psychologist**

Chrisavia Hyman, **Coordinator of Guidance**

Steven Murray, **Group Facilitator**

Nancy Carroll, **Employment Counselor**

Mary Pannone, **Guidance Counselor**

Melvin Weiss, **Guidance Counselor**

Robert Tornick, **College Adviser**

Florence Esterly, **Guidance Counselor**

Leonard Lucks, **Guidance Counselor**

School Secretaries

Florence Potell

Violet Zimmerman

Grace Dipco

Evelyn Sendar

Dorothy Yates

Peggy Schmookler

Left To Right: Concetta D'Addona, Sue Kangas, Dorothy Marinello.

Standing Left To Right: Josephine LaVoe, Pearl Nachemin, Lillian Edelman, Florence Epstein. **Seated:** Sylvia Turman.

"Nothing Gold Can Stay" Robert Frost

Americans have been called a sentimental people. When sentiment includes feelings of gratitude towards and appreciation of those who have guided us and helped us to grow, we are proud to be called sentimental.

For this reason, we, the Seniors of 1976, wish to devote a few pages to those teachers who have been with us but are not at New Utrecht this year.

Isidore Adlerstein, **Art**

Gerald Aiello, **Music**

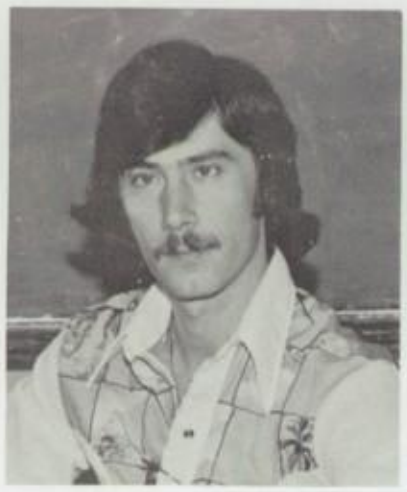
Ronald Aronson, **Boys' Health Education**

Anne Bein, **Mathematics**

Florence Berger, **Social Studies**

Theodore Berson, **Social Studies**

Christine Bivona, **Girls' Health Education**



Andrew Eisenberg, **Mathematics**

Marlene Entin, **English**

Lorraine Giordano, **Social Studies**

Marvin Goldsmith, **Mathematics**

Jack Gordon, **Accounting**

Karan Jacobs, **Art**

Jean Lax, **Secretarial Studies**

Alan Lehrman, **Communication Arts**

Leonard Leon, **Social Studies**

Sharon Lustbader, **English**

Pamela Marino, **Secretarial Studies**

Francesco Mazza, **Industrial Arts**

Ruth Mogel, **Distributive Education**

Imola Montefusco, **Foreign Language**

Mary Mosholt, **Communication Arts**

Loretta Napolitano, **Girls' Health Education**

Anastasia Panagoulias, **Social Studies**

Robert Perkus, **Mathematics**

Antonia Piraneo, **Social Studies**

Francis Piro, **Social Studies**

Selma Platzman, **Secretarial Studies**

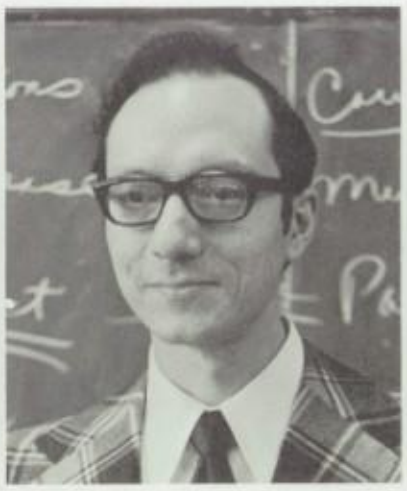
Adolphe Presto, **Foreign Language**

Maria Randazzo, **Foreign Language**

Richard Reiskin, **Social Studies**

Michael Romano, **English**

Brian Rooney, **Employment Counselor**



Louis Rosenberg, **Biology**

Lillian Rossi, **English**

Alan Rubenstein, **Industrial Arts**

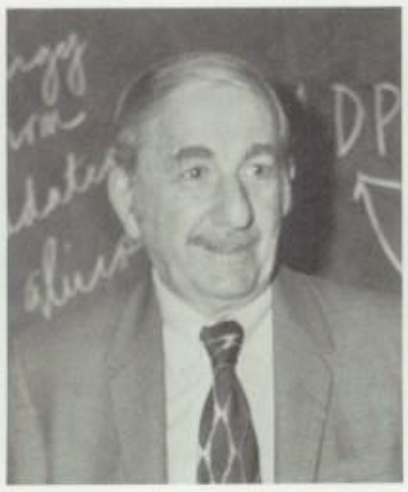
Richard Rubin, **Music**

Mitchel Saltzman, **Biology**

Barbara Santulli, **Secretarial Studies**

Ruth Schutz, **Art**

Esta Schwartz, **Girls' Health Education**



William Shulman, **Biology**

Linda Simnowitz, **Communication Arts**

Mildred Steir, **English**

Jeannette Stern, **English**

Milton Steyskal, **Physical Science**

Barbara Weissbard, **Art**

Famous Last Words

Ms. Birnhak: Vat you doing?!

Mr. Gelles: Do you want to do some work for me?

Mr. P.L. Cohen: The Adverb — R.I.P.

Mr. Citron: Don't worry about the Regents — Things have a way of falling into place.

Mr. Miller: There IS NO free lunch!!!

Mr. Sippin: You're not dumb — you just can't add, subtract, multiply, divide, read, write, listen or draw straight lines.

Mr. Richman: O.K. now everybody, don't all raise your hands at once.

Mr. Jablon: Lo and Behold . . .

Mr. Petrucci: Now class, what is our aim for today?

Mr. Emmerman: How would you like a nice easy job in the country?

Ms. Dorney: It's EASY!!!

Mr. Greenfield: It reminds me of a story . . .

Ms. Lowenthal: SIT!!! . . . VERY GOOD! — Tomorrow I'll teach you how to roll over.

Mr. Midler: What's up Jake?!

Mr. Waine: O.K. — Let's get squared away!

Ms. Campanaro: TA-DA!! — Here's the essay question of your dreams!

Ms. Schafer: . . . O.K. Let's start from the beginning . . .

Mr. Halioua: A week has eight days!!

Mr. S. Cohen: When I was **your** age . . .

Ms. Klarfeld: Get up from the locker room — I want to get home already.

Ms. Gersten: This is a dollar and cents course.

Mr. Jacobowitz: YOU CREEP!!!

Mr. Nissenfeld: We're sorry, but the administration has no control over that situation.

Mr. Rappaport: SNIF-F-F-F .... SNIF-F-F-F ....

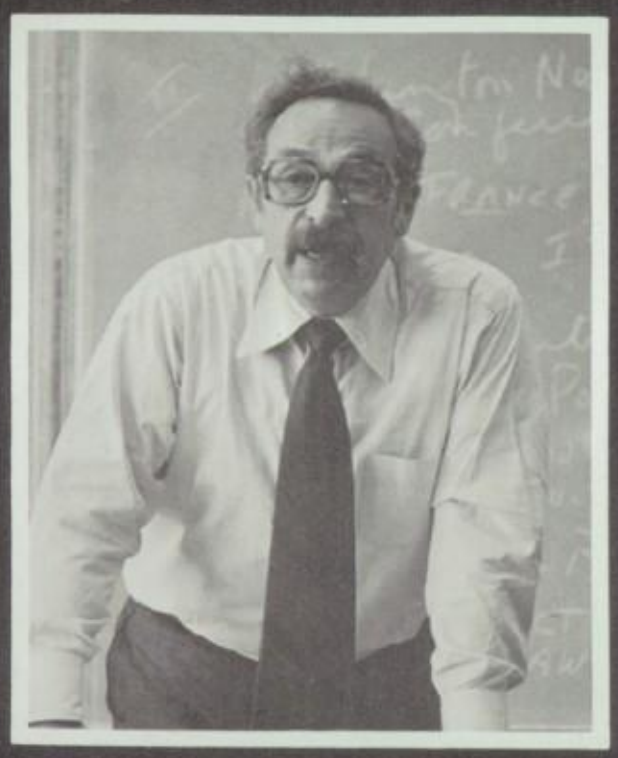
The Traitors

It is early in June, and throughout the New Utrecht colony tension is mounting. The independence-seeking Seniors have been hearing rumors of spies threatening to destroy their anticipated freedom. An emergency courtroom is set up and the two suspected traitors are immediately brought in. The court clerk reads the charges . . .

1. "This latest NUHS headline states that sufficient evidence has been provided to indicate that you two have sought ways to prohibit our freedom."

2. "Who, me? I'm all FOR liberation."

3. "I'm still in a daze to think that you, my fellow countrymen, suspect me of disloyalty."

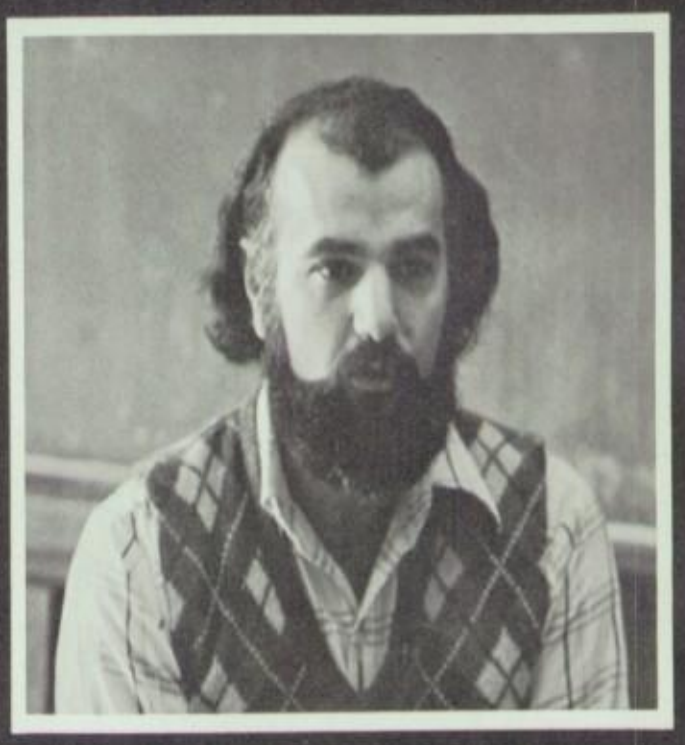


7. "Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, I plead for these defendants. However, you must subject the testimony to critical scrutiny and be extremely skeptical. I urge you to weigh the evidence carefully."

8. The jury listens in silence and prepares to weigh the food, er, the evidence.

4. "I have two witnesses here who will logically prove my theorem that these defendants are guilty."

5. "These bandits stole the paid receipts of the Senior dues, which makes it utterly impossible now for our colonists to receive their freedom."



6. "Zeez prisoners were also attempting to coerce my French forces to withdraw zeir aid to zee colonists."

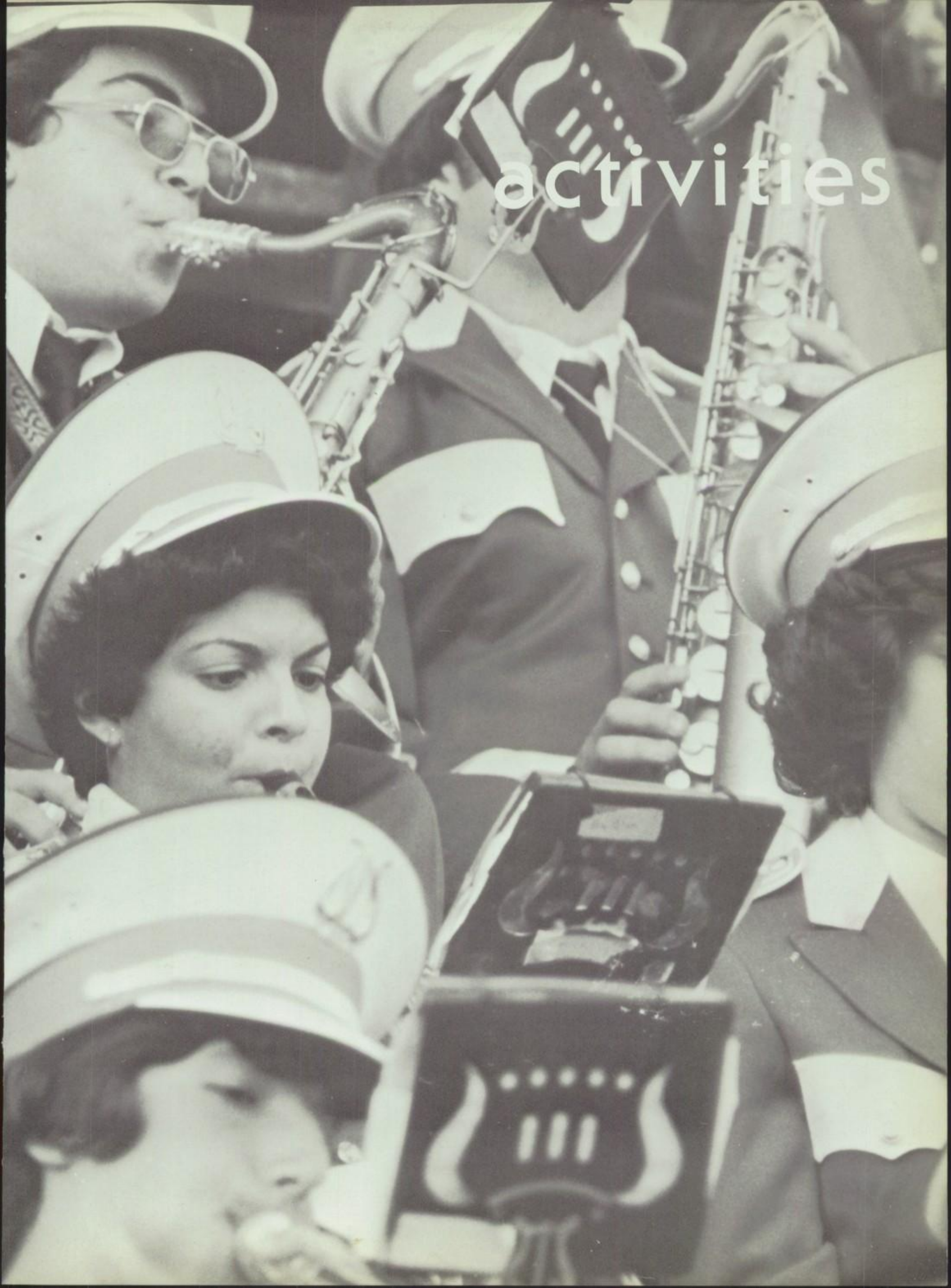
9. "Guilty as charged!"

10. "Off with their heads!"

11. "Day is done . . . gone the sun . . ."

12. "Final arrangements have been made. This should be the end of all ill-fated attempts to weaken the grasp we Utrechtites have on liberty."

activities



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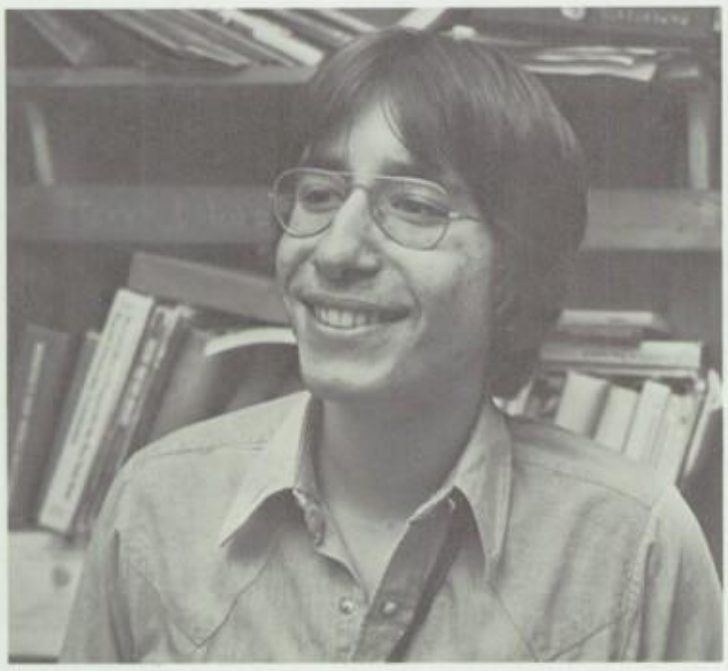
This yearbook is published under the sponsorship of the English Department, Mr. Ted Wolman, Chairman. We also thank Mr. Steve Citron, Eddie Guariglia, and Anthony Barlanti for their photographic assistance.



Comet '76

Dear Mrs. Epstein,

Putting together a yearbook from an idea involves an enormous amount of time and effort. You have given your time and effort to us freely. Above all, you have shown a patience and understanding which sets you apart from other teachers. You cared enough to get involved.

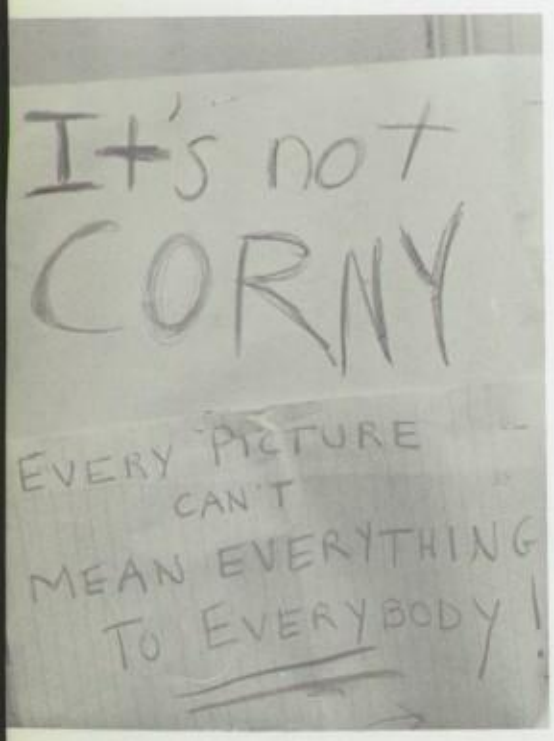
At times, it seemed as if we would never meet our deadlines, but you were always there to help us through those difficult periods. You not only let us enjoy ourselves — you made the work enjoyable. You laughed with us, and no mistake was too devastating to turn into a joke.

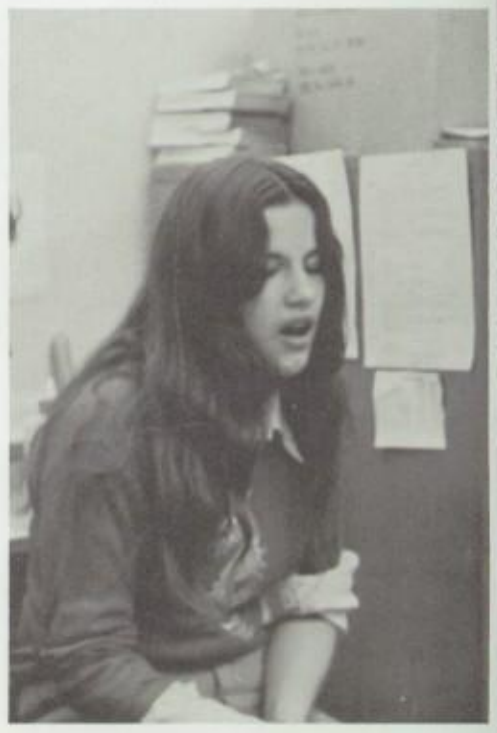
We are sure that we were not always worthy of your dedication, but we are grateful for it. Moreover, you have left us many beautiful memories of a teacher, counselor, adviser, friend. The task of facing the world after graduation has been made easier because of this.

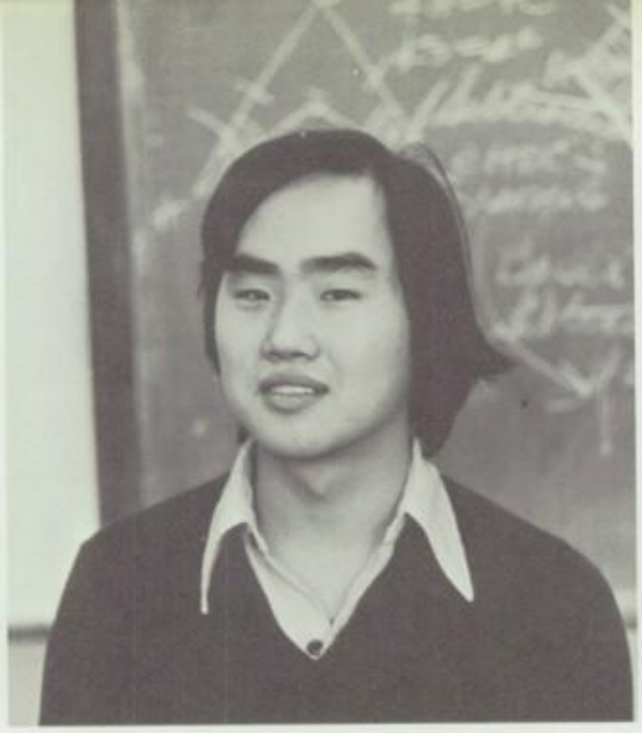
We cannot think of a person who more deserves all the wonderful things in life. We wish you happiness always and we thank you for caring.

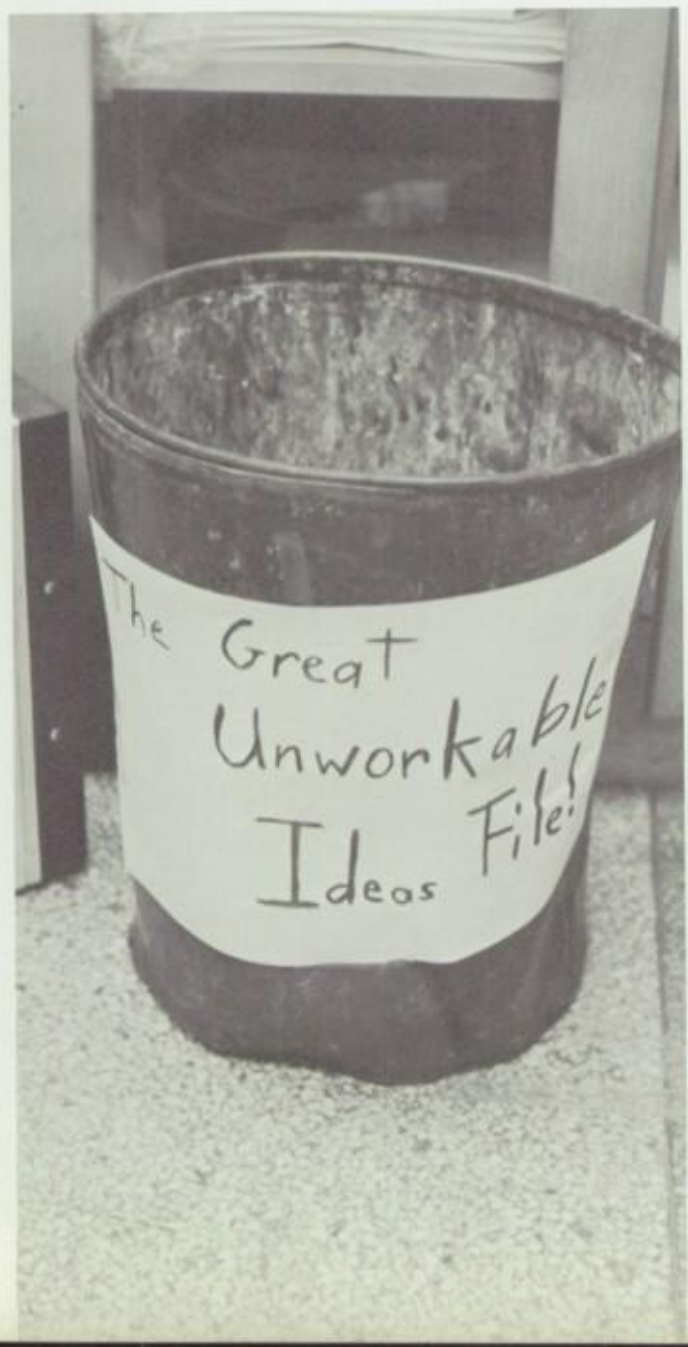
Love and peace,
The COMET Staff

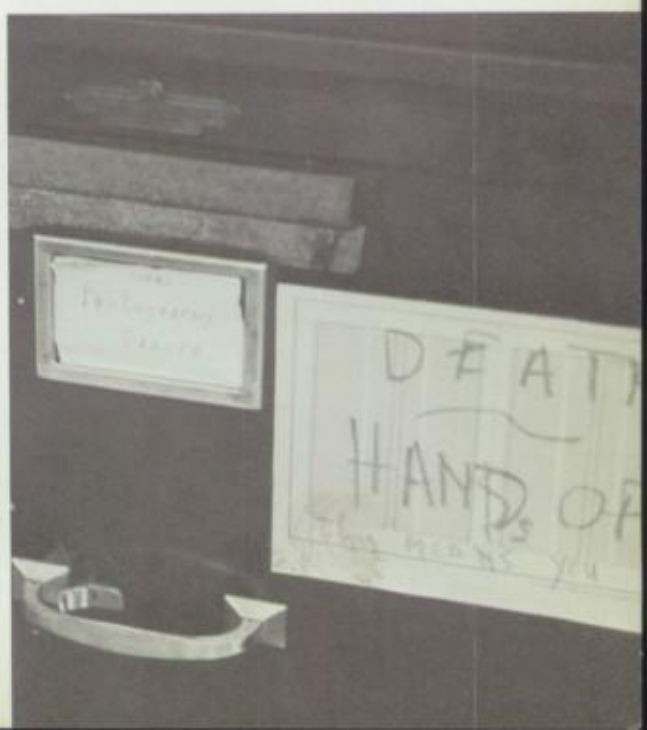
Let's get to work ... The definition of work is ... You cropped his head off ... Go upstairs and get a soda ... I want pizza ... Where's Mrs. Epstein? ... We got the wrong pictures again ... Hello, Hank, this is Frank ... No Sweat ... Where are my cigarettes? ... Is this the Comet Office? No, it's the Controlled Confusion Center ... Organization Unlimited ... Steve's worry beads ... A penny an error! ... The great unworkable idea file ... How do you spell touloups? ... Felice flying off her broom ... Lee trapped in the corner ... Mrs. E. under the table ... Who's been in my drawer? ... No sweat! ... Baseball, hot dogs, apple pie, and Chevrolet ... Don't touch it! ... It might be a phallic symbol ... The pictures are missing ... No Sweat ... We need an inside cover ... Mike, you're crazy! ... A do-it-yourself page, just follow the dots ... Put in "The shoe in the parking meter" if they don't give us copy ... Paper dolls ... Flag,bell,flag,bell, flag,bell ... The first deadline at Mrs. Epstein's house ... Jason, we have a nice letter for you to have an accident on ... No Sweat ... 10 divided by 34 is 3 ... Our Christmas party and decoration! ... We need a skinny chairman ... Where's my briefcase?!! ... Yong Yong Bang Bang, your're dead! ... No sweat ... "Aunt" Helen ... Mr. Leibowitz doesn' fit ... Hello, I'm from New Utrecht and I'd like to know how much your yearbook costs ... SS —mustard and sour grapes to you ... Let's go to Philly ... No Sweat ... Are we going? ... I want the Statue of Liberty ... Hi, Hank, mustard and sour grapes to you ... No sweat ... It's 11 o'clock and we're still on page 3 ... No Sweat ... It's 3:30 and we're still on page 3 ... No Sweat ... No workie, no sweatie: No sweatie,no bookie ...








The Great
Unworkable
Ideas File!


DEATH
HANDS OF

NUHS

Cut down the article ... Let's get to work ... When's the next issue coming out? ... What issue? ... It's good, but ... There are two things I'm bad at — memories and headlines ... Who's covering that story? ... Is there a story? ... Steven, be serious! ... The NUHS that almost wasn't! ... Lee Foraro, Joe Grazillo? ... We had a meeting? ... Who gets to interview Mr. Nissenfeld this time? ... NUHS memories ... Who took my worry beads? ... No progress report on the field. What field? ... Excuse me, Ms. Epstein, you're standing in the middle of a NUHS meeting ... In order to keep the obituaries, more people have to die ... But I wrote about the budget cuts last time ... Oh, my God, did these people really die!? ... The anti-smoking ad in NUHS dedicated to Ms. Epstein ... Felice, bring back my shoes ... Mr. J. likes them ... What size are they? ... Who's going out to get pizza? ... Lee — I'm not going I went last year ... Ms. Rosenbaum's file in the middle drawer ... Lee, get the bag off your head and let Frank take your picture ... Ralph, please talk ... Who's going to the printer? ... Shut up I can't count ... I'm the feature editor??? ... Another Sing story? ... What's a deadline? ... Dear Ms. Rosenbaum, Thank you for everything you've done for us and for being you. We hope you'll remember us; we'll never forget you. Love, NUHS '75-'76.

Kneeling, Left To Right: Laura Masseria, Business Editor — Felice Aueron, Feature Editor — Georgia Costalas, Co Editor-in-Chief — Lee Lofaro, Co Editor-in-Chief — Steven Matza, Sports Editor — Joseph Garzillo, News Editor — Frank Bevacqua, Joanne Polichetti. **Standing, Left To Right:** Flora Vavallo, Roseann Ieraci, Advisor — Ms. Rosenbaum, Maria Rivera, Rosaria Vigorito, Bruce Solomon, Josephine Mugavero, Bernadette Sammut, Michael O'Conner, Jennie DeChiara. **Not Shown:** Bilal Abdullah, Jeff Goodman, Gary Teitelbaum, Diane Mattia, Anthony Punch.

Spiral

Seated, Left To Right: Jill Corin, Dianne Landi, Adviser — P.L. Cohen, Laura Masseria, Steven Matza. **Standing, Left To Right:** Dolores Goreczny, Lee Lofaro, unknown visitor, Michael Fiore. **Not Shown:** Cindy Adelstein.

That lady is **crazy!!** ... Tops ... Well, it rhymes ... A change of underwear story ... We want Dustin ... Who's Arthur Miller? ... Does he lead the band? ... 33, 44, Hut Hut (Another story by Frank) ... What the hell are we laughing about? ... Let's dedicate it to Patty Hearst ... They took another vote! ... Huh? Another vote? ... We won anyway! ... Hurray! ... Sob Story Playhouse ... Give me your hankie ... Get your own ... mine's all wet ... The "thing" ... I'm really sane, believe me ... Wanna buy a booster? ... Yea, make it a blonde ... Not that kind of booster, dummy! ... Meatloaf every night, Michael ... Spiral lives ... Gary's party ... Jingle Bells ... The adverb — R.I.P. ... Sit in the darkroom and play with your fingers ... Dear Mr. Cohen, thank you for everything. We love you ...

Arista

Was it Felice's weird idea for the design of the Arista yearbook picture? ... If it was I'll kill her! ... Where's Georgia??? ... Following Platner footsteps ... Since when do you have 100 people in this dumb organization? ... Got to raise the standards! ... Hey Steve, are you sure you will remember my name and prefect? ... Sure, I'll put your name next to Big George's ... We've gotta tutor? ... Tutor who? ... I can't tutor! ... I need a tutor! ... Merrily we tutor along ... A Dear Dickie letter ... Too bad we couldn't make Florida for the Thanksgiving vacation ... Only 63 dollars short ... Maybe next year ... Mr. Platner, your hard work, devotion, keen sense of humor, and warm personality are part of the memories we shall hold of you forever.

Front Row, Left To Right: Secretary — Lucia D'Orazio, Treasurer — Moi Leong, Adviser — Mr. Platner, Boy Leader — Steven Matza, Girl Leader — Georgia Costalas. **Second Row, Left To Right:** Marie Valletta, Lori Iurato, Anthony Rizzi, Frank DiPiazza, Elizabeth Campagna, Carolyn Gams, Dolores Goreczny, Elaine Anzalone, JoAnn Vivolo, Warren Dodge, Christine Izzo, Frances Giardino, Joan Grimaldi, Flora Vavallo, Winnie Tam, Felice Aueron, Mia Moi, Debbie Vangrove, Sharon Goldberg, Josephine Mugavero, Diane Mattia, Margaret Vozzo, Linda Parrino, Louisa Desideri, Marilina Trapanotto. **Third Row, Left To Right:** Debbie Amatore, Bernadette Sammut, Theresa DeRanieri, Maria Rivera, Joe Garzillo, Peter Gargiulo, Maria DiSalvo, Stacy Guber, Vicki Edwards, Arlene Smith, AnnMarie Lantieri, Joann DiMasso, Pete Magrino, Scott Berger, Sue Jane Grosso, Theresea Medile, Eileen Ciotti, Irene Katen, Roseann Ieraci, Josephine Galati, Grace Caimano, Anna Scaglione, Mary Satili, Antoinette Rizzi, Debbie Slatcher. **Fourth Row, Left To Right:** Rosaria Vigorito, Theresa Panuccio, Laura Masseria, Dianne Landi, Yong Nam Bang, Frank Bevacqua, Gerald Mannarino, Steve Schindlheim, William Martino, Nick Licciardi, James Malafronte, Joe Cocchiara, James Gargiulo, Arnold Siegal, Jeff Goodman, Debbie Toro, Josephine Giancaspro, Brenda Santino, Laraine Abbadessa. **Not Shown:** Carmela Guglielmo, Carol Vorrasi, Frank Quagliorello, Gary Valdata, Lee Lofaro.

What's an Agathon-Key Club? ... Who's Ms. Flynn? ... What do we do? ... I can't believe you cut the cake before you frosted it ... People, there's too many of us behind the table ... The disappointment of the Halloween Cake Sale ... Lee, it's snowing out! ... College-career night ... Those stairs! ... Get food! ... There's not enough room in here, Ms. Flynn? ... Sit on the floor ... I'll get the house out of here ... Georgia, did Mr. Potell okay those posters, the cake sale is tomorrow ... The scarecrow and Frankenstein's bride being stabbed in the king's office ... Ms. Flynn you're really great, keep Agathon-Key moving — We love you ...

Agathon-Key Club

Bottom Row, Left To Right: President — Georgia Costalas, Vice-President — Lee Lofaro, Adviser — Ms. Flynn, Secretary — Bruce Solomon, Treasurer — Felice Aueron. **Second Row:** Rose Marie Rao, Laura Masseria, Diane Mattia, Terry Medile, Eileen Ciotti, Roseann Ieraci, Josephine Mugavero, Debra Rago, Adriene Scicchigno, Lori Iurato **Top Row:** Theresa Pannuccio, Lorraine Vozzo, Fran Asaro, Yong Nam Bang, Rosaria Vigorito, Gary Valdata, Mike O'Connor, Frank Bevacqua, Steven Matza, Maria Rivera, Mimma Vitello, Marie Valeta. **Not Shown:** Susan Hansen, Helen Wu, Antoinette Rizzi.

B.E.H.S.

Front Row, Left To Right: Mary Mignone, Ursula Attardo, Clorinda Lauro, Susan Cozzi, Diane Rossi, Maria Disalvo. **Second Row, Left To Right:** Elena D Leonibus, Bernadette Sammut, Vice-President — Gina Maggio, President —Lisa Capozello, Treasurer — Marilina Trapanotto, Secretary —Lee Ann Giordano, Kathy Cruise, Maria Morando. **Third Row, Left To Right:** Advisor — Ms. Kestenbaum, Stephanie Mechini, Cathy Cannatello, Debra Lindsay, Rosemary Buglino, Debra Theriault, Rosemarie Dispenza, Vincenta Vaccaro, Nadine Reilly, Debra Toro, Annie Perotta. **Not Shown:** Diane Barce, Nancy Moccia, Dorothy Polizanno, Yolanda Rizzo, Stephanie Senzino.

Senior Cabinet

Kneeling, Left To Right: Recording Secretary — Toni Napoli, Vice-Pres. — Steven Matza, Adviser — Ms. Stember, Pres. — Warren Dodge, Treas. — Elena Alvarez. **Standing, Left To Right:** Lisa Capozello, Maria Catalono, Grace Romeo, Felice Aueron, Ralph Papalia, Katherine Davis, Rita Brown, Maria Rodriguez. **Not Shown:** Corres. Sec. — Alice Hall, Georgia Costalas, Elaine Anzalone, Frances D'Addona, Gary Valdata, Michelle Silk, Mindy Itzkowitz, Ron Stanley, Linda Lapollo, Bruce Smart, Debra Harrison, Carolyn Wilkerson, Denise De Luca, Theresa De Ranieri, Louise De Martino, Amy Pagliaro, Marilina Trapanotta, Carmela Linea, Janet Wilson, Rose Berlen, Pete Cox, Andre Parker, Karen Louther, Germonia Johnson, Maryann D'Aniello.

GRADUATING CLASS 1976
(Projected Budget)

	JANUARY 1976	JUNE 1976
ESTIMATED EXPENSES		
Loews Kings		$ 750.00
Chair Rental		100.00
Insurance		35.00
Buses (2) Loews Kings		150.00
Miscellaneous	250.00	60.00
Printing: Programs and Tickets		900.00
Reception	200.00	100.00
TOTAL GRADUATION EXPENSES		$ 2,095.00
OTHER EXPENSES		
Senior Hats 600 @ $1.75		1,050.00
Senior Buttons @ $ .35	35.00	210.00
Scholarship Board Lettering		150.00
G. O. Dues @ $1.00	100.00	600.00
Alumni Dues @ $1.00	100.00	600.00
Class Gift @ $ .30	30.00	180.00
Telephone		520.00
COMETS		
January 100 @ $12.50	1,250.00	
June 600 @ $12.50		7,500.00
JANUARY 1976 Dues $18.00	$ 1,965.00	$ 12,905.00
JUNE 1976 Dues $22.00		

G.O. Cabinet

Seated, Left To Right: Liz Campagna, Jennie De Chiara, Roe Migliori, Densie De Luca, Laraine Abbadessa, Debbie Panaro, Elena Alvarez, Mary Jean Gross, Bruce Solomon, Nancy Di Costanzo. **Second Row: Left To Right:** Jean Marie Scicchigno, Warren Dodge, Guistina Schiano, Secretary — JoAnn Vivolo, President — Toni Napoli, Vice-President Gary Valdata, Treasurer — Mike O'Connor, Lisa Capozello, Rosaria Vigorito, Sandy Mc Farlane, Carl Schinina. **Third Row, Left To Right:** William Martino, Frank Bevacqua, Bernie Sammut, Laura Masseria, Steven Matza, Debbie Harrison, Phil Valenti, Billy D'Ottavio, Cory Nahoum, Joan Thompson. **Fourth Row, Left To Right:** Mr. Brian Rothlander, Cheryl Kearse, Lucia D'Orazio, Georgia Costalas, Felice Aueron, June Tata, Brenda Santino, Steven Smith, Jack Goldstein, Danny Paterna, George Touloupis, Dom Serochino, Ms. Mary Butz.

Ms. Butz and her new haircut ... Zuking! ... JoAnn's maniac laugh ... Toni getting her bag stuck in the door ... Gary really BELIEVING he's the Fonze ... Giustina and Lisa getting stuck on the elevator ... Mike and Groucho Marx ... Toni zuking into Cabinet meetings ... Larry Roher visiting! Oh, No! HIDE! ... Perverts of America ... Rothlander and his plaid pants ... I need a pass ... I don't live in Bensonhurst! ... I'm not going to Butz' class, he's here 6th ... Zuking to see the boys in B.A.P. ... She's always hanging around him ... Come on, people, it's Friday. Let's go HOME! ... Steven's club ... Bruce, OH NO! ... I need your tickets ... JoAnn dropping the typewriter on the floor ... Where's Ms. Michaels? ... Rewriting the Constitution 10 times ... Zuking to Mayor Beame's Bash ... Roseann's feet, Cosmo's stomach ... Lulu says, "Quando, Quando" ... Mr. Rothlander, "One second" ... The 2nd period "Bathroom Crew" ... Lisa's baby talk ... Mike's father ... The terrorization of Joan ... Liberating Toni from her clothes ... Toni, I'm not in love ... Ripping off Giustina's clothes ... Security chasing the football team ... Mike and Bove, Can I have $30 off? ... Getting beaten by football players ... Morning glory, nightingale and Gabeddygotz ... Memories now, and memories forever ... Will we remember the times of our lives? We would like to offer a suggestion to our national government to prevent them from getting tangled in red tape. We use green and white tape; we do not mess around with the RED. Just tell the national government to get a different color tape.

Orchestra

We could play better than this, it must be the weather . . . Uncross your legs . . . Billy, would you please be quiet? . . . Take it from the top . . . Top of what? . . . Georgia you're the section leader, hit 'em with the bow . . . Let's play Shaft . . . Let's play the Hustle . . . Let's not play! . . . Hey, Toots . . . Cliff: Why do I have to be a cellist, I want to sit near people I like? . . . Everyone eyes on me . . . You're a little flat . . . Let's play disco! . . . In an orchestra ? . . . Is this an Orchestra? . . . Leget, turn down the bass . . . Christmas Concert — the big time; on stage! . . . That's an E flat? . . . What's an E flat? . . . Get the gum out of your mouth . . . Keep your feet flat on the floor, violins . . . If you don't want to be here leave . . . Where are you going? . . . Reycraft: Everyone give me an A. Orchestra: Aaaaaaaay! . . . Mr. Reycraft, everytime we hear a song we'll think of you and the fun we've had. Bye and lots of love.

Front Row, Left To Right: Judi Rubin, Elena Alvarez, Dee Ferraro, Josephine Morando, Mindy Itzkowitz. **Second Row:** Fran Abatematteo, Lucy DeLuise, JoAnne Filippis, Roseann Seminara, Lisa Longobardi, Maria Giarratana, Emily Gualtieri. **Third Row:** Robert Littera, Marie Lapetina, Monica DeMarco, Leslie Hart, Cliff Wahlberg, Georgia Costalas, Bill D'Ottavio, Mr. Lee Reycraft. **Fourth Row:** Leo Priola, David Idy, Peter LiPuma, Charles Castoro, Curtis Santoro, Vito Imbornone, Leget Simpson, Nick Pinnola. **Not Shown:** Laureen DellaSalla, Marge Ponesse, Tom O'Rourke, Patti Martino.

Band

Front Row, Left To Right: Lucille Sacchi, Ilene Etkin, Carol Singer, Michelle Silk, Jeanette Pennisi, Tony Tanzi, Joseph Morano, Delores Ferraro. **Second Row, Left To Right:** Mary Jo Brogna, Nancy Osenni, Vincent Carangelo, Chris Izzo, Marina Scarimbolo, Susan Massa, Frank Mauro, Judi Rubin. **Third Row, Left To Right:** Janice Williams, Ed Crosson, Elena Alvarez, Aldo Morici, Donna Nuzzi, Conductor — Mr. Bennett, Herman Ramirez, George Lantieri, Steve Augeri. **Fourth Row, Left To Right:** Maria Giarratana, Maria Lapetina, Josephine Napolitano, Theresa Esposito, Emily Qualtieri, Patty Martino. **Fifth Row, Left To Right:** Nick Pinnola, Laura Guisto, Deborah Keeley, Charles Castoro, Dino Liverano, James Nuciforo, Peter Li Puma, Russel Giarratana, Lewis Slatcher, Victor Roher, Anthony Cianciotto. **Sixth Row:** Joe Fierro, Sal Panetta, Lenny Lapetina, Vincent Vozzo, Lola Lewis. **Not Shown:** Marian Mancini, Michael Engel.

Mixed Chorus

Front Row, Left To Right: William Mariano, Mary Ann Segreto, Gemma Gruttadoria, Claudette Quickley, Adviser — Mr. Rubel, Arlette Nedwards, Maria Ferrari, Patricia Brown, Jennie Linea. **Second Row, Left To Right:** Paula Mariani, Rosemarie Baldassare, Debra Figliolino, Theresa Lombardi, Francine Sternlicht, Joanne Giordano, Diane Mutone, Arlene Anzalone, Patricia Puga. **Third Row, Left To Right:** Anna Kwapinski, Debbie Pniewski, Emilia Waimo, Charmaine McRoe, Maria Rivera, Robert Muldoon, Frances Filippazzo, Mimi Ann Rossi, Grace Barrese, Joseph Regalbuto, Michael Santomassino. **Fourth Row, Left To Right:** Franco Trifilio, Frank Foti, Robert Rossi, Barney Taglialatela, Nicky Cintorino.

Rubel's reading system ... "You will be the only high school chorus in the U.S. who can read music" ... Mood rings ... Do-sol ... Mr. Aiello ... Romeo and Juliet ... Mr. Butman ... John, please turn around ... We, the musically inclined people of the school, feel that the following song titles best describe the American Spirit this year: The Funeral March ... Do You Know Where You're Going To? ... Jive Talkin' ... Time In A Word ... The Way We Were ... Philadelphia Freedom ... Blowing' In The Wind ... Getting To Know You ... Where Do We Go From Here? ... You've Blown It All Sky High ...

Chem Lab Squad

Left To Right; Adviser — Mrs. Ruth Schrank, Frank Bevacqua, John Tremmel, Adam Birnhak, Jimmie Filapazzo, Charles Leto, Adviser — Mrs. Alice Birnhak. **Not Shown:** Joey Nuzzo, Joe Scicchigno, Jeanmarie Scicchigno, Steven Matza, Debbie Amatore, Former advisor — Mr. Milton Steyskal.

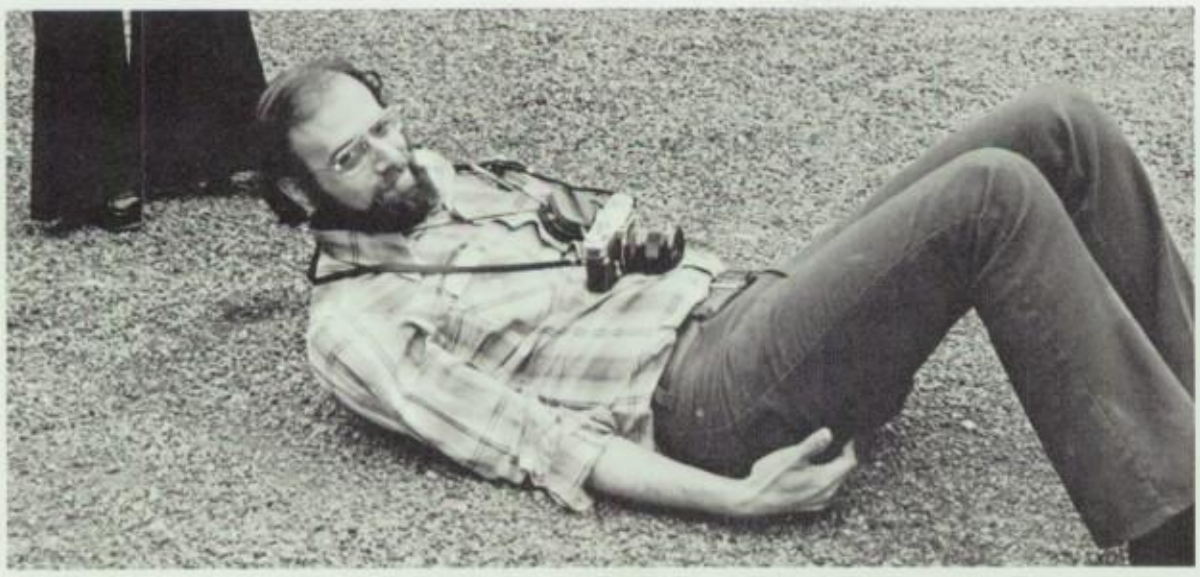
The way it used to be:hanging out till five o'clock everyday (with last year's seniors) . . . Trying to find the radio that Mr. Steyskal hid (for sixteen days straight) . . . Watching cartoons on the video tape monitor . . . Playing handball, hit the quarter (and hit the Rizzi) in the hallway! (Good shot — Mr. Levy) . . . "Smoking Out" Grace and Debbie from the darkroom with H2S — ROTTEN EGGS!! . . . The Great Battles: Eddie vs. Mr. Citron (water pistol), Joe Rizzi vs. The Entire Physical Science Department (keys, delaney books, lesson plans, and anything else he could get his hands on) . . . IT ONLY TOOK ME 15 SECONDS!!!! . . . Vat you doing? — Don't shhplode de lab!! . . . Looking for Scissors . . . Looking for thermometers . . . Looking for EVERYTHING!!!! . . . What did Mr. Citron lose this time?: a tape recorder, five thermometers, two Patterson tanks and six rolls of bulk-loaded film — UGH! . . . Only two months till the Chem Regents, Mr. Citron, and only six chapters to go! . . . They've been in the darkroom for AN HOUR together and they've only made HOW MANY prints?!!! . . . Frank, Allen, how would you like a nice easy job in the country? . . . Water on the floor . . . All the great times . . . Goodbye Mrs. Birnhak, Mr. Steyskal, Mr. Citron . . . We hope you'll remember us.

Biology Lab Squad

Standing, Left To Right; Alan Tobbanella, William Bartoli, Mary Lee, Steven Schindelheim, Anthony Lombardo, Mona Lee, Gary Grecco, Richard Soloman, Scott Berger, Frank Bevacqua, Joseph Cucchiara, David Davis, Linda Pogero, Danny Cashman, Terri Giacalone, Kathy Motley, Nancy Lee. **Seated, Left To Right:** Advisers — Mrs. Schrank, Mrs. Wunderlich.

Photography Club

Kneeling, Left To Right: Frank Bevacqua, Jennie DeChiara, Jeanmarie Scicchigno, Mary Jo Farano, Jerry Guardino, Anthony Crisci. **Seated, Left To Right:** Richanda Watkins, Donna Esposito, Karen Calamia, Roseann Campanella, Kathy Nucci, Joan Grimaldi, Francine Huber, Mia Moy, Advisor — Mr. Stephen Citron. **Standing, Left To Right:** Jimmie Gargiulo, George Touloupis, Steven Matza, Joe Nuzzo, Richard Solamon, Chee Fu, Yong Bang, Sal Zuccorella, Frank Hayden. **Not Shown:** John Tremmel, Irene Freytag, John Romeo, Elaine Cillo, Joanne Gemma, Theresa Russo, Dennis Clini, Diane Schuneman, Jimmie Filapazzo.



Hey, Patrick — wanna see some great ultraviolet light? Just pull that chain down from the ceiling in the darkroom. (... looks like we washed the enlarger again) ... It wasn't my fault — Eddie made him do it!!! ... The world's most ORGANIZED Photography Club — HAH! ... Where're the damn scissors! ... You forgot to put the top in the changing bag? — UGH! ... Frank, you let the sink overflow again! ... No, Mr. Citron, today's THURSDAY — we're the ADVANCED class, remember?! ... Habib's Statue of Liberty picture ... Frank's pigeon shots ("dwrrrrr!") — and imitations ... Remember the good old days: "Where did Mr. Steyskal hide the radio this time?! ... IT ONLY TOOK ME 15 SECONDS! ... There's a Rizzi on the ledge!!! ... Jeanmarie's perfume ambushes: DUCK!! ... How would you like a graduated cylinder in your face!? — WHAP! ... You want us to have a Country Fair booth by TOMORROW?!? ... Reply: Don't worry — things have a way of falling into place ... Yuk-yuk ... Shorting out the lab table with ektachrome chemicals ... 3 year old ACUFINE ... Hanging out till 5 o'clock ... all the great times we had in the lab ... Goodbye Mr. Citron, Mr. Steyskal ... Thanks for everything. We'll miss you ... P.S. Good luck next year — you'll need it!! ...

Math Team

Front Row, Left To Right: — Felice Aueron, Lucia D'Orazio, Diane Mattia, Sue Jane Grosso, Steven Schindelheim. **Second Row, Left To Right:** James Gargiulo, Arnold Siegal, Joseph Cocchiara, Chee Fu, Anthony Rizzi, Vincent Sheehan. **Last Row, Left To Right:** — Theresa De Ranieri, Georgia Costalas, Raymond Sheehan, David Idy, Henry Telias, Anthony Cartusciello, Jerry Mannarino, William Martino, Moi Leong. **Standing:** Richard Platner, Faculty Adviser. **Not Shown:** — Randy D'Amico.

Purple-faced Platner ... Pres. Ford coming to our first Math meet to throw in the first pencil ... SEE-THE-NILE ... HE GIPPED US ... $BA(NA)_2$ ... Hi-Ho-Ag ... FE-++Wheel ... Boosters, Cheerleaders, Band coming to cheer us ... Shut-up, Vinny ... Thanks for Ptolemy ... Platner for President ... Whose wearing the hat today? ... We want tee shirts ... All right now ... We'll get 20 next time ...

Front Row, Kneeling Left To Right: Joseph Cocchiara, Raymond Sheehan, Vincent Sheehan, Jerry Mannarino. **Second Row, Standing Left To Right:** Adviser — Mrs. Dorney, Marilina Trapanotto, Diane Mattia, Anthony Rizzi, Patrick Chiaffarano. **Not Shown:** Felice Aueron, Georgia Costalas, Vincent Stracquadanio.

Mathemagician

Chess Team

Standing, Left To Right: Adviser — Irving Jablon, Adam Birnhak, Felice Aueron, Captain — Steven Matza, Gerald Mannarino, William Martino. **Not Shown:** Diane Mattia, Rosaria Vigorito, Joseph Cocchiara, Arnold Siegal, Jeff Goodman.

Front Row, Left To Right: Sue Cozzi, Debbie Amatore, Bernadette Sammut, Theresa DeRanieri, Kay Dawkins, Hallie Burgess. **Second Row, Left To Right:** Sherry James, Susan Barasso, Carol Maccone, Nancy DiCostanzo, Eunice Williams, Annette Dunkley, Alice Hall, Denise Hart, Maria Rodriguez, Elena Archer. **Third Row, Left To Right:** Terri Giacalone, Josephine Cavanaugh, Cheryl Kearse, Margaret Holiwski, Nellie Barretto, Lynette Minor, Kathy Davis, Delores Forbes, Mary Cobb, Geronia Johnson, Mia Thompson, Jackie Lucas, Adviser — Ms. Basis. **Not Shown:** Adurey Clark, Bonnie Burgess, Terri Buonfiglio, Felice Aueron.

Leaders

Up early, down late, I can see clearly now . . . Why weren't you at the meeting? . . . No FOWL language . . . Get dressed! . . . No service class?? . . . Parent-Daughter Night!! . . . Me, get on the platform!!?

Stage Crew

The beer bottle!! . . . Getting drunk during performances . . . Mr. D. saying, "I'm very calm." . . . Josephine and Gary making whoopie everywhere . . . Liz and Pat screwing up . . . Warren crying, "I wanna work the spot." . . . Howie and Mazzoch trying to act cool . . . Robbie and Mike arguing all the time . . . But most of all the special kind of love we shared . . . To Mr. Dimenstein, We've had lots of good times and we'll all miss you . . . love, your Stage Crew.

Front Row, Left To Right: Jeffrey Goodman, Elizabeth Campagna, Pat Rametta, Adviser — Mr. Dimenstein, Josephine Galati. **Second Row, Left To Right:** Steven Schindelheim, Capt. — Ralph Papalia, Gary Valdata, Joseph Dolce, Howard Yigdal, Vincent Testaccio, Bobby Monroe. **Not Shown:** Michael Blatt, Warren Dodge, John Mazzochi, Clifford Redden, Robbie Rundbaken.

Front Row, Left To Right: Bernadette Sammut, Jeanette Amato, Roseann Floridia, Bobby Monroe, Mary Jo Brogna. **Second Row:** Theresa Pellicano, Linda Wells, Advisor — Ms. Carin Dachs, Lucille Sacchi, Donna Zanardi.

Play Production Studio

Dance Band

Kneeling, Left To Right: Vincent Vozzo, Grace Pellegrino, Leo Priola. **Seated, Left To Right:** Leget Simpson, Mike Macagnone. **Standing, Left To Right:** John Mazzochi, Peter LiPuma, Robert Littera, Frank Mauro, James Malafronte, Tony Tanzi, George Lantieri, Joe Pierro, Russell Giarrantana, Mr. Bennett, Steven DiGioia.

B.S.C.

Seated, Left To Right: Karen Lother, Robin Gilham, DeeDee Stubbs, Sandra McFarlane, Billy Williams, Chyrel Walker, Bernie Armons. **Standing, Left To Right:** Adviser — Jean Pierre Halioua, Darnell Lawson, Annette Dunkley, Geronia Johnson, Barbara Pough, Sylvia Jackson, Karen Campbell, Cheryl Belgrave, Alice Hall, Katherine Davis, Leon Wilson. **Not Shown:** Michel Lemon, Zack Samuels.

Italian Club

Front Row, Left To Right: Lucy Russo, Pres. - Giuseppe Ruberto, Maria Failla, Donato Guardavaccaro, Carmelo Schinina. **Second Row, Left To Right:** Carmela Rindone, Anna D'Alicandro, Margherita Manzo, Licia D'Alicandro, Camillo Cimorelli, Isabella Vieni. **Third Row, Left To Right:** RosaMaria Panzini, Giuseppina Cinquemani, Giuseppina Giangrande, Giuseppina Russo, Clotilde, Franca Armetta, Paola Alba, Carmelina Berardinelli, Adviser — Anthony Rizzi. **Fourth Row, Left To Right:** Corrado Gambuzza, Teresa D'Amico, Ida Martinelli, Antonio Aletto, Enrico Caruso. **Fifth Row, Left To Right:** Sal Marcianti, Franco Domingo. **Sixth Row, Left To Right:** Nica Clemente, Maria Schinina, Gianni Campanella, Nicola Pellegrino, Rocco Logozzo. **Not Shown:** Rosaria Vigorito, Rosanna Coscia.

Math Office Squad

Seated, Left To Right: Joseph Cocchiara, Michael Markel, Jerry Mannarino, William Martino, Moi Leong, Linda Parrino, Jean Cocchiara. **Standing, Left To Right:** Peter Gargiulo, Joseph Garzillo, Joseph Czarnecki, Adviser —Mr. Kaufman, Peter Magrino, Anthony Rizzi, Louis Ferro, Maria Romeo.

DECA

Standing Left To Right: Barbara Fennegan, Joe Ieraci, Addanette Franklin, Lewis Williamson, June Fischer, Advisor — Mr. Rothlander. **Kneeling, Left To Right:** Harry Hall, John Kmetz.

College Office

Left To Right: Celeste Walker, Advisor — Mr. Robert Tornick. **Not Shown:** Al Pannone, Debbie Bertelle.

Boys' Dean Squad

Kneeling, Left To Right: Maria Rivera, Sally Quinn, Lucille DeAngelo, Dwaine Tutrone, Deborah Rago, Teresa Turturro. **Seated, Left To Right:** Danny Thomas, Advisers — Mr. N. Gelles, Mr. J. Iorio, Mr. Herb Miller; Frank Foti. **Standing, Left To Right:** Nicky Venturelli, Joseph Amore, Joan Basile, Denise Gabriele, Lou Cochrane, Paula Korpalski, Joseph Ficara, Anthony Alexander. **Not Shown:** Sallyanne Monti, Gina Ippolito, Maria Taccetta, Janice Riddick, Jerome Siler, Joseph Cristino.

Girls' Dean Squad

Left To Right: Adviser —Ms. Benowitz, Lisa Chu, Deborah Keely, Adviser — Ms. Montana, Irene Bloch. **Not Shown:** Susan Hansen, Doreen Cristallo, Maria Lentini, Janet Criscuoli, Lisa Manganaro, Robin Ragovin, Kim Robinson, Felicia Scarcella, Toni Fonte, Lorraine Burio, Donna Panarello, Lucretia McCrimmon, Michele Cillo, Elene Carcione, Concetta Rando.

Attendance Office

Front Row, Left To Right: Barbara Pugh, Sheila Dillard, Marsha Baines. **Second Row, Left To Right:** Gregory Carosella, Antoinette Gentile, Pamela Newton, Belinda. **Third Row, Left To Right:** Debbie Vangrove, Micheline Modica, Diane Venezia. **Fourth Row, Left To Right:** Felice Scarella, Marie Ricca, Elvira Rizzi, Laura Rinauilo, Rosa Ateniese, Richard Walker, Adviser — Mr. Sharrin, Denise Samuel, Adviser — Mrs. Corriero, Adviser — Ms. Zimmerman. **Not Shown:** Ms. Baker, Cathy Ferrara, Ms. Rubert, Darren Brenciforte, Delvora Austin, Casa Louis, Frank Foti, Frank Conti, Ann Fatheruse, Janis Simmons, Susan Hansen, Lisa Chu, Leo Priola, Laverne Benjamin, Diane Williams, Glenn Volk, Paul Colletti.

Library Squad

Standing, Left To Right: MimiAnn Rossi, Ismail Ahamad, Nanette Herman, Lorraine Brogna, Aileen Donegan, Advisors —Mr. F. Wolfe, Ms. N. Faigelman, Ms. R. Coppola, Ms. O. Marino, Olympia Gravelli, Vivian Amari, Donna DeLouisa, Roslyn Stewart, Janice Williams. **Seated, Left To Right:** AnnMarie Piccoli, Pearl Johnson, Donna Ferraro, Dorothy Fischer, Pattie Hugee, Arlene Banner, John Charest. **Not Shown:** Lori Hoffman, Florence Mauswell, Nadine Harrison, Cindy Lombardozzi, Jeanette Miele, Emilia Naimo.

Mimeograph Squad

Front Row, Left To Right: Captain — Joe Gregson, Kenny Dawson, Co Captain — Carmine Pollegrino, Advisor — Rose Russo.**Second Row, Left To Right:** Lenny Lapetina, Michael Baio, James Nuciforo, Vinny Prologo, Arthur Lowen, Richy Rubino, Judy Rubin. **Third Row, Left To Right:** Barry Eglowitz, Joe Rellegrino. **Not Shown:** Advisor — Ms. La Voe.

Principals Office

Seated, Left To Right: Michael A. Russo.
Standing, Left To Right: Phillip Perrone, Terri-Ann Buonfiglio, MaryAnn Arena, Theresa Ciccotto, Advisor — Ms. Evelyn Sendar.

American Pastimes

Americans love their leisure time and work hard enjoying every minute of it. Here are some American leisure practices which are becoming part of our heritage.

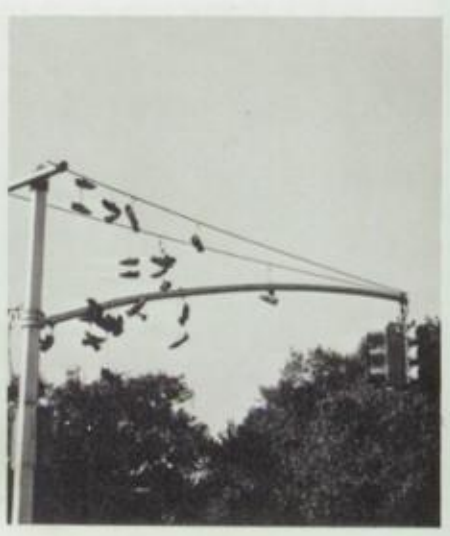
Hanging out

Necking and petting

Getting stoned

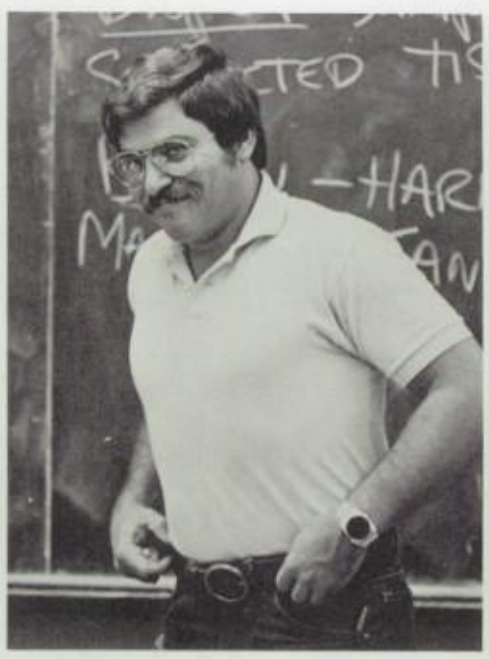
Killing time

The obscene phone call



Airing our problems

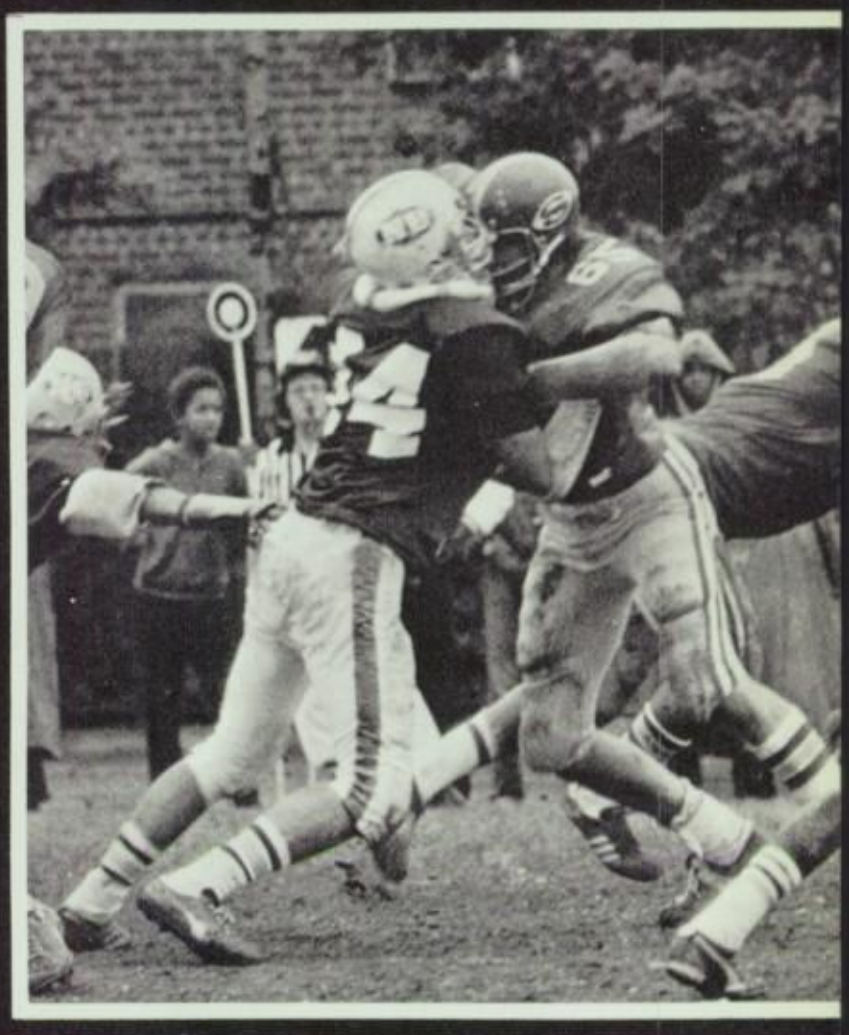
The life of the party

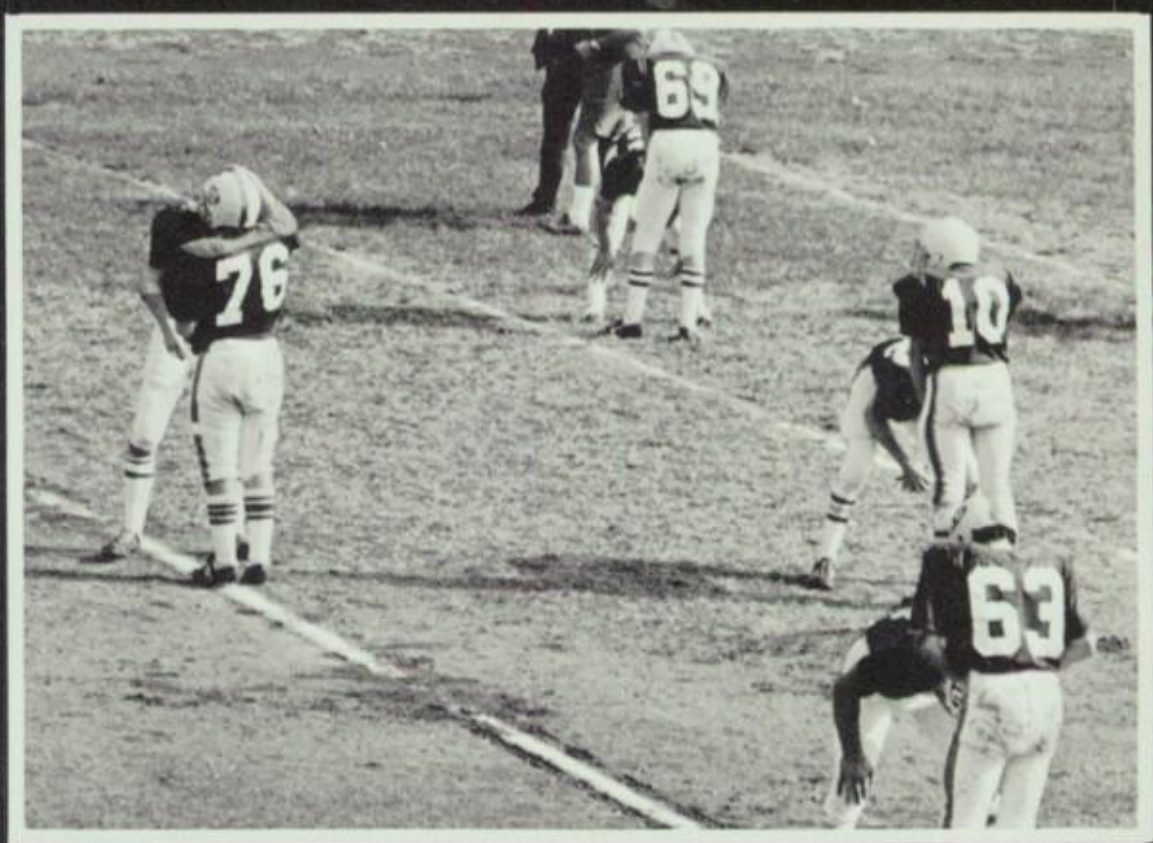


Waist not ... Want Not!

Pass-time

Do The Hustle!

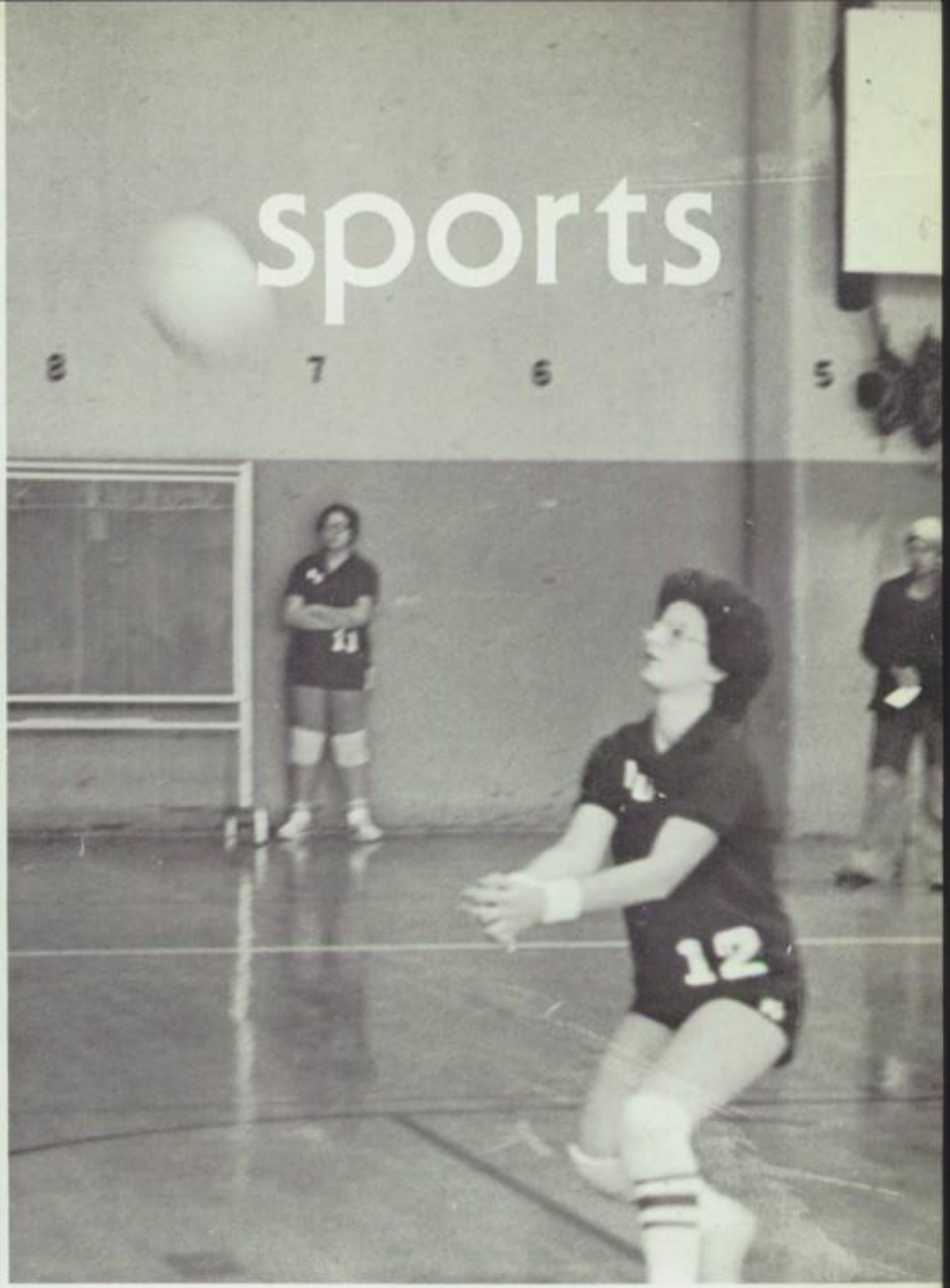


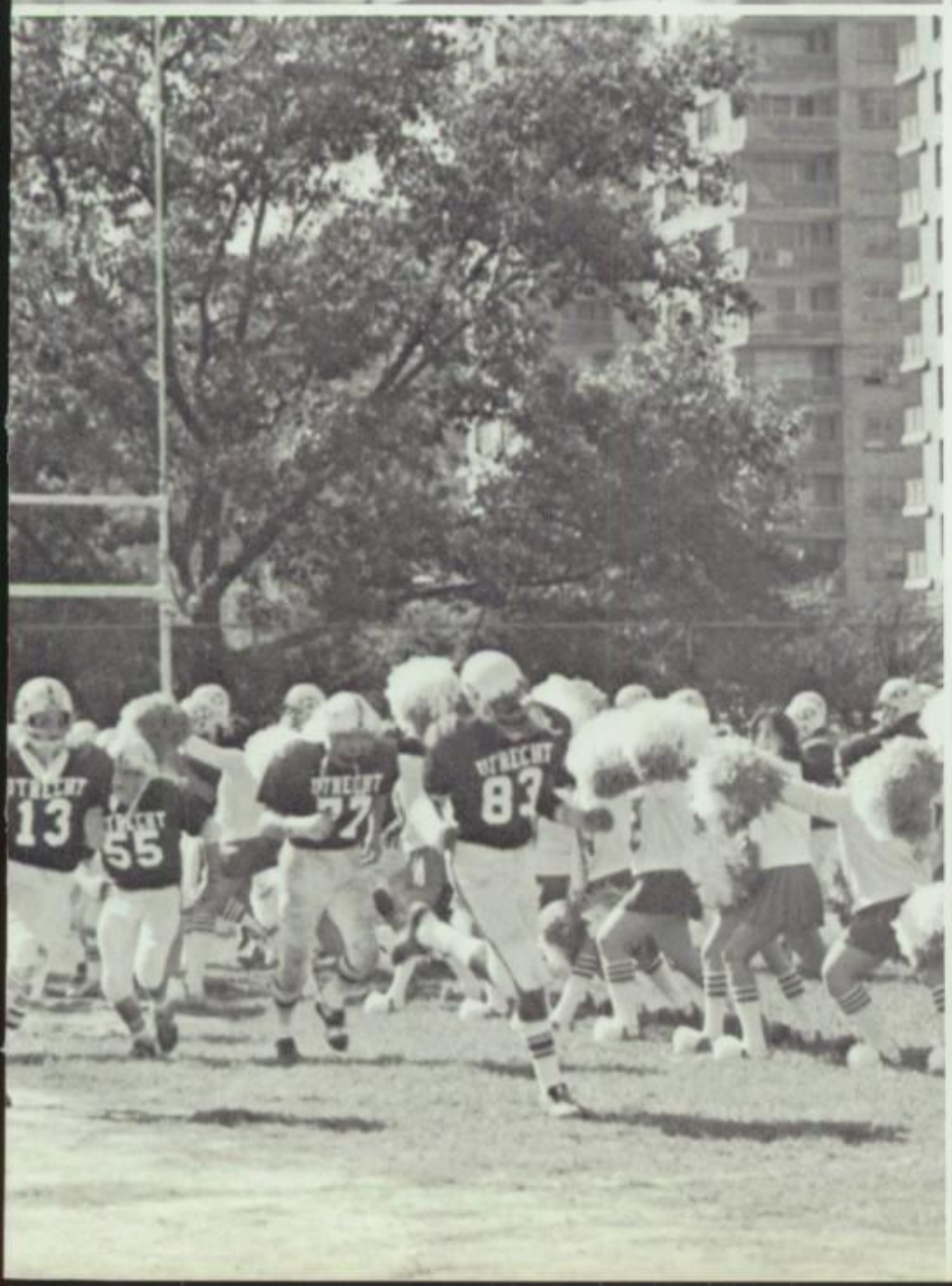


67

40
13
25

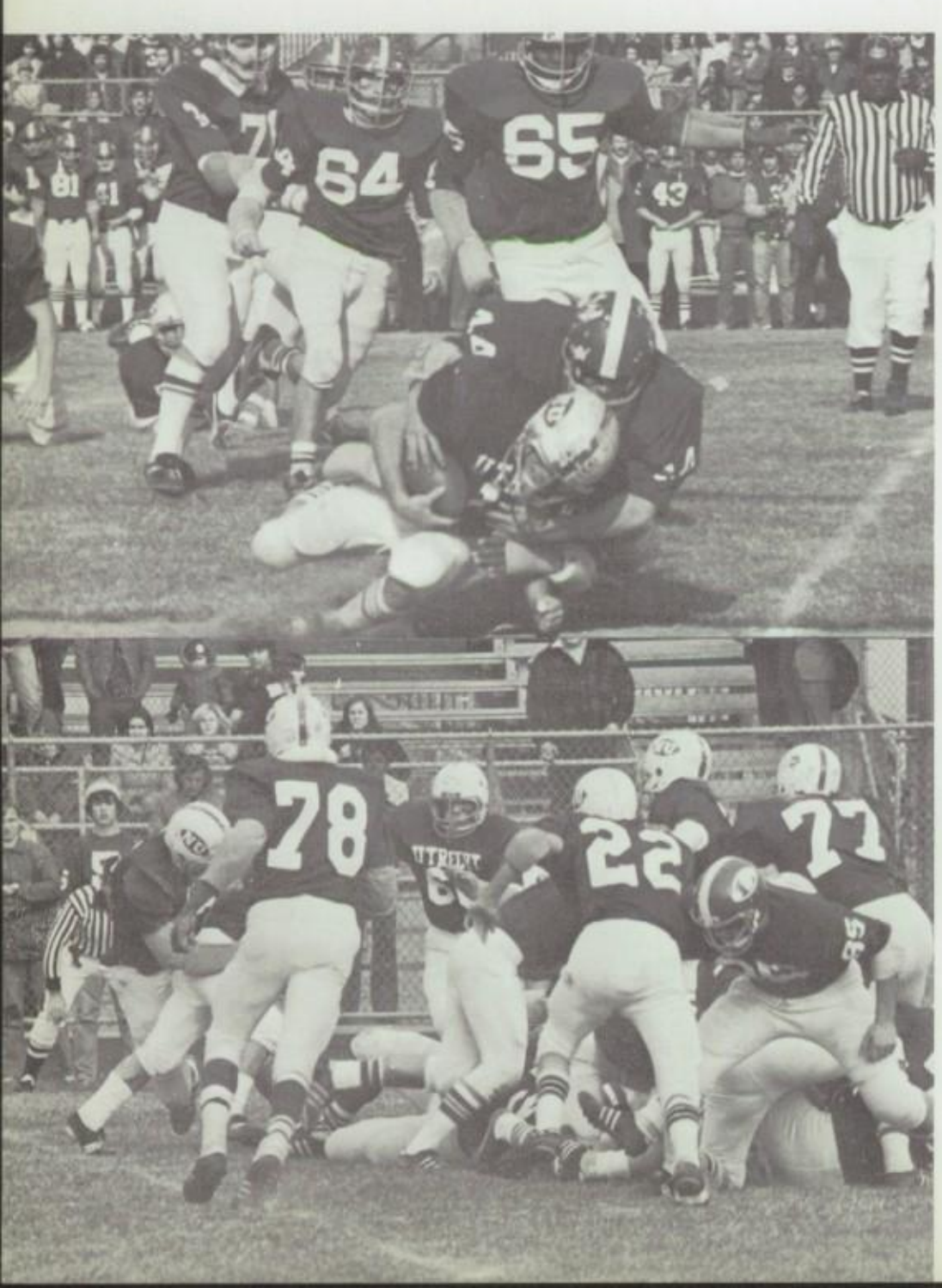
sports





Football

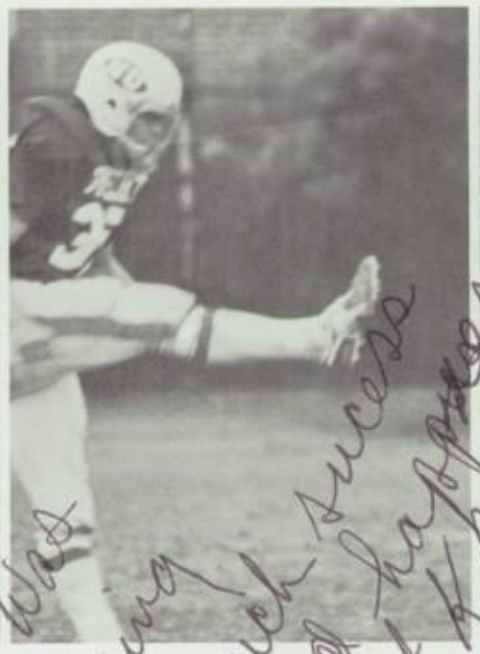
Front Row, Left To Right: F. Scolaro, J. Monti, J. Nicotera, M. Palla, J. Siggia, A. Falcone. **Second Row, Left To Right:** Coach — Leibowitz, B. Cox, M. Delbiance, M. Ruggiero, Gary Grecco, B. Marco, J. Boccia, R. Lista, R. DeSantis, P. Joyce. **Third Row, Left To Right:** F. Campanella, J. Moran, G. Touloupis, A. Ottrando, J. Comito, C. Russo. **Fourth Row, Left To Right:** M. Crispi, W. McInnis, W. Armond, M. Goodrich, J. Goldberg, A. D'Antonio, M. Angarano, V. Fragapane, R. Marrucci, M. Fatino, F. Belcastro, S. Ottrando, M. Boulos, M. Allen. **Not Shown:** J. Bove, M. Allen, J. D'Orio.



Practicing at Bay 8 St. — Cold November days ... Returning from camp to find our 1500 lb. blocking sled had been stolen ... Two months of practice, but due to boycott no school ... Arnold Tooma becoming first string quarterback at halftime of Jefferson game ... Upon reporting the sled stolen in August, the sargeant answering "that he did not know it was snowing."

Record
1972 4-3-0
1973 8-0-1
1974 5-4-0
1975 2-6-1
1975
1st Team All-NYC
Joe Bove — Linebacker
2nd Team
Mike Ruggiero — Linebacker
John D'Orio — Halfback
Honorable Mention:
Vin Fragapane, Joe Siggia, Moe Allen, Jeff Goldberg
3rd annual "Big-44"
Mike Ruggiero, Vin Fragapane, John D'Orio, Joe Siggia, Joe Bove.

UTRECHT
46
55



22
5

NU

Basketball

Kneeling, Left To Right: Billy Gallagher, Tony Shaw, Tom Smith, Tim Shanahan, Jerry Aurilia. **Standing, Left To Right:** Mgr. — Joe Morano, Mgr. — Bruce Solomon, Mark Grayham, Marty Brown, Donnell Lawson, Capt. — Billy Williams, Maurice Allen, Guido Maurino, Arnold Shuman, Coach — Dave Reinertsen, Mgr. — Frank Conte.

Scores

Utes		OPP
52	Westinghouse	62
82	Tilden	63
60	Ft. Hamilton	62
81	John Jay	63
51	Tottenville	53
60	South Shore	75
76	Lincoln	73
76	Westinghouse	88
57	Lafayette	74
58	Grady	55
38	Ft. Hamilton	52
74	John Jay	72

8:00
GUEST
PERIOD
1 2 3 4
BONUS

LET'S GO

Softball

First Row, Left To Right: Angela Cucurullo, Linda Sparano, Maria Ferrari, Angela Marchese, Ilene Bloch, Carol Singer, Karen Calamia. **Second Row, Left To Right:** Anna Maria Coraci, Camille Natale, Pamela Gallo, Josephine Doria, Kim Aceste, Maria Rodriguez. **Third Row, Left To Right:** Sherry James, Donna DeLouisa, Linda Pojero, Laura Giusto, Debra Kelly, Georgia Costalas, Cheryl Kearse, Maria Micale, Mary Merino, Magdalene Brancato, Adviser — Ms. Barone. **Not Shown:** Maureen Cashman, Chris Giordano.

When are we going to get our shirts? ... Ms. Burko is going to bowl ... Where's Toni and Angela? ... My thumb hurts! ... It slipped out of my hand ... Who's going to keep score? ...

Bowling

First Row, Left To Right: Toni Fama, Dawn LaBriola, Maryann Daniello, JoAnn Apesa. **Second Row, Left To Right:** Theresa DeRanieri, Rosaria Vigorito, Angela Mazzari, Linda LaPolla, Donna Arrigo, Adviser — Ms. Dorothy Burko. **Not Shown:** Ann Kwapiniski.

Debbie, it's the hands not the head ... Pshhhhhh ... Meet my friend Winnie, don't step on him! ... The Student Faculty Game! ... Klarfeld: Get up from the locker room, I want to go home ... Are you going to the doctor for that finger? Only if you go Ms. Klarfeld ... Georgia's emergency meeting — everyone present Ms. Klarfeld except Georgia ... you're absolutely beautiful. Thank you for being you. Love and Peace always. Volleyball '75 ...

Volleyball

First Row, Left To Right: Dwaine Tutrone, Adrienne Scicchigno, Angela Marchese, Robin Riley. **Second Row, Left To Right:** Jill Corin, Ilene Bloch, Coach —Ms. Klarfeld, Debra Harrison, Lisa Chu. **Third Row, Left To Right:** Laura Giusto, Linda Pojero, Mgr. — Annette Giammarco, Josephine Doria, Capt. — Georgia Costalas, Debbie Keely, Co-Capt. — Susan Hansen, Josephine Dispensa.

Bowling

First Row, Left To Right: Ralph DeVito, Ted Brownell, Abe Baley, Barry Bloomfield. **Last Row, Left To Right:** Adviser — Mr. Schweitzer, Jerry Mannarino, Joe Aucello, Coach — Mr. Marinello. **Not Shown:** Al Galeno, Lou Savelli, John Marcolini, Gene Roberot, Mark Forman.

Tennis

First Row, Left To Right: Dom Buccigrossi, James Gargiulo, Steve Matza, Coach — Mr. Scheweitzer. **Last Row, Left To Right:** Robert Fantozzi, Capt. — John Tremmel, Bruce Solomon. **Not Shown:** Tim Joyce, Joe Albergo, Frank Baudille, David Idy, Rosaria Vigorito.

Baseball

First Row, Left To Right: Ray Goffio, Richard Villano, Fred Santarpia, Jimmy Tumminia, Mike Anganano, Joe Russo, Curtis Santoro. **Second Row, Left To Right:** Louis Stuto, Fred Marquez, Steve Senese, Buddy Ferrara, Tim Shannahan, Rich Destefano, Coach Weiss. **Third Row, Left To Right:** Sebbie Borriello, Vincent Gressi, Peter Magrino, Chris Ortore, Ralph Garafolo, Nick Pinnola. **Not Shown:** Capt.; — Joe McGuire, Mike Borriello, Louis Fusco, Patsy Fierro, James Gargano.

Soccer

First Row, Left To Right: Benny Bonello,Camillo Cinorelli, Nicola Pelligrino, Joseph Ruberto, Luis Preiss. **Second Row, Left To Right:** John Campanella, Mario Icoviello, Frank Domingo, Anthony Giordano, Marco DeSantes, John Pravata, Carl Schinina, Coach — Aldo Guarnien.

Utes		Opp
0	Madison	2
3	Far Rockaway	2
1	Carnarsie	0
0	Grady	0
3	Madison	2
0	Sheepshead Bay	0
1	Far Rockaway	0
1	Sheepshead Bay	3
1	Carnarsie	0
3	Grady	0
	Game played for Brooklyn Division Title	
3	Sheepshead Bay	1
	Quarter Final Game	
1	Forest Hills	0
	Semi Final Championship Game	
1	Midwood	0
	Championship Game	
1	Richmond Hill	2

Track

First Row, Left To Right: Coach — Gary Kastin, Capt. — Granville Layne, Capt. — Billy Crapanzano, Cliff Kahn, Frank Tatulli, Capt. — Al Leto, Roger Wright, Scott Martini, Chris McNeil, Ed Briggs, Sal Dominianni, Robert Cruz. **Second Row, Left To Right:** Joe Marini, John David, Lincoln Nation, Sal Gargiulo, David Martinez, Vinny Delualle, Horace Johnson, Rawle Cox, Charlie Leto, George Touloupis, John Belapanno. **Third Row, Left To Right:** Robert Martino, Steven Animetti, Nicky Pallante, Dominick Cefaln, Frank Giardina, Carmine Robustelli, Anthony Coca, Patrick DeMarco. **Fourth Row, Left To Right:** George Baker, Loy Bert, Keith Hockaday, James Meade, Jay Rawley, Mark Maliaros, Marc Maisto. **Not Shown:** James Young, Angelo Brownlee, Tony Galante, Ken Hockaday.

3 Lap Leto ... ABC ... 1,200 mile summer training program ... trying to squeeze 10 people into Marks' small horonet ... Finfleman's threats to come to practice ... Philip Wilsow "All American Breakfast": pancakes, steak, and milk ... running in the snow storm near the bay ... the crop stick passes ... Tony Galante "Birdman" nose profile ... Charly shouting after the race "sweats, sweats, sweats" ... Crapanzanos' unsuccesful tries to break 4:25 ... running in the cold in our shorts ... the "Cubin Bullets" ... mad workouts ... Billy Bain's "crazy runs" in Coney Island ... Kevin Roche sobbing after his race ... Abe Katz terrorized by "crazy Arthur" ... waking up 6:30Am in the summer, to beat the heat ... running "Rattle Snake Hill" in the poconos ... Roger Wright escaping death when the Parks Dept. truck came onto the track at Randalls' Island ... Mr. Finklemans' quote —"A-C combo in half today at ..." Utrecht wiping out half mile race in Fleetwood 75 ... Billy breezing in the mile and two mile ... Layne Gronville and Al Leto both 2:03:4 half's in 2 mile relay, to come from behind to beat B'klyn Tech in Flatbush relays ... Bus fights on way to Penn relays and Schenectady meet ... What's todays' work out ... Big Al doing exercises with the team before the workouts ... waiting to get into the dressing or locker rooms to change ... Sitting nervous on a train before a big race ... falling asleep in the indoor meets befor you run ... running with a hand over at Penn relays ... Kahn in the back of the pack waiting to move up to begin his kick for the finish ... Saturday killed because of many races ... Curling Mr. Kastin's foreign car, weighted about 50 pounds ... The Utes Division Championship in front of the home crowd at "Utrecht Dust Track" ... Winning Division title during Cross-Country ... After the race, going to the Madision team and saying "Sorry, fellas, we're the best" ... Thanks Mr. Kastin ...

Swimming

First Row, Left To Right: Joe Simunek, Joe Couvcci, Danny Cashman, Cory Nahoum, Capt. — Danny Paterna, Jack Goldstein, Anthony Santo **Second Row, Left To Right:** Billy D'Ottavio, Steve Spina, Mary Merino, Diane Stella, Irene Katan, Maureen Cashman, James D'Ottavio, Mike Markel, Coach Marty Weiss, **Third Row, Left To Right:** Joe Nagler, Tim Joyce, Anthony Esposito, Paul Rich, Steve Smith, Phil Valenti, Gil Bogle, Dantley Harrison, James Young.

Track

Kneeling, Left To Right: Denise Godbold, Karen Harney, Linda Wells, Roslyn Stewart, Adanette Franklin, Cheryl Walker. **Standing, Left To Right:** Serena Boyles, Maryann Mack, Taryn Morris, Kim Morrisey, Kim Perry, Monica Ealey, Adviser — Ms. Bivona, Maria Lagrotta, Robbin Green, Karen Cambell, Carol Johnson.

Watch the hole on the far turn of the track ... What track? ... Bend those knees, move those legs, faster, faster ... Don't trip ... Where's my bottoms? ... I lost the shotput, can we use a grapefruit instead? ... Hustle, hustle, can we! ... Someone's locked in the locker room ... Oh, I ache all over ... Where's the finish line? ... 2nd in the divisionals again ... Oh well, on to Colgate ...

Gymnastics

Front Row — Left To Right: Diane Schunemann, Dorothy Fischer, Sandy Logozzo, Capt. —Jeanmarie Scicchigno, Co-Capt — Lisa Capozello, Joanne Antico, Maryann Segretto, Mary-Jean Grose, AnneMarie Foy, Maria Gomez, Linda Sparano **Second Row, Left To Right:** Yvonne DeRosa, AnneMarie Zappola, Camille Natale, Francesa Bianco, Sue Jane Grosso, Annette Dunkley, Pat La Bella, Mgr. —Bernadette Sammut, Michelle Colaianne, Suzanne Scolaro, Leslie Anzelmo. **Third Row, Left To Right:** Coach — Ms. Napolitano, Barbara Cardone, Debbie Grasso, Paula Azzinaro, Anne Nillie, Anna Perlouski, Cathy Hoffman, Lori Anzelmo, Angelica Lombardo, Lucille Sacchi, Doreen Kosmac. **Not Shown:** Angela Tesara, Bernadette Armond, Margherite Traina, Lorraine Scotto.

Warm ups, point your toes, watch your feet ... Diane's elf feet ... Pulled muscles, ace bandages, hot baths ... Lisa's fake injury .. SPREAD ... Arch your back, push and pull .. I need chalk, get the rosin, ooo it's slippery ... Who's got a tampon? ... MaryJean's no handed backward roll ... I got it ... Jean Marie stop picking your A ... Support can be beautiful, my seamless isn't shapeless anymore ... Beautiful Bodies ...

Twirlers

First Row, Left To Right: Co-Capt. — Rosemary Ficalora, Capt. — Roseanne Migliori, Co-Capt. — Carolyn Gams. **Second Row, Left To Right:** Irene Annarumma, Louise Luzzi, Karen Legnetti, Madeline Mascussa, Guistina Schiano, Rose Ruggiero. **Third Row, Left To Right:** Advisor — Ms. K. Jacobs, Marie Basile, Lois Barbarino, Joann Fiori, Gia LoBello, Denise Adams, Donna Rametta.

But when do we get a break? . . . It's getting dark — I can't twirl! . . . Those stupid excuses! . . . Stand like a twirler . . . a twirler! . . I gotta go home, my father's having a baby! . . . Girls! . . . Listen up . . . Mark time march . . . And . . . Left . . . Left . . . 1,2,3 . . . Check him out! . . . GUYS — WHERE?? . . . I need a pass! . . . . PERFECT!!!!!! . . . You are retarded . . . I'm psyched . . . Are we finished?? . . . I can't jump — my pants are too tight . . . Don't forget your briefs! . . . You look lop-sided . . . DUMMY! . . . Open your mouth and SING! . . . SPIT OUT THE GUM . . . LIFT THOSE ARMS!! . . . STOP making love to each other and spread OUT!! . . . But where did Madeline go? . . . I give up! . . . What chain?? . . . Football Team — Who's giving the VICTORY PARTY?? . . . Girls — Why? Somebody has a victory?? . . . The times when then the basketball team claps for us!! . . . Best Booth at County Fair '75 . . . POWDERBOWL 74, 75, 76 . . . Our T.C. Victory . . . THEY'RE CRACKING UP!!! . . . MOVE DOWN PLEASE?? . . .

Dear Ms. "J",

We would like to give our thanks and gratitude for all you've done. We want you to know how much we appreciate the little things you did for us. Your love, loyalty and devotion has kept our squad happy and together. Thanks again for everything and especially for being "YOU".

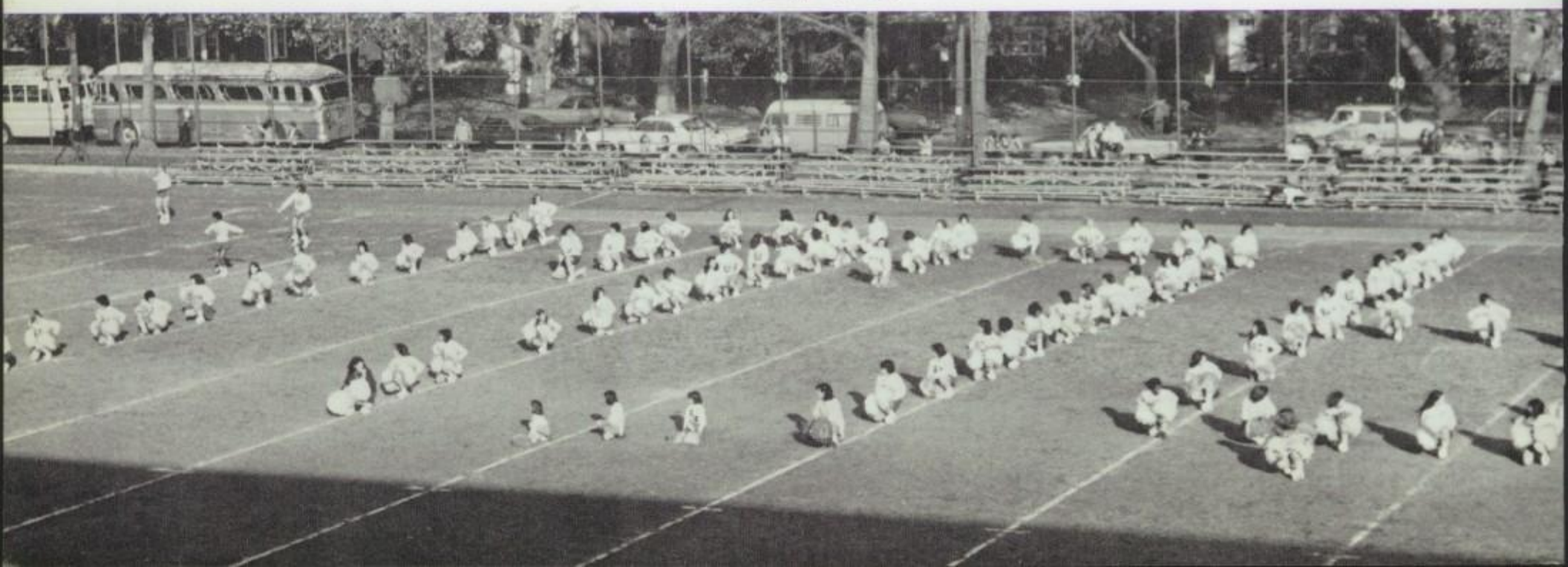
Love Ya Always,
"75 TWIRLERS 76"

Boosters

First Row, Left To Right: Treas. — Laraine Abbadessa, Co-Capt. — Brenda Santino, Capt. — June Tata, Sec. —Debbie Panaro. **Second Row, Left To Right:** Louise DeMartino, Cheryl Belgrave, Mary Margaret Maffai, Denise DeLuca, Dorothy Pollizzano, Kathy Cruise. **Third Row, Left To Right:** JoAnn Vivolo, Lucia D'Orazio, Denise Elia, Carol Somma, Adviser — Ms. Dorney, Laurice Macauley, Bernadette Sammut, Amy Pagliaro, Debra Harrison. **Fourth Row, Left To Right:** Joan Thompson, Diane Muldrow, Rose Berlen, Lynette Murph, Mary Satili, Antoinette Rizzi, Deirdre Buckley, MaryAnn Mack. **Not Shown:** Janine Luparelli.

Thank you, Ms. Dorney
for all you've done
Your warm ways and
your smile,
The way you try to
make us feel,
it really is worthwhile.
Our thanks and
gratitude, you'll see,
is far beyond
compare.
We really want to thank
you,
for always being there.
This year will always
remain in our hearts,
As we go our separate
ways.
We can't express the
feelings of cherish and
love that we'll always
praise.
No one can be thankful
more than your
sensitive, crazy, four.

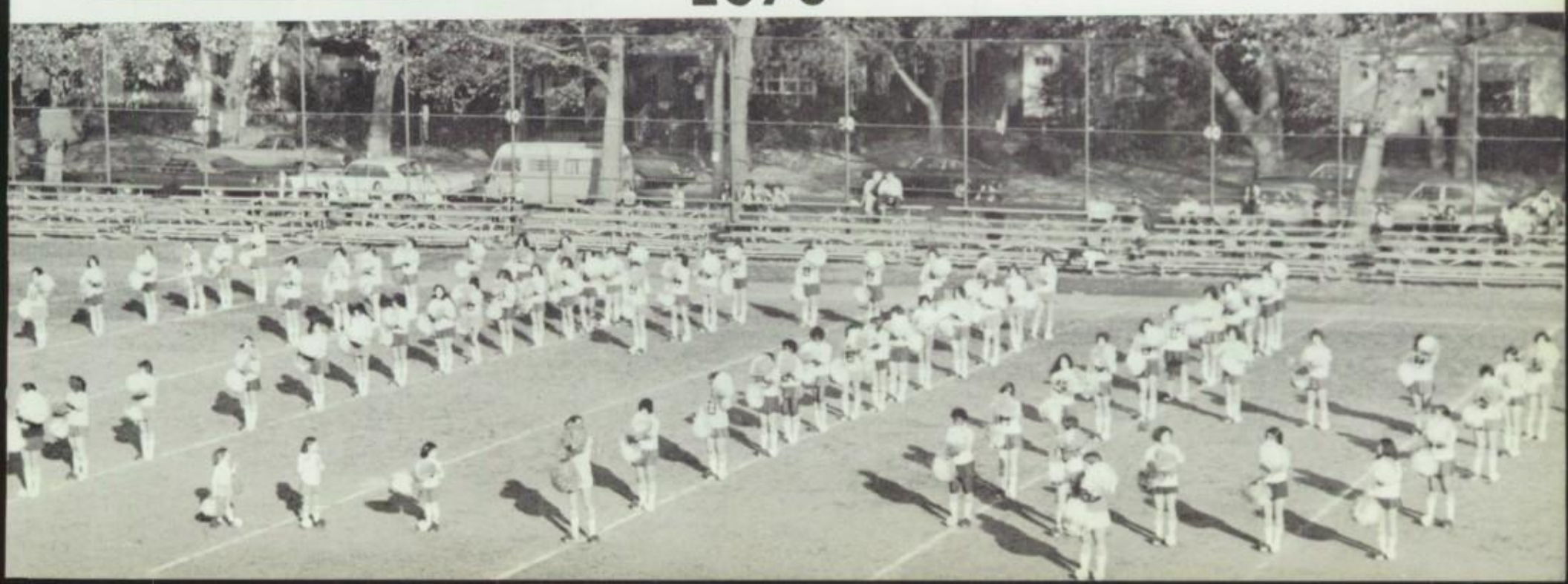
1776



Front Row, Left To Right: Treas. — Laraine Abbadessa, Co-Capt — Brenda Santino, Captain — June Tata, Sec. — Debbie Panaro. **Second Row, Left To Right:** Louise De Martino, Pat Cesario, Carol Somma, Amy Pagliaro, Kathy Cruise, Dorothy Polizzano, Cheryl Belgrave, Mary Margaret Maffai, Maria Mazzola, Peggy Woei, Debra Harrison, Bonnie Becker, Maria DiSalvo, Judy Mazzola, Nancy Scibilia, Antoinette Barbaro, Gina Cartusciello, Jenna Focarino. **Third Row, Left To Right:** Julia DeCillis, Mary Satili, Vicki Picc, Lynette Murph, JoAnn Vivolo, Lucia D'Orazio, Denise Ella, Nancy Osenni, Denise DeLuca, Elizabeth Schanne, Janet Criscuoli, Theresa Medile, Laurcie Macauley, Colleen Gargano, Mary Joan Schanne, Karen Brenner, Fran Gennaro, Advisor — Ms. M. Dorney. **Fourth Row, Left To Right:** MaryAnn Gambino, Pat Gitto, Lynne Boulos, Leslie Donk, Angela Belcastro, Debbie D'Orlando, Angelina Ricci, Fran Berlingieri, JoAnn Glorioso, Lisa Micale, Cynthia LoPinto, Donna Regina, Helen Wu, Bernadette Sammut, Angela Russo, Barbara Sacchi, JoAnn Sanges, Irene Katen, Barbara Ann Rubano. **Fifth Row, Left To Right:** Diane Mulrow, Nina Sinagra, Loraine Brogna, Michelle LoCascio, MaryAnn DeMarco, Rose Berlen, Natalie DeFonte, Christine Maffai, Stacey Guber, Elyse Weinstock, MaryAnn Arena, Diane Conniff, Eileen Ciotti, Antoinette Rizzi, Deirdre Buckley, Barbara D'Amico, Joan Thompson, MaryAnn Mack. **Not Shown:** Janine Luparelli.

Football team not running through the goal post ... making 200 green and white pompoms ... Laraine falling off her char at tryouts ... 1-2-3 and up ... "Where's Fish"? ... 15 people in Cindy's car, Cindy with no glasses on either ... Mudding Dyker Park ... Are those boys or girls? ... changing halftime ... Mad pictures mad tears mad popcorn ... Coming home from the Colombus Day Parade with Lafayette on the bus ... I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy! ...

1976



Cheerleaders

First Row, Left To Right: Marie Oddo, Lynn Noren, Debbie Grant, Capt. — Phyllis Motta, Dorothy Fischer, Myra Adorno, Sandy Logozzo. **Second Row, Left To Right:** Marguerite DiAndrea, Lulu Cincotta, Lillian Giarraffa, Fran Paolillo, Pat Geraci, Marianne Caiozzo, Dolores Solitario, Advisor —Angela Reformato. **Not Shown:** Lillian Pistone, Michele Salvia.

Dear Miss Reformato (Ref),

We cheerleaders want to thank you for the help, consideration, understanding, patience and love you've given us this year.
T is for the TIME you've devoted to making our squad great.
H is for the HAPPINESS we've shared.
A is for the APPRECIATION we could never show you.
N is to remind you of your NUTTY cheerleaders.
K is for all your KINDNESS.
S is for your SMILES.

We Love You,
Cheerleaders
1975-1976

"Put your hands on your hips girls" ... Cuando, Cuando ... "I gotta go to work" ... Hey B-A-B-Y ... Yell-O ... UEHH ... We deserve a break ... Distance, I don't know that one ... 'PHLIL' ... Blow your whistle ... Beat it ... Eat it ... and treat it ... Kill ... Crush ... Destroy ... "Bug out!" ... I'm a yankee doodle dandy ... N-E-R-D ... "That's a star" ... "Girls" ... "You look like — — — — ... National Duck Day ... Paula ... Don't tell the others ... I vote nay ... "Go on will ya" ... Hustle ... 1-2-3 — STOP ... Fake meetings ... "I want your puzie" ... That's the way ... Goal posts — OH NO! ... The first Lafayette game ... HALFTIME "Please Do it good" ... 19-48 TOTTENVILLE ... Beauty!!! ... But who's Emma ... Eric and Earic ...

the american

smile

senior

Senior Sing '75-76 is still in the preparation stage at the time of this publication date. The theme of our sing this year is "Always Treasure That Which Makes You Smile". In honour of Senior Sing, and in hopes of our third victory, we reserved a page for the representation of that great American Smile.

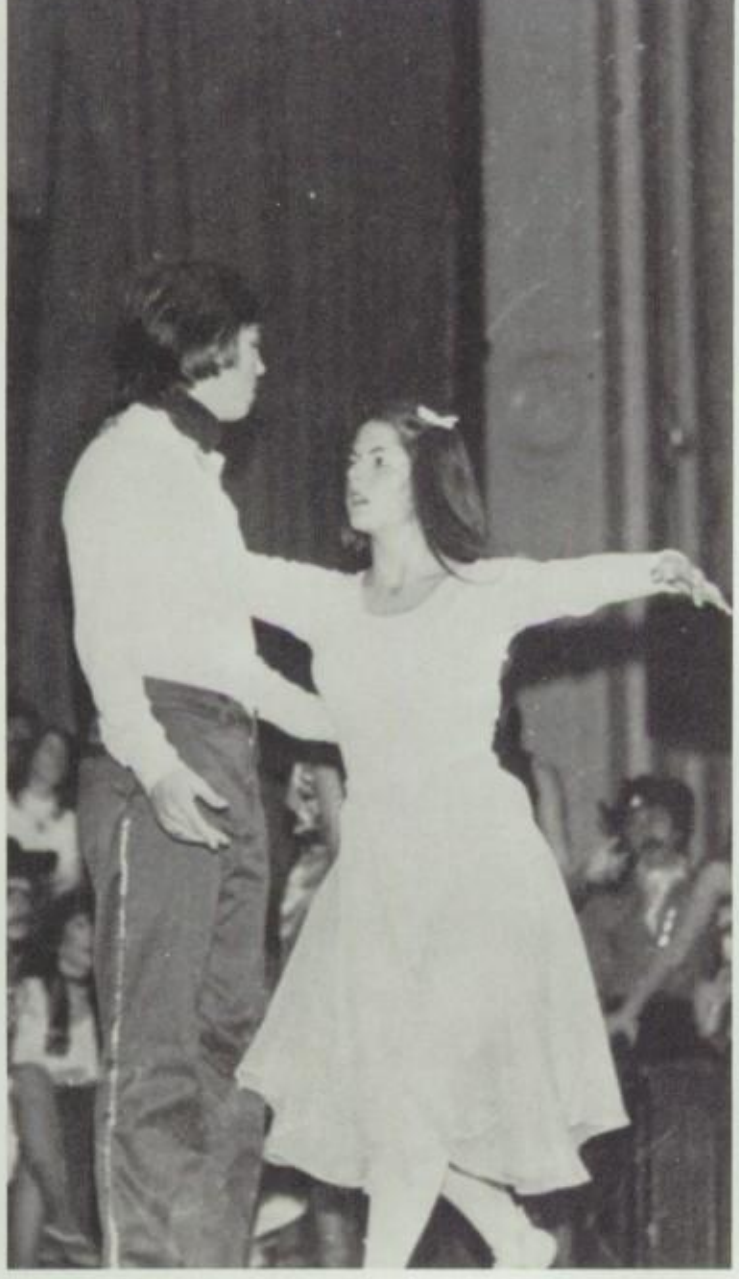
Always Treasure That Which Makes You Smile

Senior Sing Alma Mater
(To the tune of The Way We Were)

Memories are the things we cherish now.
All that's left us now
Are memories of our Senior Sing.
Lasting friendships and the people
That we love.
Things like this will last forever
Thanks to Senior Sing.
We may think that it was all so simple. then
Because our hearts have overruled
Our minds.
Times we struggled are forgotten
Once again.
In the good times, we'll find ....
Memories, of our school days
Soon gone by.
Times we always will remember.
We simply can't forget.
But it's the friendships
We will remember
Whenever we remember
Our Senior Sing ...

junior victory

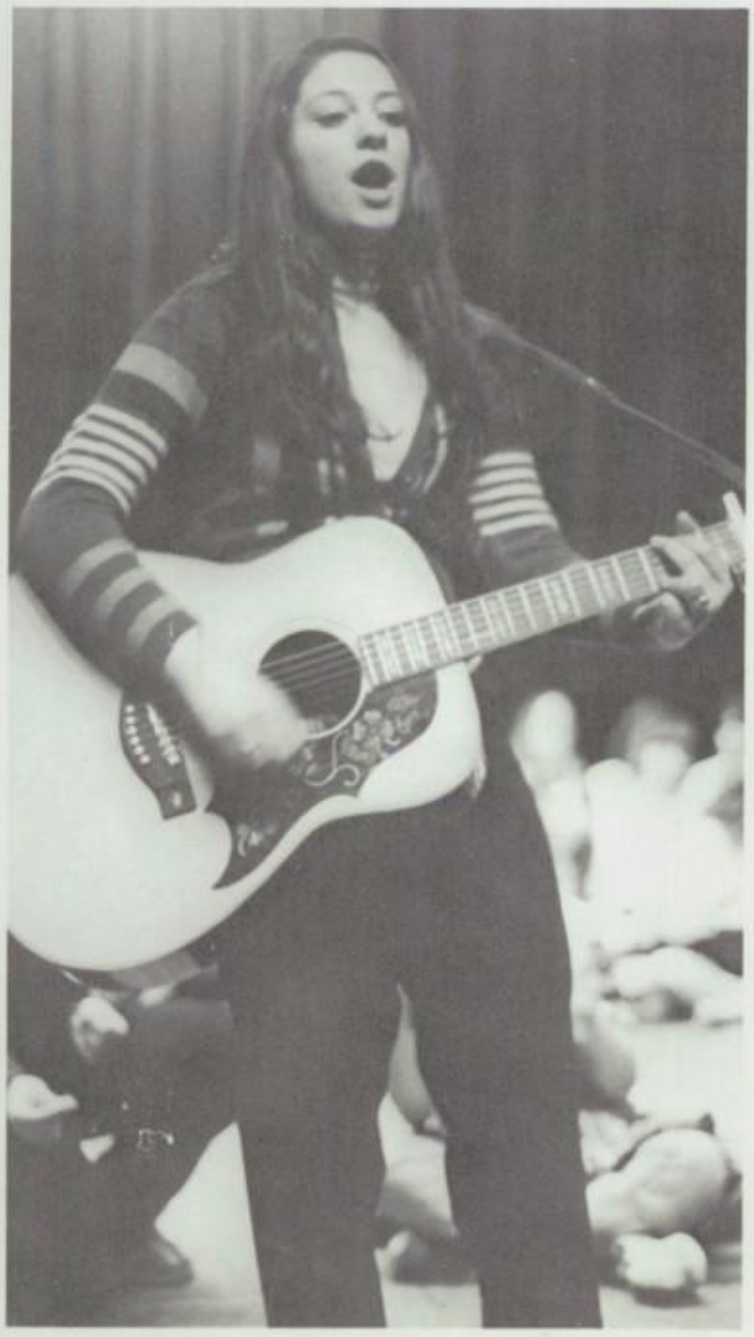
Junior Sing '74 . . . Our motto was, "The More You Look Around, The More You See To Love". We did look around and learned to love each other and to work in unity. We were very nervous Sing night but once we got on stage we relaxed and put on the best show we were capable of. We found ourselves with another victory. Two years in a row — unbelievable!

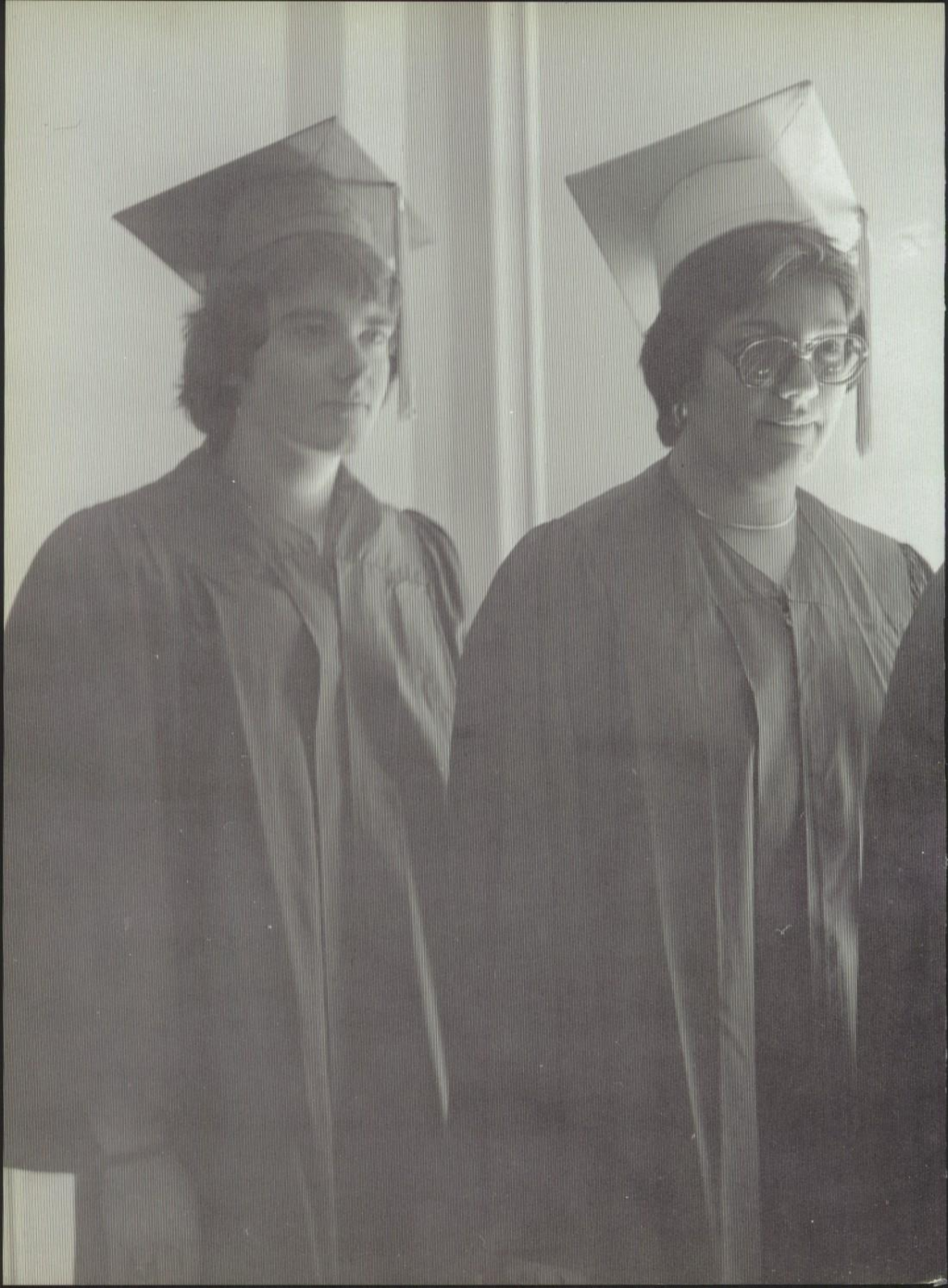


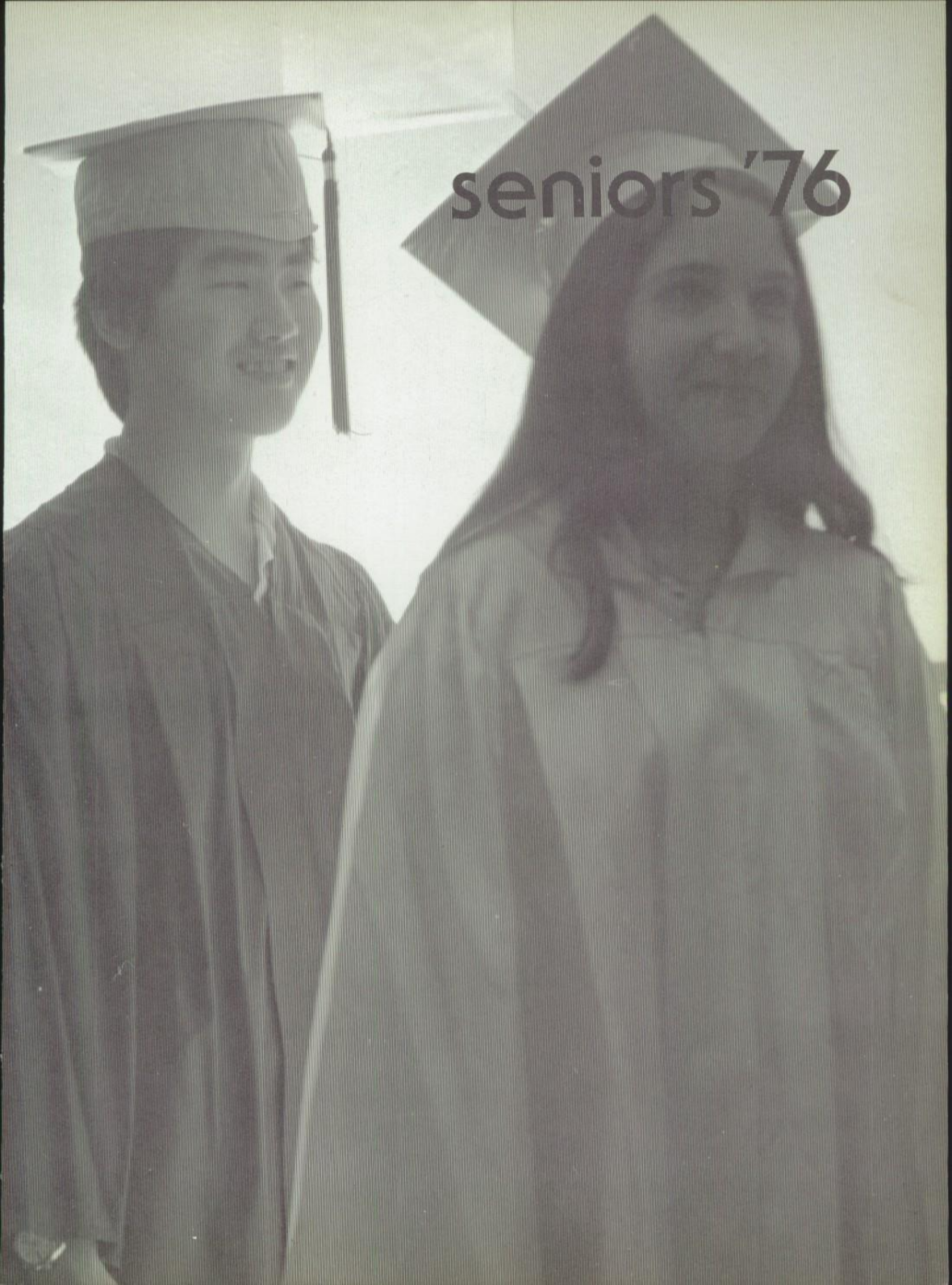
JAIL

fresh-soph victory

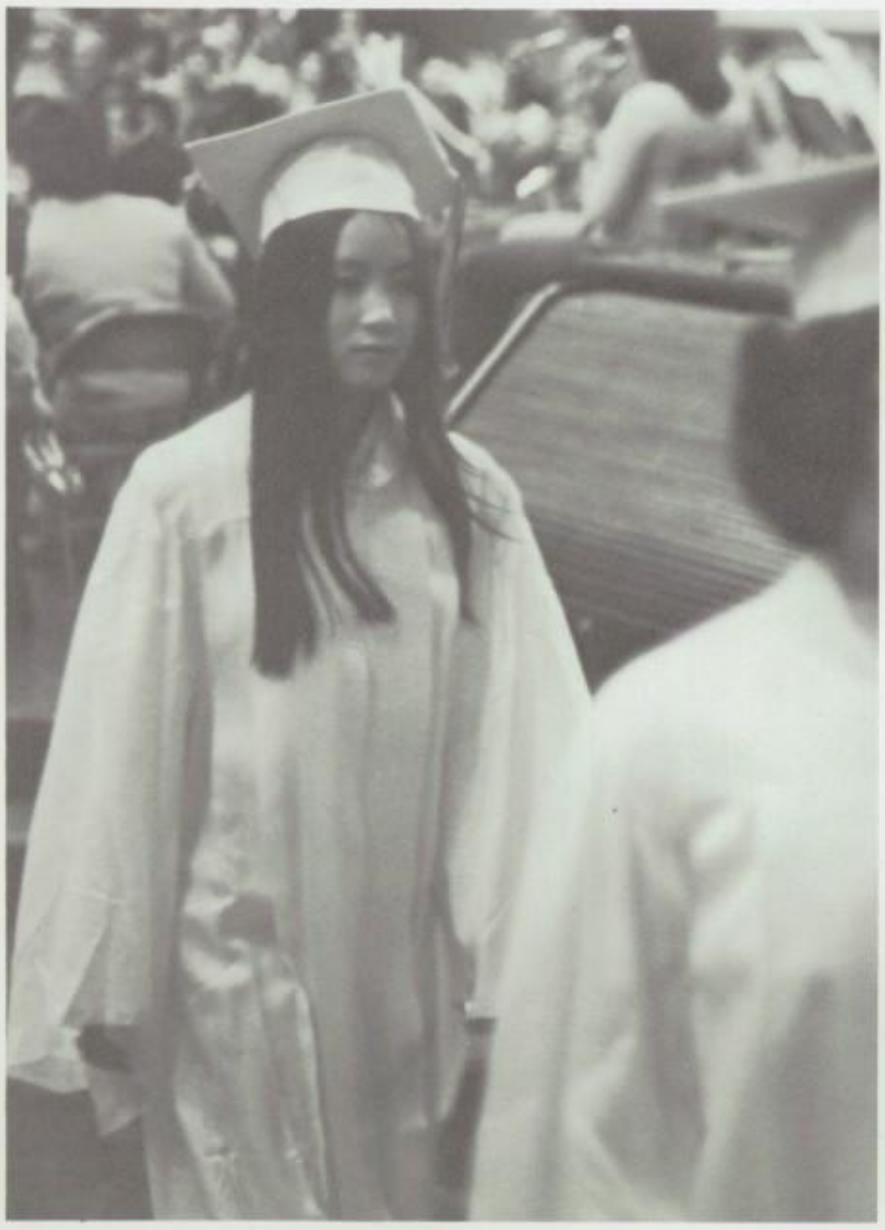
Fresh Soph Sing '73 . . . The thought of a victory seemed thrilling but we knew we were inexperienced. The spirit was there, however, and it was carried into our theme — "The Harder You Try, The Better Chance You Have To Succeed." And sure enough, we did try hard and our effort brought us victory.






seniors '76

Today Is The First Day . . . .



Of The Rest Of Your Life.

January

ROSEMARIE ALBANESE

GUIDO ALESSANDRINI

PIETRO ANCONA

RALPH ALBERGO

FREDDY ALVARO

ARLENE ANELLO

LAURIE ANGOTTI

SERG ARBITRIO

URSULA ATTARDO

DEBBIE BALDINO

ANTHONY BARATTA

Rosemarie Albanese — Deans' Squad.

Ursula Attardo — B.E.H.S.; Sr. Band.

LORI BARON

CAROL BELSITO

ROSEANN BLANCO

MELBA BOYLES

MARK BRODSKY

GILDA BROOKS

RITA BROWN

NICKY BRUNETTI

ROSEMARY BUGLINO

CATHY CANNATELLO

ANTHONY CAPUTO

STEVEN CASA

JOSEPH CASSETTA

STEVEN CASTANIA

Carol Belsito — D.E.C.A.; Chem Lab Squad.
Melba Boyles — B.S.C.
Mark Brodsky — Sr. Chorus.
Rita Brown — Sr. Cabinet; County Fair; Leaders; Deans' Squad.
Rosemary Buglino — B.E.H.S.
Cathy Cannatello — B.E.H.S.
Steven Casa — Co. Capt. — Soccer Team.
Joseph Cassetta — Bio. Lab Squad.

SANTINA CATAPANO

ALIXE CESAR

ROBERT CINCOTTA

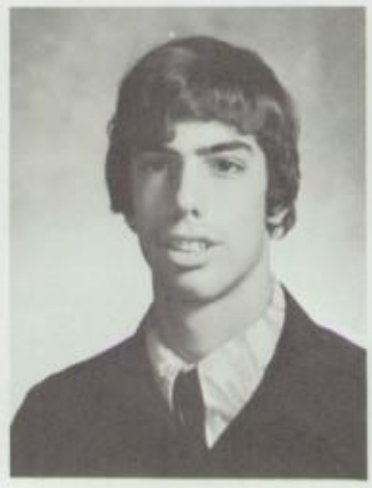
TERESA CINTORINO

ANDREW COHEN

MARYANN
COLANGELO

DOREEN COLLINS

KATHY CRUISE



THOMAS CUCURULLO

KATHERINE DAVIS

DANNY DE CARLO

LORI DENICOLA

LUISA DESIDERI

DIANE DI GIACOMO

Katherine Davis — Sr. Cabinet; G. O. Cabinet; County Fair; Track Team; Tennis Team; Sing; Leaders; Swimming Team; B.S.C.; Modern Dance Club.
Lori Denicola — Sr. Chorus; Sing; Gymnastics Team; Grade Adv. Office
Luisa Desideri —Arista; Math Team; Dean's Office; Library Squad.

Alixe Cesar — Leaders; Library Squad.
Teresa Cintorino — Sing; Varsity Show.
Andrew Cohen — Band.
Doreen Collins — D.E.C.A.
Kathy Cruise — B.E.H.S.O Boosters.

ANGELA DI IORIO

ROSEMARIE-
DISPENZA

LUCY DOMINGO

HARRY D'ONOFRIO

GARY ENOCH

DONNA ESPOSITO

MARY JO FARANO

FREDDY FAVIA

CATHERINE FAVORITO

JOAN FAVORITO

CAROL FEDERICO

MICHAEL FIORE

SANDY FIRRANTELLO

BELLA FIRST

Rosemarie Dispenza — B.E.H.S.
Harry D'Onofrio — Grade Adv Office.
Donna Esposito — Photo Club.

Carol Federico — Boosters; Dean's Squad.
Michael Fiore — Art Squad.

TREVOR FOSTER

ANTHONY FRANZESE

ROSARIA GAMBINO

NEVIS GEORGE

MARLENE GERINGER

ANNETTE GIAMMARCO

JEFF GOLDBERG

SHARON GOLDBERG

PAULA GRECO

VINNY GRECO

BRUCE GROSS

MARIAN GRYAK

DEBORAH GUGLIERO

DENISE GUGLUIZZA

Anthony Franzese — Football Team.
Nevis George — Deans' Office Squad.
Annette Giammarco — Volleyball Team; Deans' Office Squad.
Jeff Goldberg — Football Team.
Sharon Goldberg — COMET Staff; Softball Team; Arista.
Paula Greco — Sing; Gym Leaders; Agathon-Key Club.
Bruce Gross — College Office; Principal's Office; Sing; Varsity Show. County Fair; Senior Chorus.
Denise Gugluizza — Sing; Deans' Office Squad.

DONNA GUGLUIZZA

LINDA GURRIERI

DEBRA HARRISON

CHERI INDELICATO

JOSEPHINE INSERRA

MINDY ITZKOWITZ

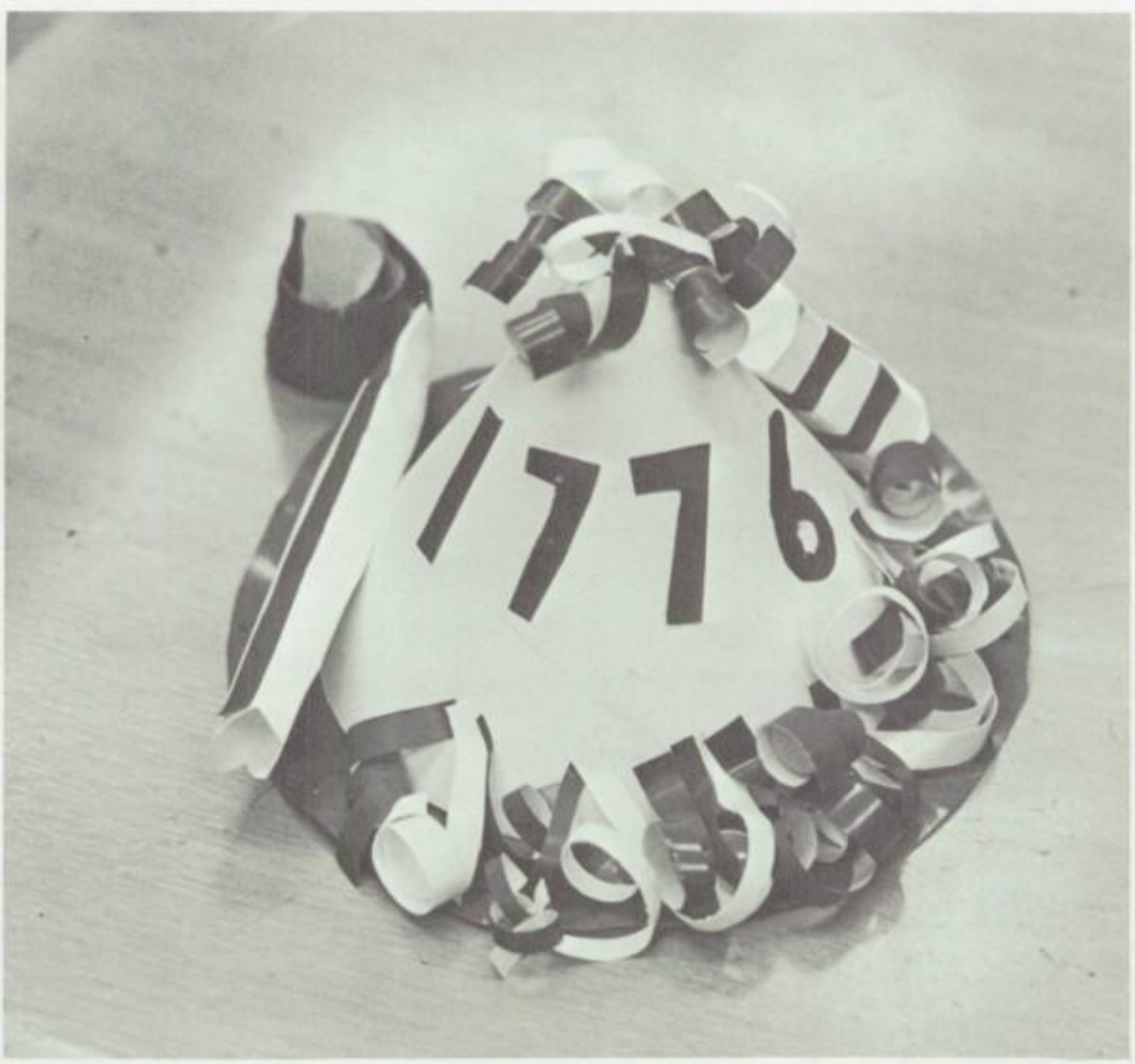
DENISE JANKOWSKI

FRANCES JANNAZZO

VALERIE JENKINS

KENNY KIRSCHENBAUM

ROBERT KNECHT



TAMMY KOPYT

MARK KORNEGAY

DOREEN KOSNAC

Donna Gugluizza — Dean's Office.
Linda Gurrieri —Cheerleaders.
Debra Harrison — G. O. Cabinet; Volleyball Team; Boosters.
Cheri Indelicato — Boosters; Sing; Varsity Show.
Josephine Inserra — Social Comm.; Modern Dance Club.
Mindy Itzkowitz — Sr. Cabinet; G. O.Cabinet; Sing; Orchestra; Band; Sing; Swimming Team Manager.
Valerie Jenkins — Orchestra.
Kenny Kirschenbaum — Varsity Show; Drama Chairman Of Sing; Fencing Team.
Robert Knecht — Arista; Sing; Library Squad.
Mark Kornegay — Sing; Varsity Show; Track Team; Swimming Team; B.S.C.
Doreen Kosnac — Gymnastics Team; Dean's Office.

JOANNE LA GRESSA

LINDA LA POLLA

CLORINDA LAURO

MARIA LENTINI

AL LETO

DEBRA LINDSAY

JAMES MALAFRONTE

LEONARD MANCUSO

FELYCE MARCHICA

MICHAEL MARKEL

AL MARTINO

RALPH MARTINO

DAVID MEDLEY

MARYANN MIGLIACCIO

Joanne Lagresa — Grade Adv. Office.
Linda LaPolla — Sr. Cabinet.
Clorinda Lauro — B.E.H.S.; Grade Adv. Office; Deans' Office Squad.
Al Leto — G.O. Cabinet; Capt — Track Team; Capt. — Cross Country Team.
Debra Lindsay — B.E.H.S.; Sing.

James Malafronte — Arista; Dance Band; Varsity Show; Sr. Band;
Leonard Mancuso — Arista; Language Office; W.E.B.
Michael Markel — Swiming Team; Math Office Squad.
David Medley — B.S.C.; Fencing Team.

MARY MIGNONE

EUGENE MORRIS

JOE NAGLER

ARLETTE NEDWARDS

BESSIE NICASTRO

PATRICIA O'DELL

JODI PANNULLO

RICHARD PARKER

LINDA PARRINO

PHILIP PERRONE

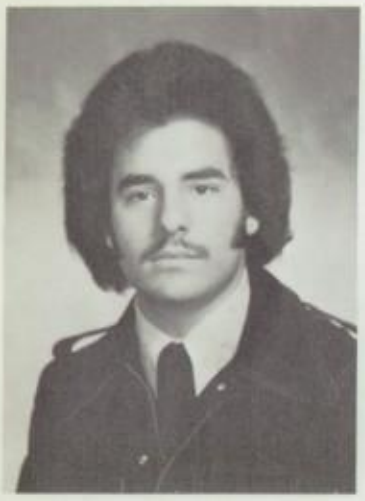
ANNIE PERROTTA

LINDA PERSICHETTI

MICHAEL PINCUS

CONCETTA PLUCHINO

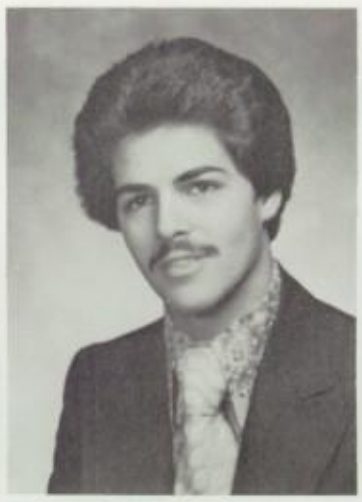
Mary Mignone — B.E.H.S.; Grade Adv. Office.
Joe Nagler — D.E.C.A; Swimming Team; Sing; Varsity Show; County Fair.
Arlette Nedwards — Vice Pres. — Chorus Club; Attendance Office.
Linda Parrino — Arista; Sing; County Fair; Math Team; Math Office Squad.
Philip Perrone — Principal's Office.
Annie Perrotta — B.E.H.S.
Linda Persichetti — Deans' Squad; College Office.
Concetta Pluchino — Sing; Program Office Squad.



LENNY POLICASTRI

DOROTHY POLIZZANO

ROBERT POLLUTRI



FRANK QUAGLIARIELLO

MARIA RECCHIA

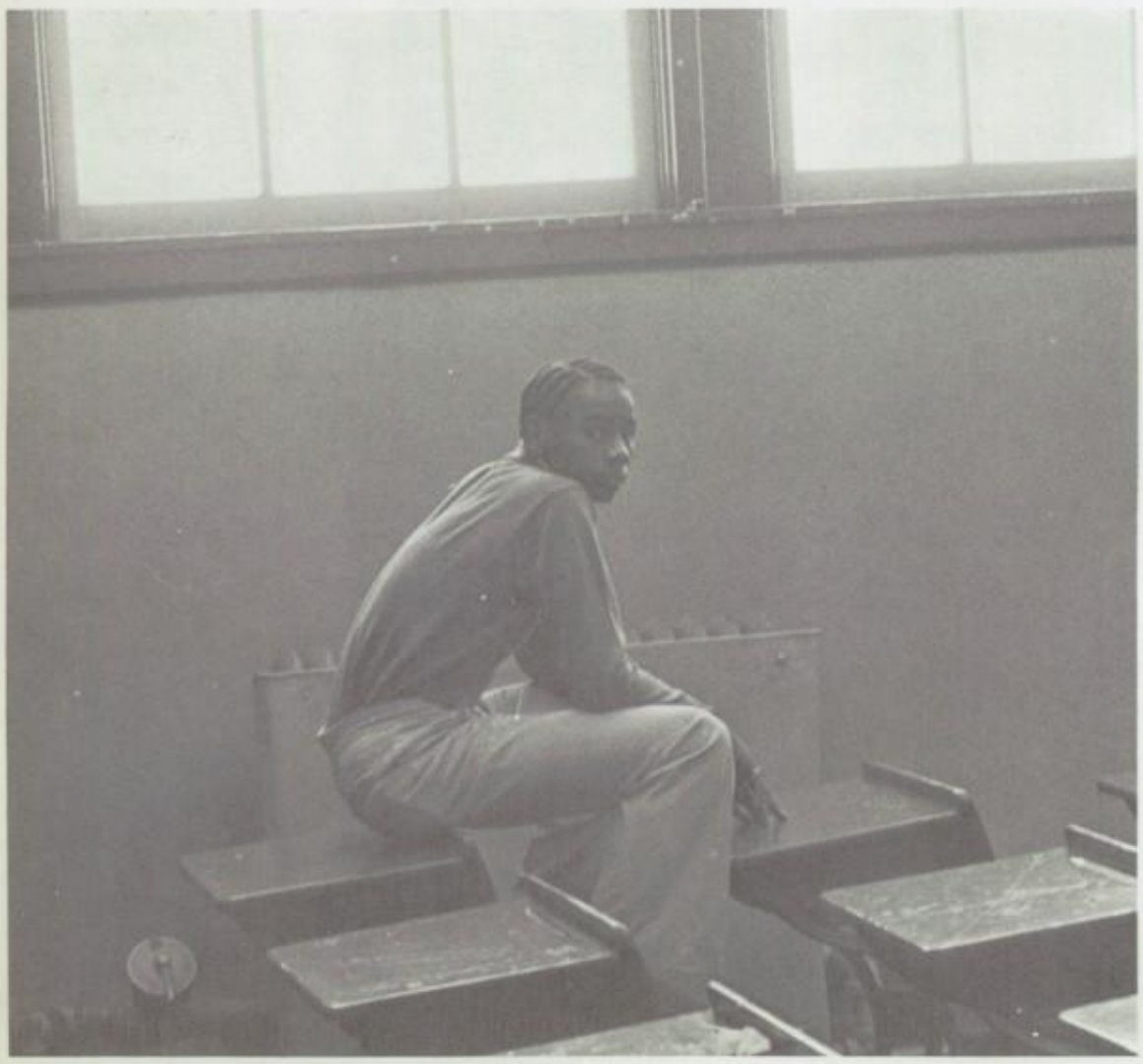
NADINE REILLY

ANTOINETTE RIZZI

MARIE RIZZO

NAT ROMANO

SUSAN ROMANO



GRACE ROMEO

DIANE ROSSI

LOLITA RUSSELL

YOLANDA JEAN RUSSELL

Dorothy Polizzano — B.E.H.S.; Boosters.
Frank Quagliariello — Arista; Sing.
Nadine Reilly — B.E.H.S.
Antoinette Rizzi — Arista; Sing; Boosters; Math Team; County Fair; Grade Advisers' Office; Math Office Squad.

Nat Romano — Football Team.
Susan Romano — Library Squad; Modern Dance Club.
Grace Romeo — B.E.H.S.; Arista; Library Squad; Sing; Swim Leaders; Senior Grade Rep; Grade Adv. Office.Diane Rossi — B.E.H.S.
Yolanda Russell — B.S.C; Bio Lab Squad.

CAROL SANTARIELLO

JOHN SANTOLI

ANNA MARIE SCAGLIONE

DIANE SCHUNEMANN

MICHELE SILK

DENISE SMITH

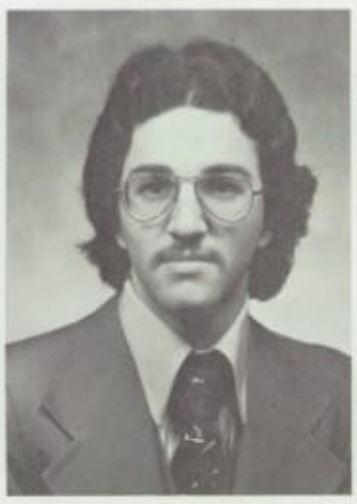
CLAYTON STANG

DON STANLEY

DEIRDRE STUBBS

SEHER TALUBAS

WINNIE TAM



ANTHONY TANZI

DEBBIE THERIAULT

YIN-HUNG TONG

Anna Scaglione — Arista
Diane Schunemann — Gymnastics Team; Photo Club.
Michele Silk — County Fair; Social Commissioner; Sr. Cabinet G. O. Cabinet; Sing; Swimming Team; Band; Boosters; Orchestra; Varsity Show; B.S.C.;
Don Stanley — Sr. Cabinet.

Deirdre Stubbs — B.S.C.; Modern Dance Club; Varsity Show.
Winnie Tam — Arista.
Anthony Tanzi — Sr. Band; Dance Band.
Debbie Theriault — B.E.H.S.; Sing; Leaders.

TERESA TRIPODI

LUIS UMBARILA

NICK URSINI

ANGELA VACCARO

FLORA VAVALLO

LOUIS VENUTO

JOHN VILLANTI

CAROL VORRASI

CHERYL WALKER

MARVIN WATERS

PAMELA WRIGHT

EVA YUEN

JON ZYMARIS

Angela Vaccaro — Sing.
Flora Vavallo — Arista; NUHS; Grade Adv. Office.
Louis Venuto — Library Squad.
Carol Vorrasi — Arista; Penthouse; Sing.

Cheryl Walker — Treas — B.S.C.; G.O. Cabinet; Capt. Track Team; Modern Dance Club; Attendance Office; Sing; Fresh. Soph. Grade Rep.
Pamela Wright — B.S.C.; Jr. Chorus; Dean's Office Swim Leader.
Jon Zymaris — Sing; General Office Squad; Gym Leader.

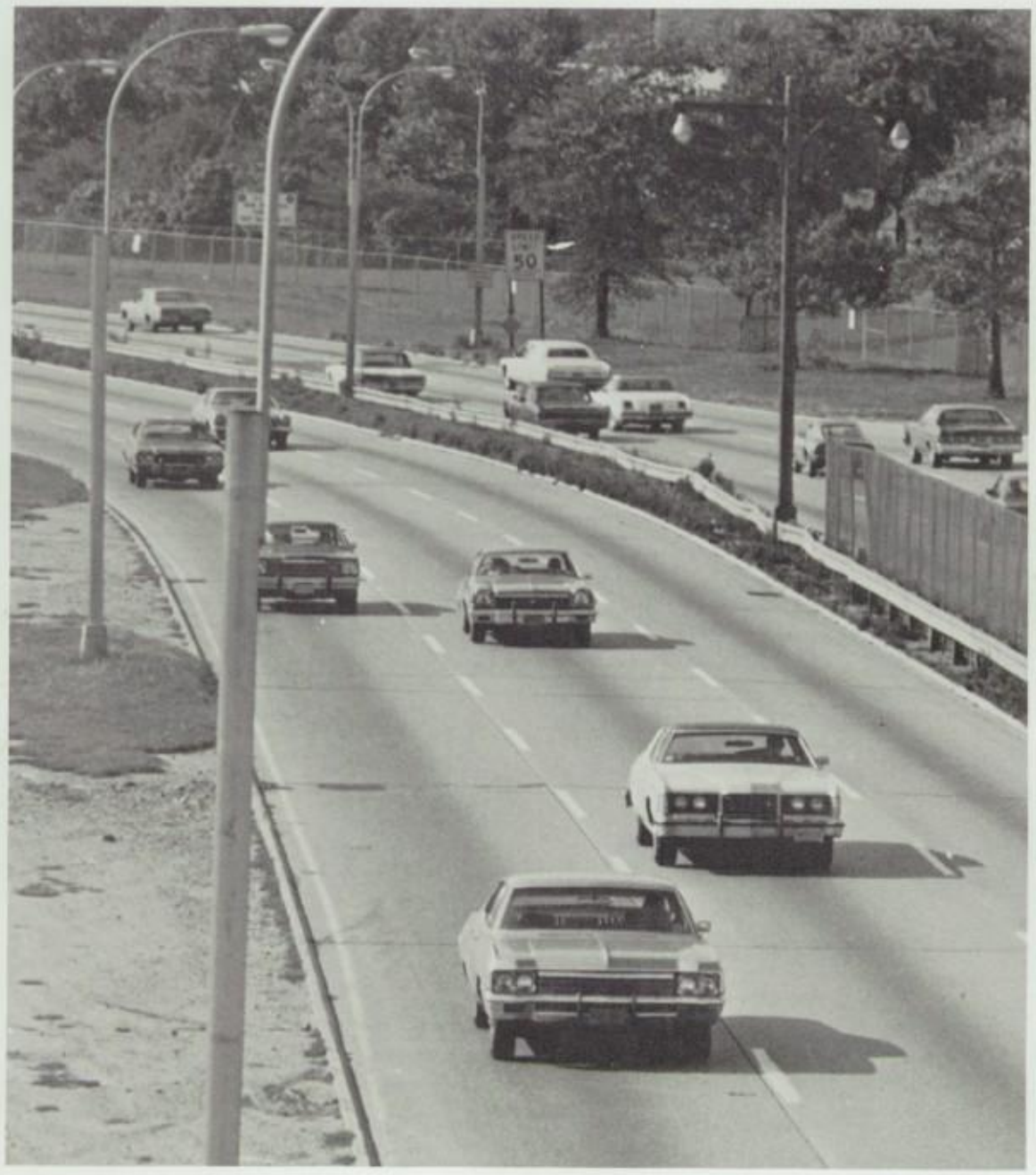
SMITH BROTHERS
COUGH DROPS

June

LARAINE ABBADESSA

PATRICIA ADIPIETRO

JOHN AGNELLO



CARMINE ABERNANTE

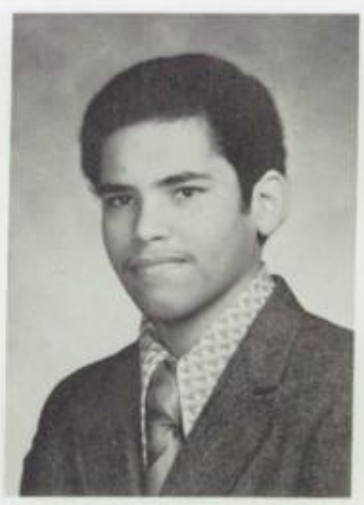
GRACE AGLIRA

MAURICE ALLEN

THOMAS ALLEN

SYLVIA ALESSANDRINI

ANTHONY ALETTO



MARCO ALMEDINA

ELENA ALVAREZ

Laraine Abbadessa — Arista; Publicity Comm.; G.O. Cabinet; Treas. — Boosters; County Fair; Grade Adv. Office; Sec. — Sing.
Maurice Allen — Capt. — Football Team; Capt. — Basketball Team.
Sylvia Alessandrini — Sr. Cabinet; Ass't bilingual Program.
Anthony Alletto — Soccer Team.
Elena Alvarez — Music Honor Society; Treas. — Sr. Cabinet; G.O. Cabinet; Band; Orchestra; Band Leader — Sing; Art Club.

JOE AMATO

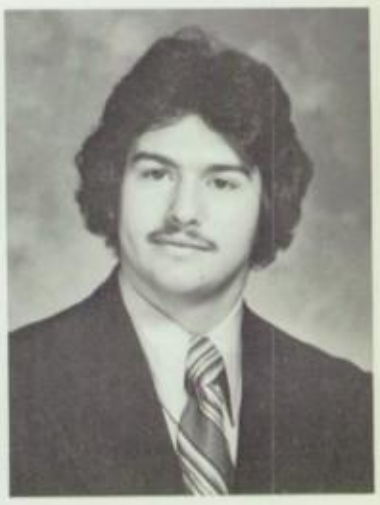
MICHELE AMATO

PAULA AMATO

DEBORAH AMATORE

CHARLES AMBRIANO

SUSAN ANDRON



FRANK ANNARUMMA

JO ANN ANTICO

ELAINE ANZALONE

JO ANN APESA

ANTHONY APUZZO

EILEEN ARCHDEACON

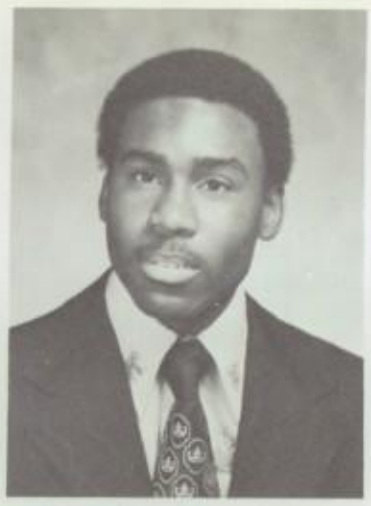
CONCETTA ARENA

NICK ARETINO

Joe Amato — College Office.
Deborah Amatore — Arista; Sec. — Leaders; Swimming Team; Sing; Chem. Lab Squad.
Charles Ambriano — Swim Team.
Frank Annarumma — Band.

Jo Ann Antico — Gymnastics Team; Sing.
Elaine Anzalone — Arista; Co-Chairman — Sing; Sr. Cabinet.
JoAnn Apesa — Bowling Team; Attendance Office; College Office.
Eileen Archdeacon — Co-Op

IRMA ARGIRO



WALTER ARMOND

DONNA ARRIGO

ROSA ANTENIESE

FELICE AUERON

MARIA AVENA

SAL AZZARELLI

CONNIE BAIO

CARMELA BALASSIANO

MARIA BALSAMINI

YONG BANG

SUSAN BANKICH

DAVID BANNON

CAROLYN BARBAGALLO

Irma Argiro — General Office Squad.
Walter Armond — Sing; Football Team; Baseball Team; Golf Team; Leaders.
Donna Arrigo — G.O. Cabinet; Bowling Team.
Rosa Ateniese — B.E.H.S.
Felice Aueron — Arista; Treas. — Agathon-Key Club; Sr. Cabinet; G.O. Cabinet; Lay-out Ed. — COMET; Bus. Ed. — NUHS; Orientation Comm.; Math Team; Chess Team; Leaders; Mathemagician; Grade Adv. Office; Bio. Lab Squad; Sing; County Fair; Tennis Team.
Connie Baio — Sing; Varsity Show.
Yong Bang — Arista; Agathon-Key Club; Photo Club; COMET; Grade Adv. Office.
Carolyn Barbagallo — General Office.

AGNES BARATTA

VICKY BARBARA

DIANA BARCA

SUSAN BARRASSO

LINDA BEAULEAU

ELLEN BECOFSKY

FRANK BELCASTRO

CHERYL BELGRAVE

GINA BELLI

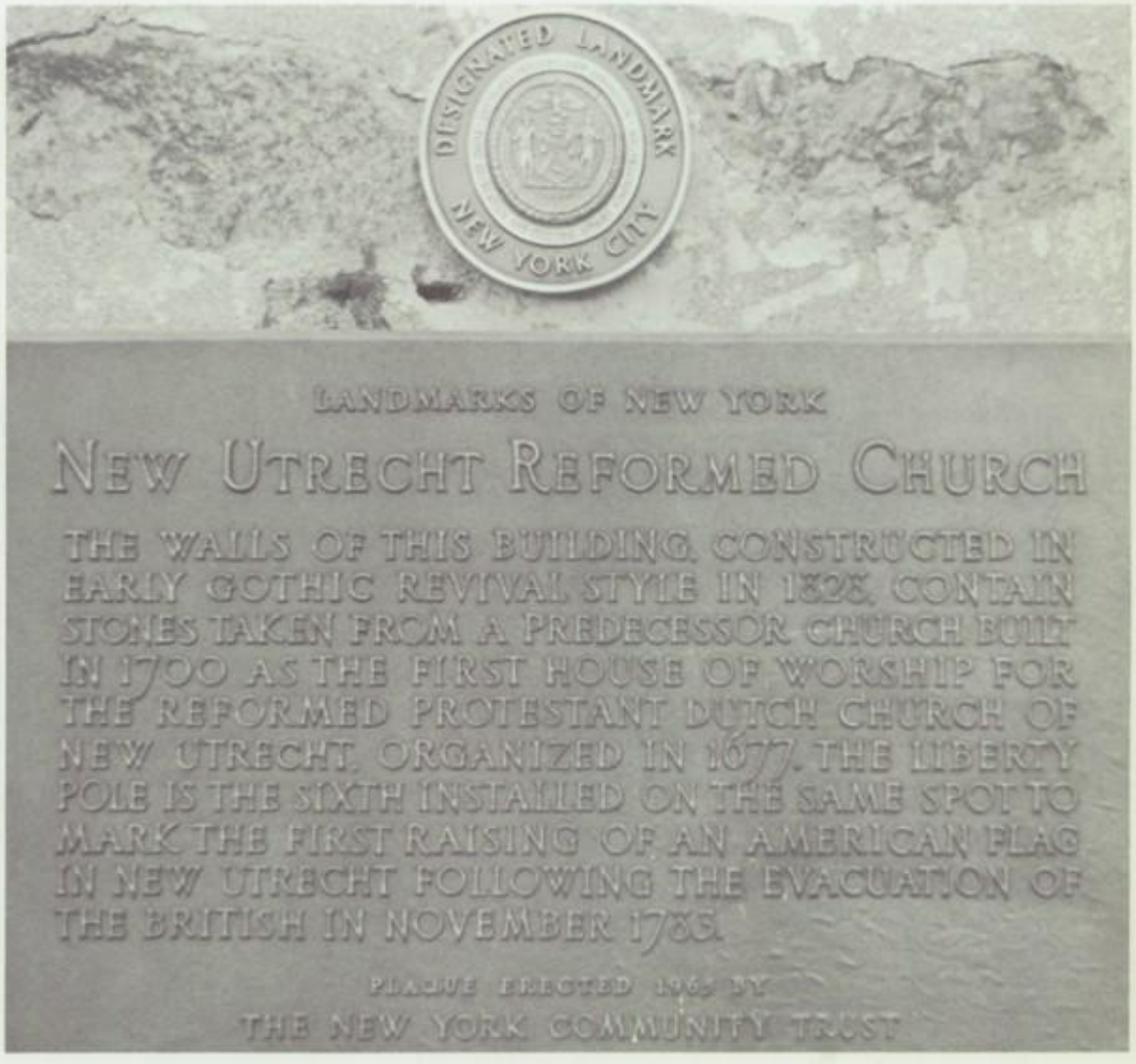
DOMENIC BENEDETTO

ROSE BERLEN

DEBBIE BERTELETTI

FRANK BEVACQUA

FRANCESCA BIANCO


DESIGNATED LANDMARK
NEW YORK CITY
LANDMARKS OF NEW YORK
NEW UTRECHT REFORMED CHURCH
THE WALLS OF THIS BUILDING, CONSTRUCTED IN EARLY GOTHIC REVIVAL STYLE IN 1828, CONTAIN STONES TAKEN FROM A PREDECESSOR CHURCH BUILT IN 1700 AS THE FIRST HOUSE OF WORSHIP FOR THE REFORMED PROTESTANT DUTCH CHURCH OF NEW UTRECHT, ORGANIZED IN 1677. THE LIBERTY POLE IS THE SIXTH INSTALLED ON THE SAME SPOT TO MARK THE FIRST RAISING OF AN AMERICAN FLAG IN NEW UTRECHT FOLLOWING THE EVACUATION OF THE BRITISH IN NOVEMBER 1783.
PLAQUE ERECTED 1965 BY
THE NEW YORK COMMUNITY TRUST

Diana Barca — B.E.H.S.
Susan Barrasso — Stage Mgr. — Sing; Gymnastics; Leaders; Modern Dance Club.
Frank Belcastro — Football Team.
Cheryl Belgrave — B.S.C.; Boosters.

Rose Berlen — Sr. Cabinet; Boosters; Publicity Comm.; Sing; County Fair.
Frank Bevacqua — Arista; Agathon-Key Club; Photo. Editor — COMET; News Ed. — NUHS; Co-Chmn. Photo Club; Chem. Lab. Squad; Bio. Lab Squad; G.O. Cabinet; County Fair.
Francesa Bianco — Gymnastics; Deans' Squad.

LINDA BIASO

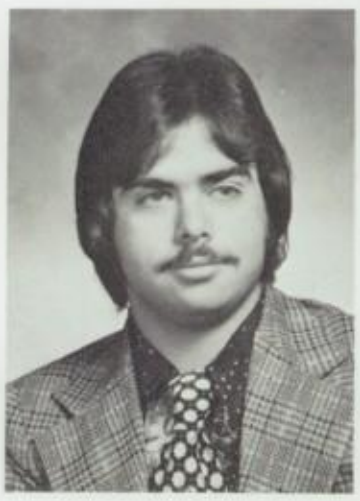
MELVIN BIGGS

MICHAEL BLATT

MAUREEN BONFIGLIO

JOHN BONGALLAS

MICHAEL BOULOS



HABIB BOUSSO

GLORIA BOWIE

ISRAEL BOWMAN

LIA BRANCALEONI

TEDDY BRELAND

LEE BRENT

EDDIE BRIGGS

EVA BROCCOLE

Michael Blatt — Varsity Show; Sing; Library Squad; Stage Crew.
Maureen Bonfiglio — Co-op.
Michael Boulos — Football Team; G.O. Cabinet.

Habib Bousso — Sr. Band; Jr. Band; Photo Club.
Eddie Briggs — Track Team.

JAMES BROWN

MARTIN BROWN

SHARON BROWN

YVONNE BROWN

LINDA BRUNO

MARIE BRUNO

DEIRDRE BUCKLEY

MICHAEL CACACE

GRACE CAIMANO

FRAN CALDORA

KATHY CALIMANO

FRANK CALVO

JAMES CAMBRIA

ELIZABETH CAMPAGNA

Martin Brown — Basketball Team.
Sharon Brown — Deans' Squad; Program Office; Sec. Stud. Office; S.P.A.R.K.
Yvonne Brown — Co-op.
Linda Bruno — Deans' Squad.
Deirdre Buckley — Publicity Comm.; Sing; Boosters.

Michael Cacace — Fencing Team.
Grace Caimano — Arista; Photo Club; COMET; County Fair; Phy. Lab Squad.
Fran Caldora — Sing.
Frank Calvo — Track Team.
Elizabeth Campagna — Arista; G.O. Cabinet; Co-Comm. of Candy Sale; Stage Crew; Sing.

FRANK CAMPANELLA

FRANK CAMPENELLA

NORMA CANCELLIERI

MARIE CANGIALOSI

JASON CANINE

MARY ANN CANNATA

LISA CAPOZELLO

LINDA CARAVELLO

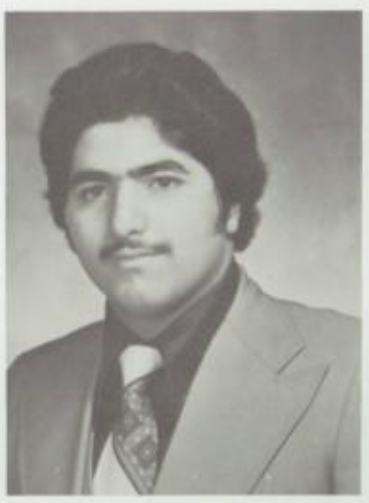
DONNA CARIDI

ROSEMARY CARPINELLI

ALBERT CARRE

CAREN CARTER

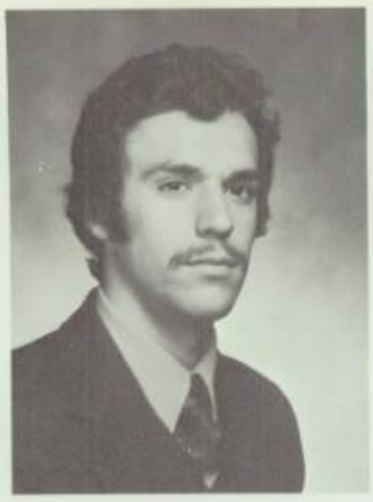
CYNTHIA CARTELLI



JOHN CARUSO

Frank Campanella — Football Team.
Jason Canine — Capt. — Kennel Club; COMET Mascot.
Mary Ann Cannata — Co-op.
Lisa Capozello — Pres. — B.E.H.S.; Sr. Band; Sing; Consultative Council; County Fair; Co-Capt. — Gymnastics; Sr. Cabinet; G.O. Cabinet; Social Comm.; Publicity Comm.; Candy Sale Comm.; Elections Comm.; Orientation Comm.
Donna Caridi — Sec. Studies Office.
Albert Carre — Soccer Team.

LISA CARUSO



JOSE CASAL

PHIL CASARINO

MARIA CATALANO

CHRIS CAVALLERI

LONNIE CEFALU

STEVEN CHAN

FU CHEE

DEBRA CHEESEMAN

DAVID CHENG

JOHN CHILELLI

DOMENICA CHIRICO

EDDIE CHREM

MICHAEL CIANCIO

Maria Catalano — Deans' Squad; Infirmary Squad; Library Squad; Penthouse; Sr. Cabinet.

Fu Chee — Photo. Club; Math Team; Library Squad.

Domenica Chirico — Costume Chmn. — Sing; Art Squad; Deans' Squad.

COSMO CIAPPINA

CAMMILLO CIMORELLI

CONCETTA CINQUEMANI

DENNIS CLINI

GAIL CLINKSCALES

TYRONE CLOUD

DONNA COLAIZZO

MARY COLANGELO

RONALD COLE

JOHN COLELLA

DOREEN COLLETTI

LUCIA COLLETTI

ANTHONY COLOMBA

DIANE COLONNA

Cosmo Ciappina — G.O. Cabinet.
Camillo Cimorelli — Soccer Team.

Dennis Clini — Photo. Club; Rec. Office; Orchestra.
Tyrone Cloud — Co.Capt. — Handball Team.

RALPH COLUCCIO

DONNA CONIGLIONE

RICHARD COPPOLINO

ROSA-ANNA COSCIA

LORETTA COSTA

GEORGIA COSTALAS

JEFFREY COTUGNO

PETER COX

KIRK COY

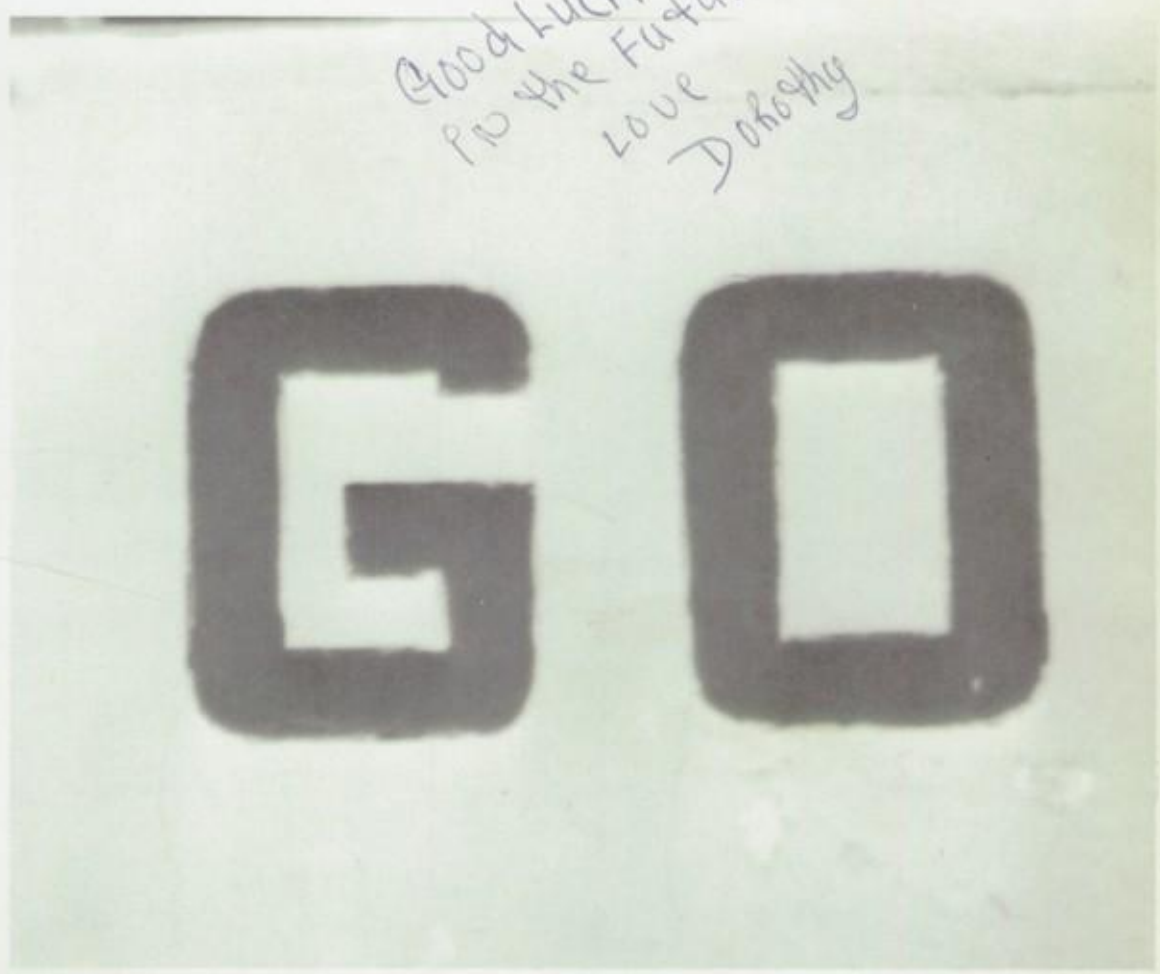
SUSAN COZZI

BILLY CRAPANZANO

EDWARD CROSSON

ANDREW CRUCIATA

CORNELL CUNNINGHAM



Loretta Costa — Varsity Show; Sing.
Georgia Costalas — Girl Leader — Arista; Music Honor Society; G.O. Cabinet; Sr. Cabinet; Orientation Comm.; Pres. — Agathon-Key Club; Capt. — Volleyball Team; Softball Team; General Office Squad; County Fair; Feature Ed. — NUHS; Copy Ed. — COMET; Mathemagician; Math Team; Orchestra; Ed. — Reflections; Sing.

Peter Cox — Football Team.
Susan Cozzi — B.E.H.S.; Leaders; Sing.
Billy Crapanzano — Capt. — Track Team.
Edward Crosson — Marching Band; Sr. Band.
Andrew Cruciata — Soccer Team.

MITCHELL CYRUS

ANNEMARIE D'ADDONA

FRANCES D'ADDONA

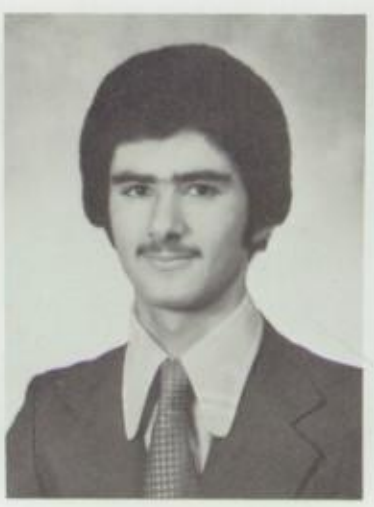
DENISE DADONA

IRENE D'ALESSANDRO

ANNA D'ALICANDRO

MICHAEL D'AMANTE

ROSE D'AMBROSI



VALENTINO D'AMBROSI

LINDA D'AMICO

MARIA TERESA D'AMICO

PHYLLIS D'AMICO

JOHN D'ANGIO

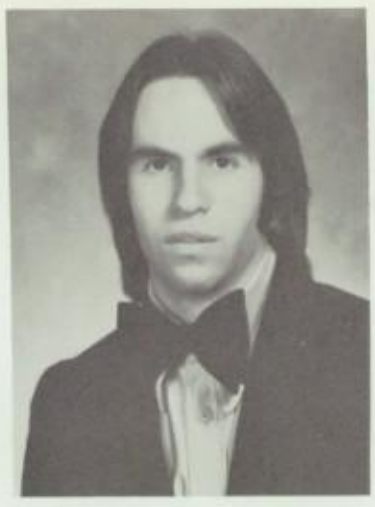
DENISE DANIELLO

Denise Dadona — Sing; Varsity Show.
Anna D'Alicandro — Asst. — Bilingual Program.
Valentino D'Ambrosi — Arista; Italian Club; Soccer Team; Reading Office.

Linda D'Amico — Grade Advisor's Office; Library Squad.
Maria Teresa D'Amico — Grade Advisor's Office; W.E.B.; Italian Club.

MARYANN D'ANIELLO

ROSS D'ANNA



MICHAEL D'ASSARO

DAVID DAVIS

KAY ANN DAWKINS

KEITH DAWKINS

KENNETH DAWSON

CAMILLE DE ANGELO

LUCILLE DE BENEDETTO

JENNIE DE CHIARA

TERRY DECKER

ANN MARIE DE FEO

ROSANN DEFEO

ROSE DEFEO

Maryann D'Aniello — Sr. Rep.; Bowling Team; Grade Adv. Office.
Michael D'Assaro — Bio. Lab Squad; Sing.
David Davis — Bio. Lab Squad.
Kay Ann Dawkins — Vice Pres. — Leaders Club.
Kenneth Dawson — Mimeo. Squad.
Camille De Angelo — Sing; General Office.
Jennie De Chiara — G.O. Cabinet; COMET; N.U.H.S.; Sing; Volleyball Team; Publicity Comm.; Grade Adv. Office; Deans' Squad; Spiral; Photo. Club.
Terry Decker — General Office.
AnnMarie De Feo — Grade Adv. Office.

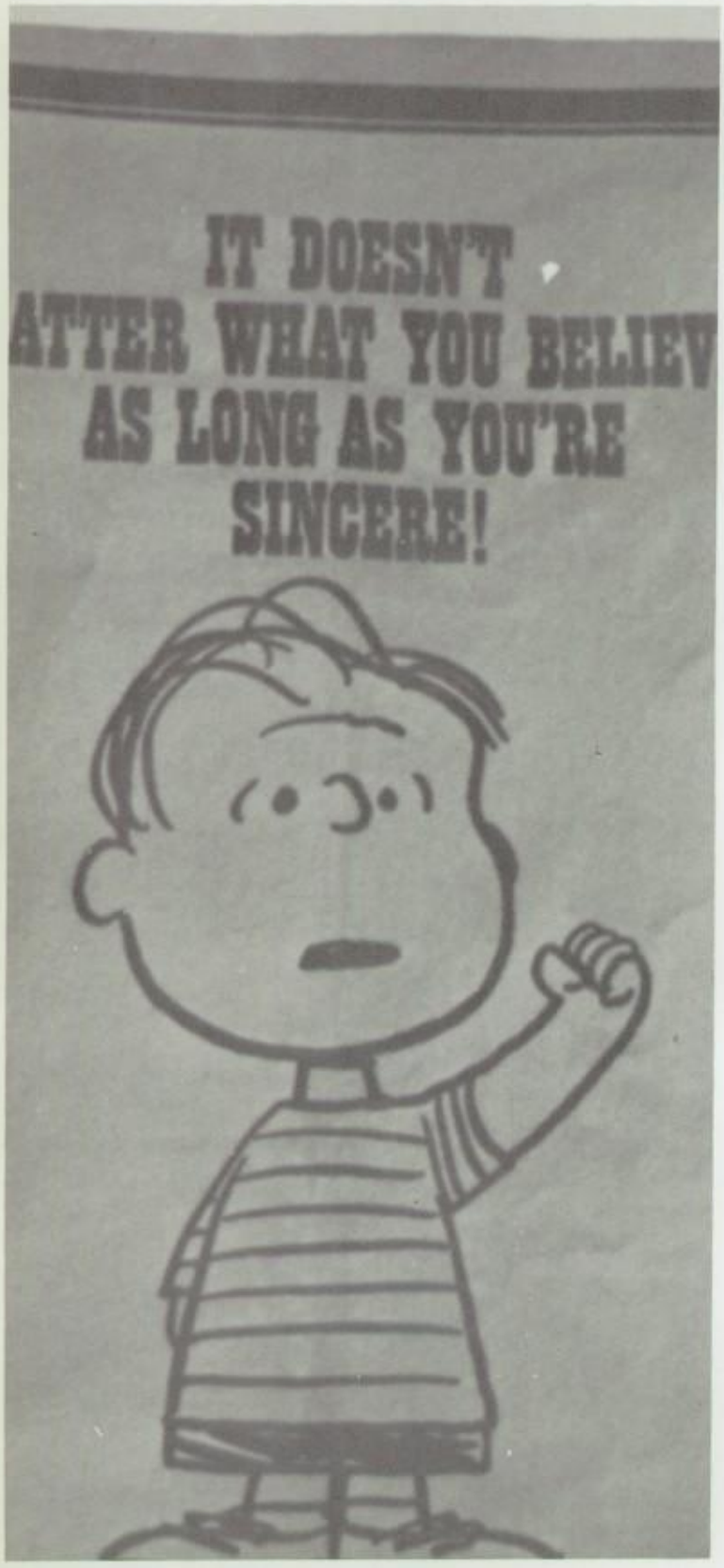
CATHY DE FINA

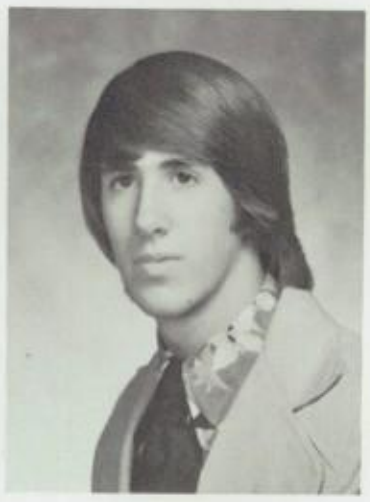
PATRICIA DE FRANCO

ELENA DE LEONIBUS

PATRICIA DE LISI

CECILIA DELOATCH





FRANK DE LOUISA

DENISE DE LUCA

ANTHONY DE LUCO

JO ANN DE MARCO

LOUISE DE MARTINO

MIKE DE MEO

THEONA DENESOPOLIS

NANCY DENNIS

STEPHEN DE PALMA

Patricia DeFranco — Gen. Office; Switch Board.
Elena DeLeonibus — B.E.H.S.
Denise DeLuca — G.O. Cabinet; Sr. Cabinet; Boosters; Commissioner Publicity; Co-Commisioner — Orientation; Sr. Chorus; County Fair; Sing; Library Squad.

Anthony DeLuco — Gymnastics.
Louise DeMartino — G.O. Rep.; Boosters; Sing; County Fair.
Mike DeMeo — G.O. Rep.; Capt — Gymnastics; Bio. Lab Squad.
Nancy Dennis — Co-op.

THERESA DE RANIERI

GLORIA DE ROSA

MARCO DE SANTIS

ROE DE STEFANO

SUSAN DI BAGGIO

MITRIA DI GIACOMO

MARIA DE GIROLAMO

JOSEPHINE DI GREGORIO

KAREN DI GREGORIO

JOYCE ANN DI LEVO

FRANK DI PIAZZA

DONNA MARIE DI VICO

WARREN DODGE

ROBERT DONNARUMMA

Theresa DeRanieri — Arista; Pres. — Leaders Club; Capt. — Jr. Math Team; Capt. — Bowling Team, Swim Club; Sing; Orientation Comm; Math Office Squad; Sr. Cabinet.
Marco DeSantis — Soccer Team.
Roe DeStefano — Chorus.
Susan DiBaggio — Library Squad.
Mitria DiGiacomo — Sing.
Maria DiGirolamo — Sing; Varsity Show; Chorus.
Josephine DiGregorio — B.E.H.S.
Karen DiGregorio — Sing; Varsity Show.
Frank DiPiazza — Arista; Bio. Lab Squad.
Warren Dodge — Arista; Sr. Class Pres.; Comm. — Orientation; Stage Crew; Sing; Sr. Cabinet; G.O. Cabinet.

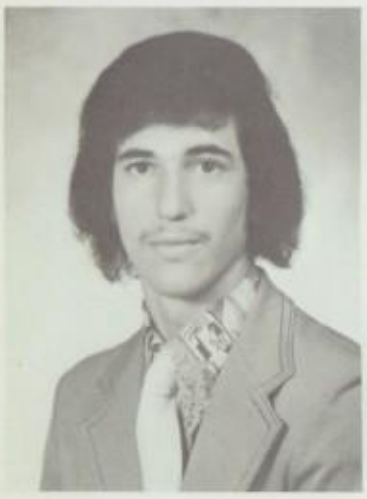
LUCIA D'ORAZIO

ANGELA DORTCH

EDWIN DURAN

MONICA EALEY

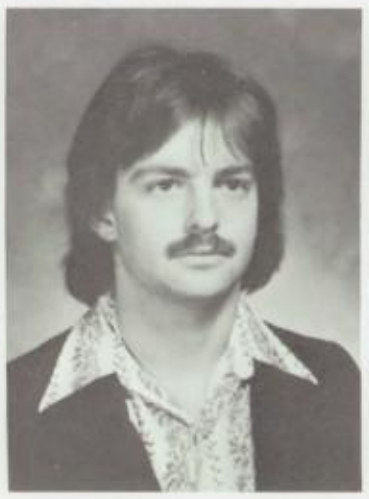
VICKI EDWARDS



BARRY EGLOWITZ

DENISE ELIA

LAURA EMANUELE



MIKE ENGEL

LOUIE EPSTEIN

MARGARET ERNESTO

AMELIA ESPOSITO

MARIE ESPOSITO

ROSEMARIE ESPOSITO

Lucia D'Orazio — Sec. — Arista; Boosters; Sing; COMET; G.O. Cabinet; Band; Orchestra; County Fair; Math Team.
Edwin Duron — Vice Pres. — Spanish Club; G.O. Cabinet; Handball Team.
Monica Ealey — Track Team; Modern Dance Club.
Vicki Edwards — Arista; B.E.H.S.; COMET; Social Comm.; Modern Dance Club; Sing; Grade Adv. Office; Sr. Chorus.
Barry Eglowitz — Asst. Capt. — Mimeo. Squad.
Denise Elia — Boosters; B.E.H.S.
Amelia Esposito — Rec. Office.
Marie Esposito — Attendance Office Squad; Leader.

LOOKING FOR SPACE

On the road of experience
I'm trying to find my own way
Sometimes I wish that I could
fly away
When I think that I'm moving
Suddenly things stand still
I'm afraid 'cause I think they
always will

And I'm looking for space
And to find out who I am
And I'm looking to know
and understand
It's a sweet, sweet dream
Sometimes I'm almost there
Sometimes I fly like an eagle
Sometimes I'm deep in despair

All alone in the universe
Sometimes that's how it seems
I get lost in the sadness and
the screams
Then I look in the center
Suddenly everything's clear
I find myself in the sunshine and
my dreams

And I'm looking for space
And to find out who I am
And I'm looking to know
and understand
It's a sweet, sweet dream
Sometimes I'm almost there
Sometimes I fly like an eagle
Sometimes I'm deep in despair

On the road of experience
Join in the living day
If there's an answer
It's just that it's just that way

When you're looking for space
And to find out who you are
When you're looking to try and
reach the stars
It's a sweet, sweet, sweet dream
Sometimes I'm almost there
Sometimes I fly like an eagle
Sometimes I'm deep in despair
Sometimes I fly like an eagle,
like an eagle
I go flying high

LOOKING FOR SPACE by John Denver
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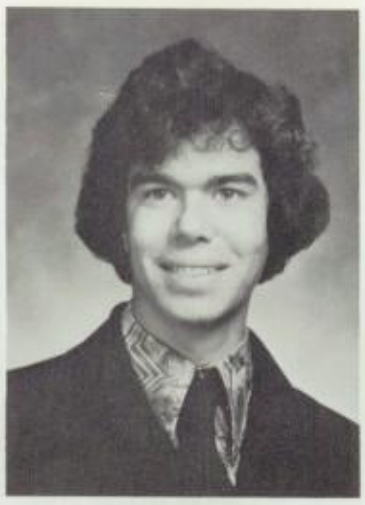
SHEILA EVERETT

MARIA FAILLA



LOUIS FALCO

DONNA FALCONE

LINDA FASONE

PHYLLIS FATONE

EDIE FEDERICO

JOY FERRANTELLI

CATHY FERRARA

ANGELA FICALORA

ROSEMARY FICALORA

JOSEPH FICARA

JAMES FILIPPAZZO

RICHARD FINDLING

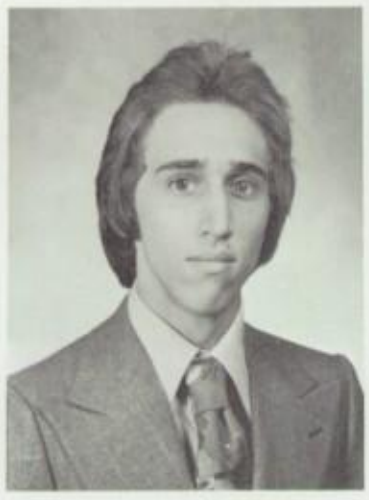
Sheila Everett — Modern Dance Club.
Phyllis Fatone — Attendance Office; Grade Adv. Office.
Edie Federico — Boosters; Publicity Comm.; B.E.H.S.
Cathy Ferrara — Attendance Office.

Rosemary Ficalora — Co-Capt. — Twirlers.
Joseph Ficara — Deans' Squad; Mgr. — Soccer Team.
James Filippazzo — Photo. Club; Bio. Lab Squad.

LORRAINE FISHER

ONETTA FLAGGER

VERA FLOWERS



PETER FIUMEFREDDO

TONI FONTE

VICTORIA FORCINO

DIANE FORTE

ANTHONY FRANCHINI

VINCENT FRAGIPANE

VITO FRASCHILLA

IRENE FREYTAG

MARGARET FRISCIA

SUSAN FRISCIA

JOANIE FURCILLO

Toni Fonte — Co-op.
Victoria Forcino — Fresh. Grade Rep; Soph. Grade Rep.; Boosters; Sing; Varsity Show.

Anthony Franchini — Sr. Band; Library Squad.
Irene Freytag — Deans' Squad; Photo. Club.
Joanie Furcillo — Sing; Grade Adv. Office; Rec. Office.

JOHN GABRIELE

ARMETTA GAETANA

JOSEPHINE GALATI

AL GALENO

BILLY GALLAGHER

MARIA GALLO

CHARLES GAMBINO

CORRADO GAMBUZZA

CAROLYN GAMS

FRANK GANGIDINO

JANICE GARGIULO

RALPH GAROFALO

LUCY GAROZZO

CASTINER GATES

Josephine Galati — Arista; Stage Crew; Sing; Varsity Show.
Al Galeno — Bowling Team; Golf Team.
Billy Gallagher — Basketball Team.
Carolyn Gams — Co-Capt., Sec. — Twirlers; Chrmn. — Senior Sing '75; Comm. — Jr. Sing 74; Comm. — Fresh-Soph Sing '73; Publicity and Social Comm.; G. O Cabinet; Chorus; Dance Band.
Janice Gargiulo — General Office Squad.
Ralph Garofalo — Baseball Team.
Lucy Garozzo — Sing.
Charles Gambino — Co-op.

ROSEANN GENTILE

PATRICIA GERACI

LINDA GERVASI

STACY GEVINS

JOSEPHINE GIANCASPRO

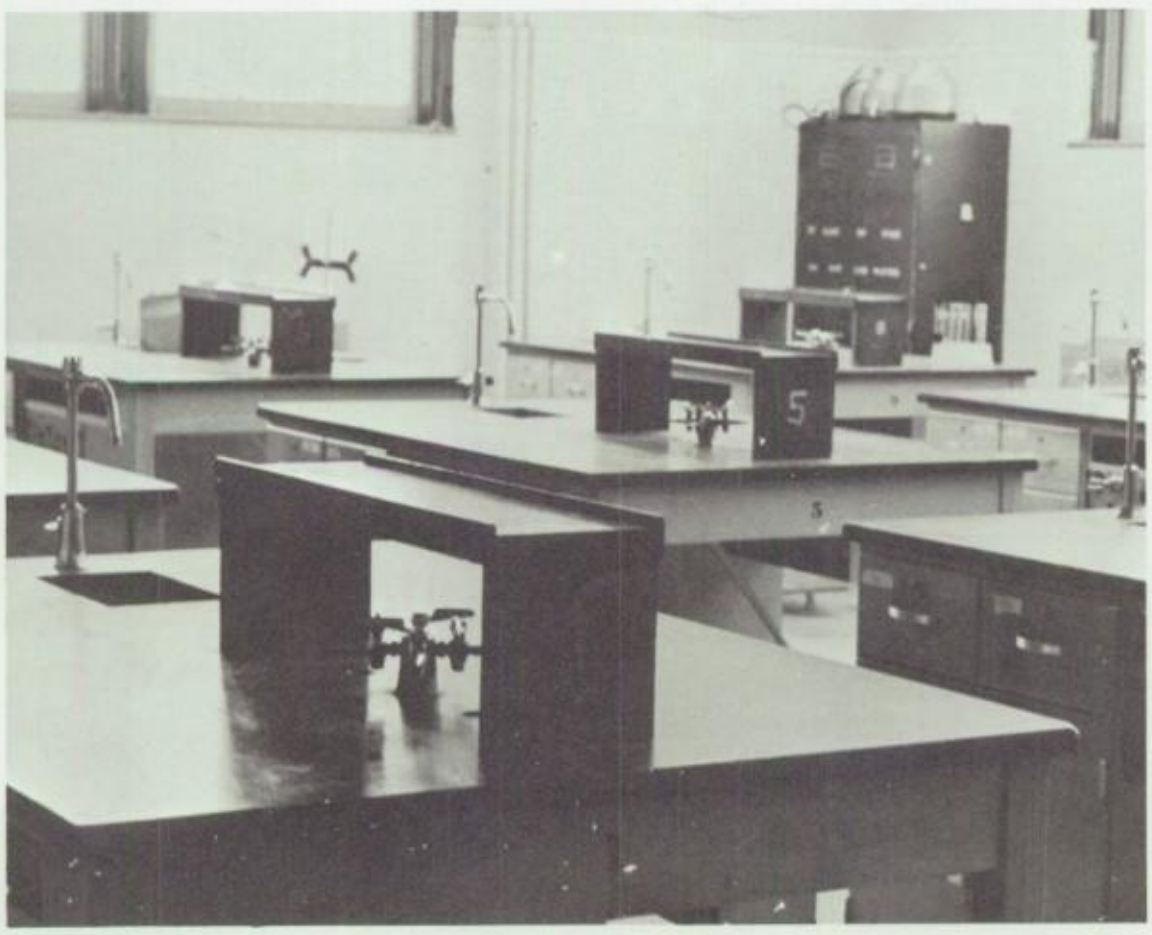
FRANCES GIARDINA

MARIA GIARRATANA

JULIUS GIARRUSSO

CALVIN GIBSON

FRANCINE GIGLIO



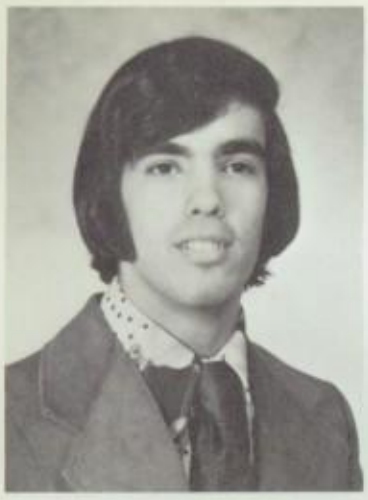
ARLENE GILIBERTI

MARY GIOIA

LEE ANN GIORDANO

MARIA GIOVANNIELLO

Roseann Gentile — Arista; Mathemagician; Grade Adv. Office.
Patricia Geraci — Cheerleaders; County Fair.
Josephine Giancaspro — Arista; Sing; Grade Adv. Office.
Frances Giardina — Arista; Grade Adv. Office.
Maria Giarratana — Music Honor Society; Senior Band; Sing; Varsity Show; Orchestra.
Francine Giglio — Chorus Leader; Sing; Bio. Lab. Squad.
Mary Gioia — County Fair; Orientation Comm.; Modern Dance Club; Library Squad.
Lee Ann Giordano — B.E.H.S.; Bowling Team; Library Squad.



ANTHONY GIUGLIANO

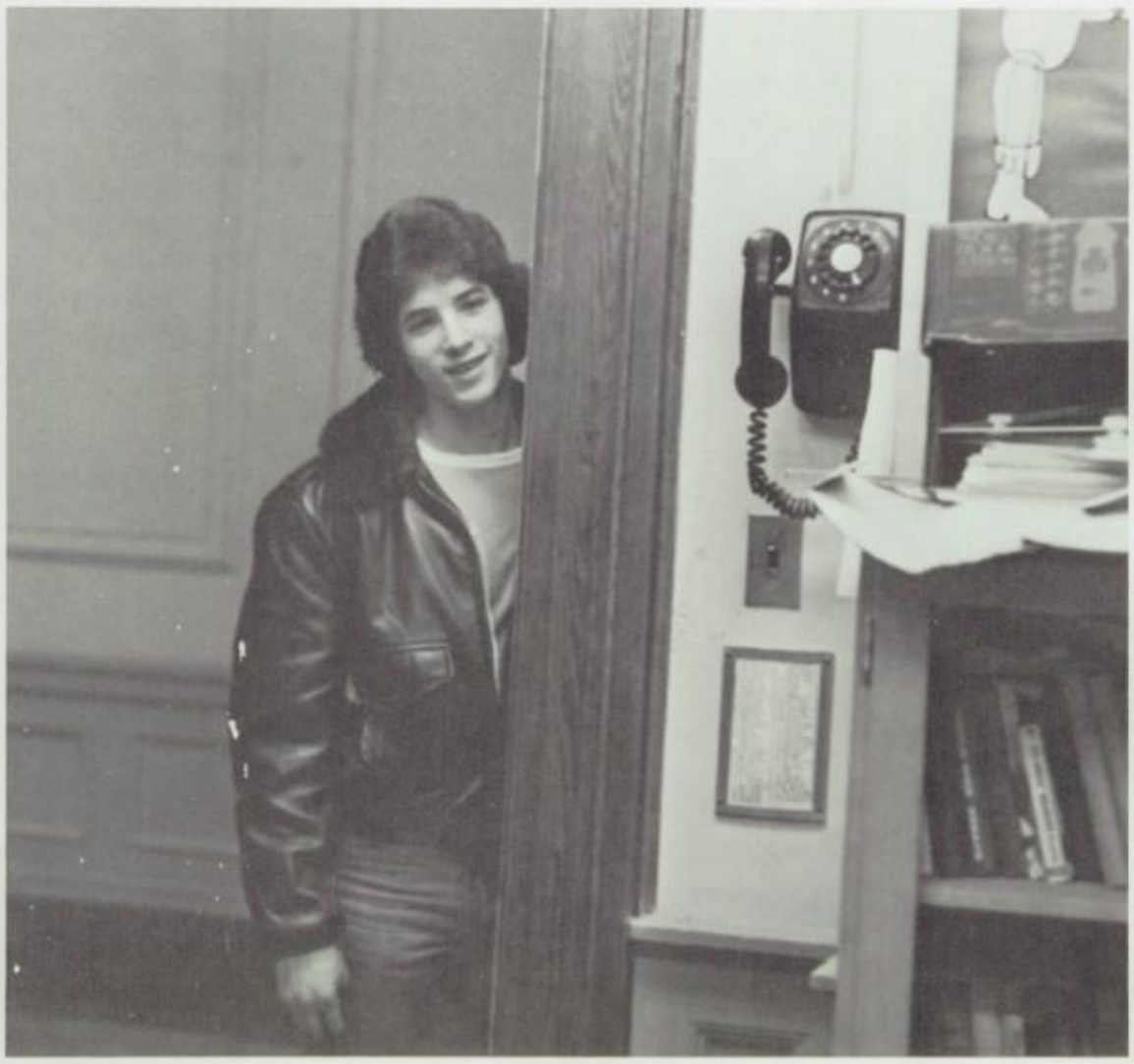
RAYMOND GIUDICE

LESLIE GLANZBERG

DARRELL GLOVER

PRISCILLA GOGINS

BARBARA GOLDEN



JEFFREY GOODMAN

MYRVIN GOODRIDGE

DOROTHY GORDON

DOLORES GORECZNY

LENO GOSTINICCHI

ANNE GRANVILLE

LINDA GRASSO

LINDA ANN GRECO

Leslie Glanzberg — Band; Gymnastics Team; Sing.
Darrell Glover — Football Team.
Priscilla Gogins — Attendance Office.
Jeffrey Goodman — Arista; NUHS; Math Team; Bowling Team; Chess Club; Co-Capt. — Stage Crew; County Fair; Sing.
Myrvin Goodridge — Football Team; Track Team; Handball Team.

Dolores Goreczny — Arista; Spiral.
Anne Granville — Grade Adv. Office; Sing.
Linda Grasso — NUHS; G.O. Cabinet; Spiral; Chorus; Penthouse; Modern Dance Club.
Linda Ann Greco — Dist. Ed.

LORI GREER

CAMILLE GRIMALDI

GINA GRIMALDI

JOAN GRIMALDI

CARMELA GUGLIELMO

MARTINE GUIGUES

LAURIE GUSTAFSON

PAULINE GUTTER

ALICE HALL

RICKEY HAM

SUSAN HANSEN

JOSEPH HARNEY

APRIL HAYMAN

AGUSTIN HERNANDEZ

Joan Grimaldi — Arista; Softball Team; Photo. Club.
Carmela Guglielmo — Arista.
Laurie Gustafson — Sing.
Alice Hall — Leaders; Sec. — Sr. Cabinet.

Susan Hansen — Softball Team; Co. Capt — Volleyball Team; Swim Club; Deans' Squad; Grade Adv. Office; Agathon — Key Club.
Joseph Harney — S.P.A.R.K.; Bio. Lab Squad.
Agustin Hernandez — Pres. — Spanish Club; G.O. Cabinet.

STEVE HIAVNA

LEE HOI

JAMES HOLMES

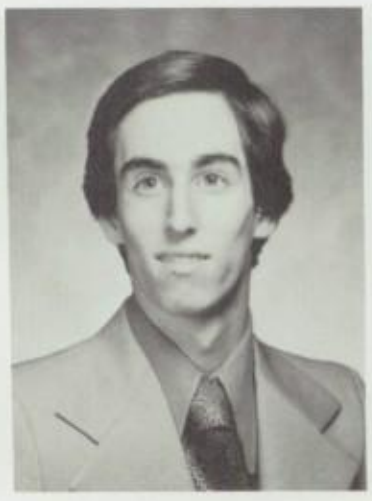
DERRICK HUBBARD

DENICE HUNTER

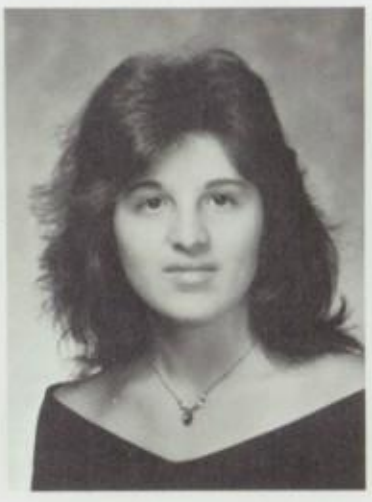
DENISE HUTCHINSON

MARIO IACOVIELLO

LARRY IANNICELLI



JOSEPH INCORVAIA



MAGGIE INDELICATO

GRACE INTERSIMONE

RAFFEALLA IPPOLITO

GERARD IUCCI

CHRISTINE IZZO

Mario Iacoviello — Italian Club; Soccer Team; Rec. Office.
Larry Iannicelli — Football Team.
Joseph Incorvaia — Junior Band.

Maggie Indelicato — Bowling Team; Softball Team.
Christine Izzo — Arista; Sing; Sr. Band; NUHS; Pub. Comm.

MADELINE IZZO

LAURA JACKSON

ROBIN JACKSON

SYLVIA JACKSON

ROBERT JANNICELLI

MARCUS JETER

CAROL JOHNSON

GERONIA JOHNSON

KEITH JOHNSON

GLORIA JONES

JENNIFER JONES

LEROY JOSEPH

ROLAND JULIANO

DENISE JUREN

Madeline Izzo — Sing; COMET.
Carol Johnson — Track Team; Modern Dance Club; County Fair.
Geronia Johnson — Leaders; NUHS; G.O. Cabinet; Sing; B.S.C.

Jennifer Jones — Attendance Office.
Leroy Joseph — J.V. Football Team.
Denise Juren — Sr. Band; Photo. Club; General Office; Reflections.

ERIC KEY

PAULA KORPALSKI

DAVID LA BARCA

PATRICIA LABELLA

MARIA LA GAIPA

MARIA LA GROTTA

KIM LAIR

THERESA LAMENDOLA

DIANNE LANDI

LISA LA PLACA

GERALDINE LARDIERI

MICHAEL LAURINO

DONATA LAURO

GRANVILLE LAYNE

Paula Korpalski — Varsity Show; Deans' Squad.
Patricia Labella — Gymnastics Team; Sing; Varsity Show.
Maria LaGrotta — Library Squad; Grade Adv. Office; Track Team.
Kim Lair — Track Team.

Dianne Landi — Editor — SPIRAL; Associate Ed — COMET; Arista.
Lisa LaPlaca — Sing; Co-op.
Geraldine Lardieri — Co-op.
Granville Layne — Track Team.

ELIZABETH LAZZARO

MONA LEE

BARRY LEFKOWITZ

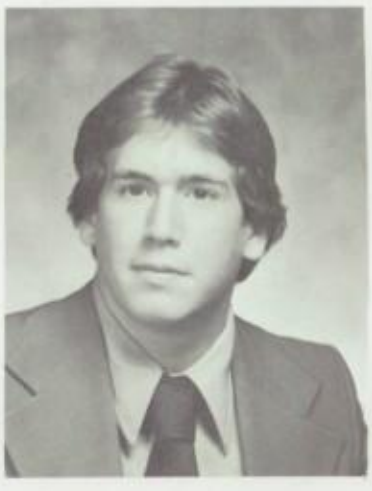
MOI LEONG

CHARLIE LETO

FUK CHOI LEUNG

JOHN LIBERTI

LINDA LICATA



NICHOLAS LICCIARDI

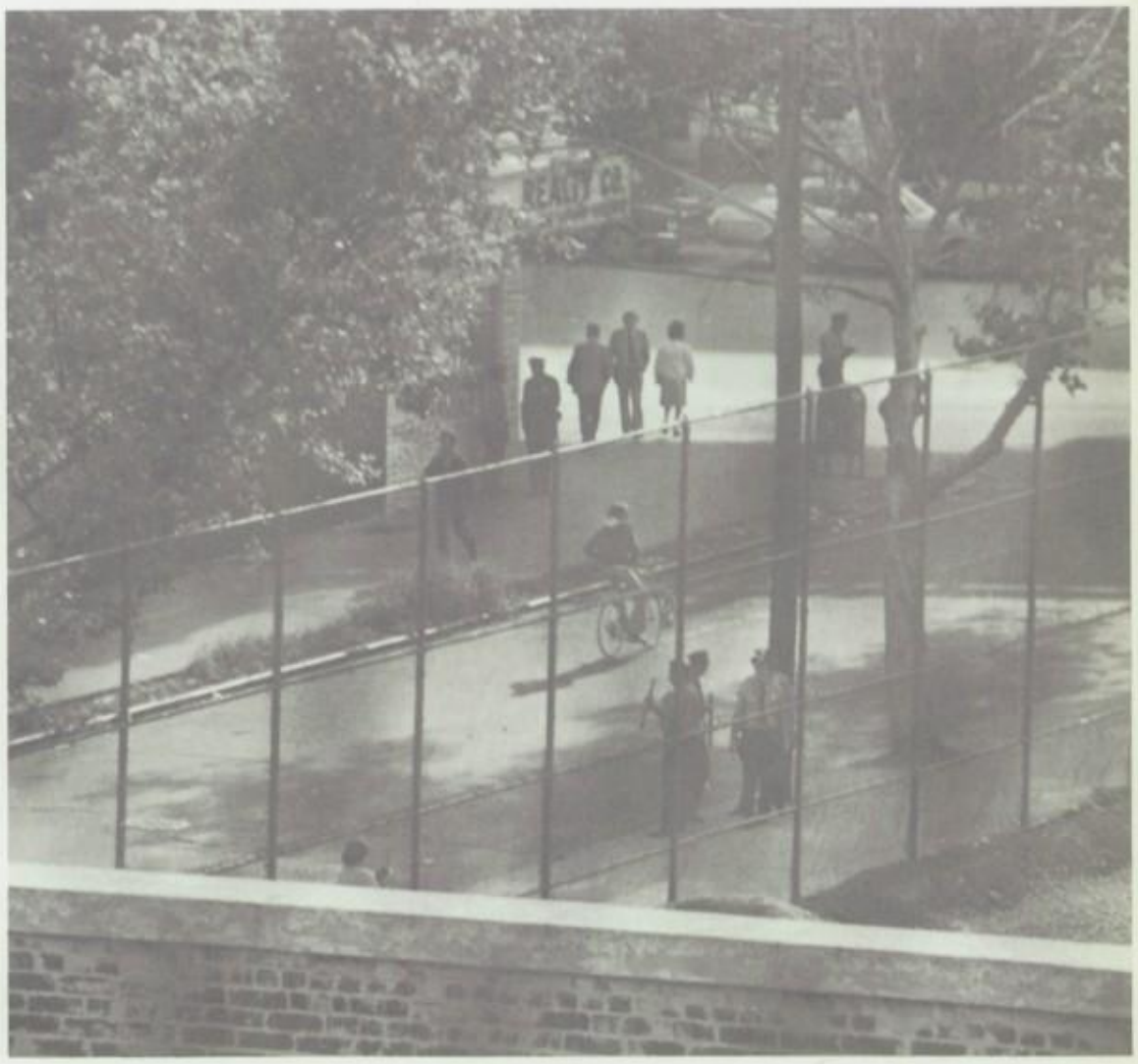
VALERIE LIGHTFOOT

CARMELA LINEA

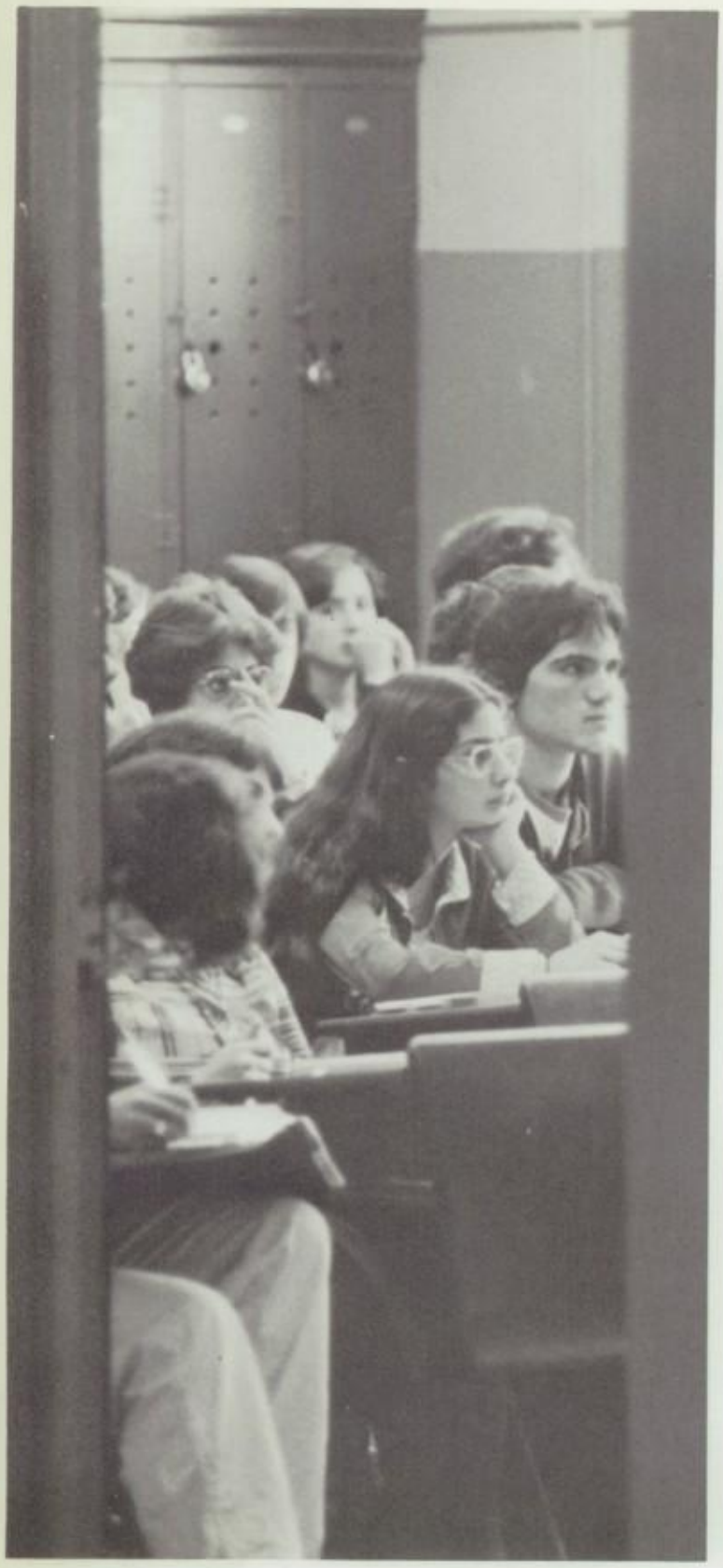
LEE LOFARO

JOSEPHINE LOMANGINO

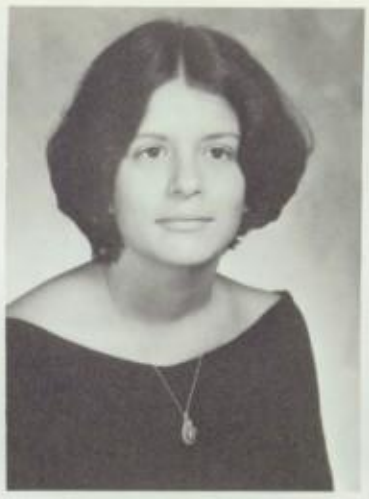
LEONARD LOMANGINO



Elizabeth Lazzaro — Bio Lab Squad; Library Squad; General Office Squad; Sing.
Mona Lee — Bowling Team; Attendance Office; Bio. Lab Squad.
Moi Leong — Treas. — Arista; G.O. Cabinet; Math Team; Math Office.
Charlie Leto — G.O. Cabinet; Capt. — Track Team; Capt. — Cross Country Team; Chem Lab Squad.
Nicholas Licciardi — Arista.
Valerie Lightfoot — Dance Club.
Carmela Linea — Sr. Cabinet.
Lee Lofaro — Arista; Sing; County Fair; G.O. Cabinet; Vice Pres. — Agathon Key Club, Ed.-in-Chief — NUHS; Ed.-in-Chief — COMET; Ass't Ed. — Spiral.



ANTHONY LOMBARDO



SARA LONGIN

CLAUDIA LOPEZ

KAREN LOUTHER

LILLIAN LOVICK

ARTHUR LOWEN

MARIA LUBRANO

ANNETTE LUCAS

JACKIE LUCAS

ANNE LUDWIGSEN

DIANNE LUNGARETTI

JANINE LUPARELLI

SUSAN LURIE

DARLENE LYNCH

Anthony Lombardo — Bio. Lab Squad.
Karen Louther — Attendance Office; B.S.C.
Arthur Lowen — Mimeo. Squad.
Maria Lubrano — Language Office; Grade Adv. Office.
Annette Lucas — Deans' Squad.
Jackie Lucas — B.S.C. Leaders.
Janine Luparelli — Boosters; Sing; Sr. Chorus; G.O. Cabinet; Jr. Grade Rep.; County Fair; Social, Pub., Orientation Comm.
Susan Lurie — Sing; Sr. Chorus; Library Squad.

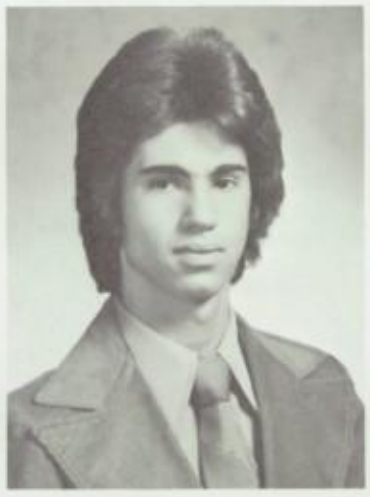
LAURICE MACAULEY

CAROL MACCONE

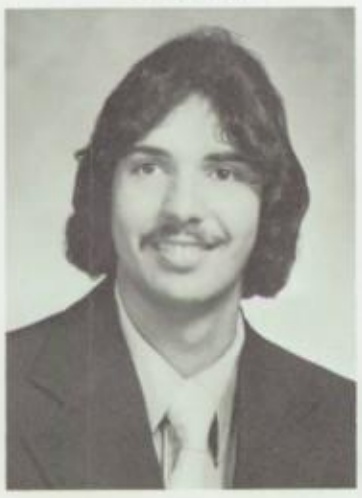
MARY ANN MACK

MARY-MARGARET MAFFAI

GINA MAGGIO



GLENN MAGNAN



STEPHEN MAMAKAS

MARION MANCINI

GERALD MANNARINO

ROBERT MARANZANO

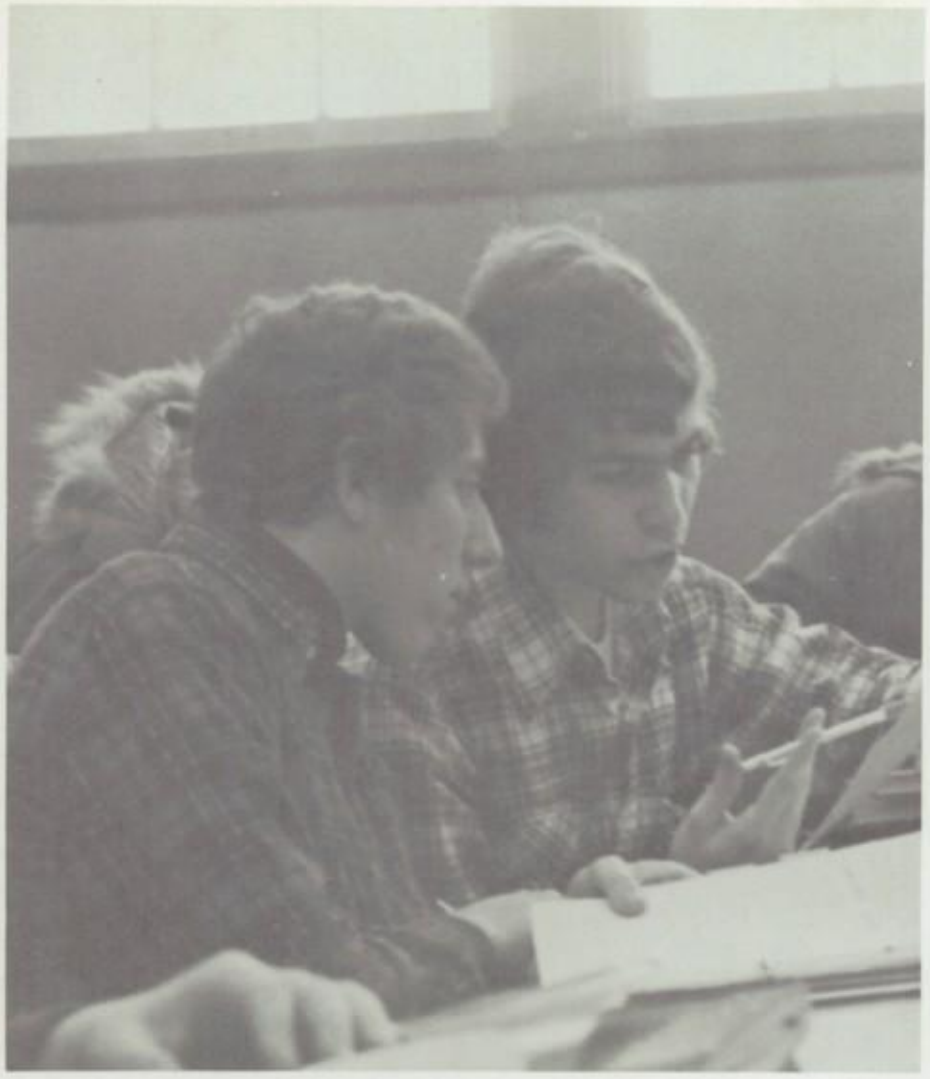
JOSEPH MARSCHHAUSER

WILLIAM MARTINO

MARVA CHARLES

ANNA MASTANDREA

Laurice Macauley — Boosters; Varsity Show; Sing; County Fair; Jr. Grade Rep.; Pub. Comm.
Carol Maccone — Sing; Leaders; Modern Dance; Gymnastics.
MaryAnn Mack — Boosters; G.O. Cabinet; Sr. Cabinet; Co-Capt. Track Team; Modern Dance.
Mary-Margaret Maffai — Sr. Cabinet; Boosters; County Fair; Pub. Comm.
Gina Maggio — B.E.H.S.; Sing.
Marion Mancici — Sing; Sr. Band; Deans' Squad.
Gerald Mannarino — Arista; Math Team; Chess Team; Mathemagician; Bowling Team; Bio. Lab Squad; Deans' Squad; Math Office Squad.
William Martino — Arista; G.O. Cabinet; Math office Squad; Math Team; Chess Team.
Anna Mastandrea — Co-op.



SILVANA MASTANTUONO

FLORENCE MASTRAPASQUA

RALPH MASTRODDI

RITA MATRANGA

VINCENT MATTERA

DARLENE MATTIS

STEVEN MATZA

Kirk
Good Luck
in college
You'll
have a
great time
Guido

GUIDO MAURINO

MICHAEL MAURO

ANTOINETTE MAVARO

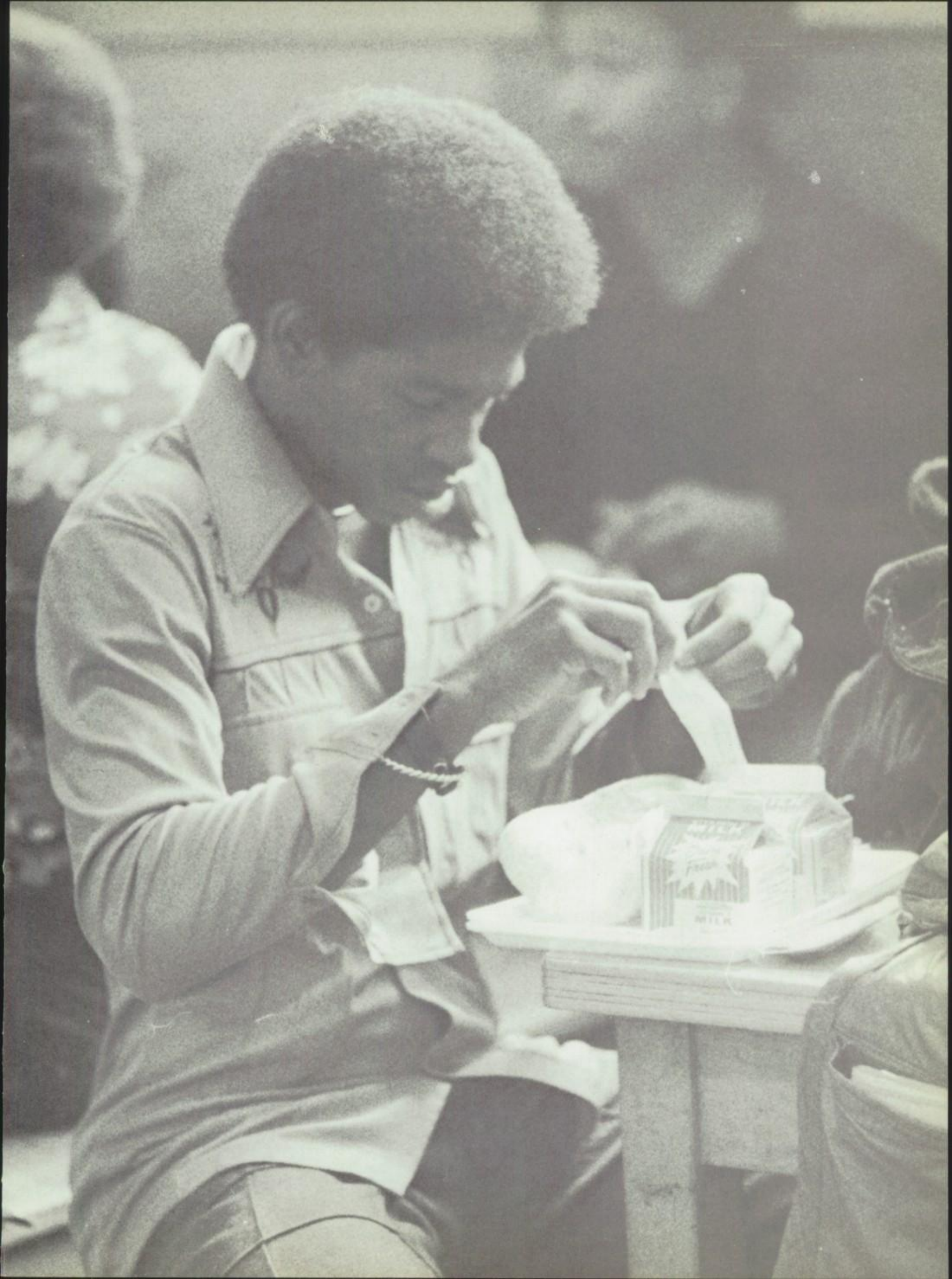
LIBERTA MAZZELLA

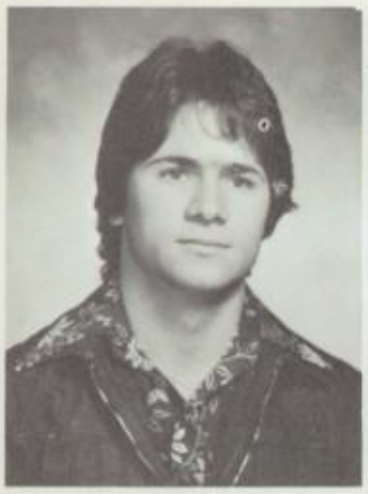
ROBERT McCORD

SANDRA McFARLANE

JACKIE McGHEE

Florence Mastrapasqua — Grade Adv. Office.
Steven Matza — Boyleader — Arista; Agathon — Key Club; Ed.-in-Chief — NUHS; Sports Ed. — NUHS; Copy Ed. — COMET; Mathemagician; Spiral; Capt. — Chess Team; Tennis Team; Orchestra; Photo Club; G.O. Cabinet; Vice Pres. — Sr. Cabinet; County Fair.
Guido Maurino — Basketball Team.
Sandra McFarlane — Consultative Council; Elections Comm.; Orientation Comm.; B.S.C.





JOEY MC GUIRE

ELEISE MC KELLY

THERESA MC MILLIAN

PRINCENESS MCQUAIGE

JOYCE MEADE

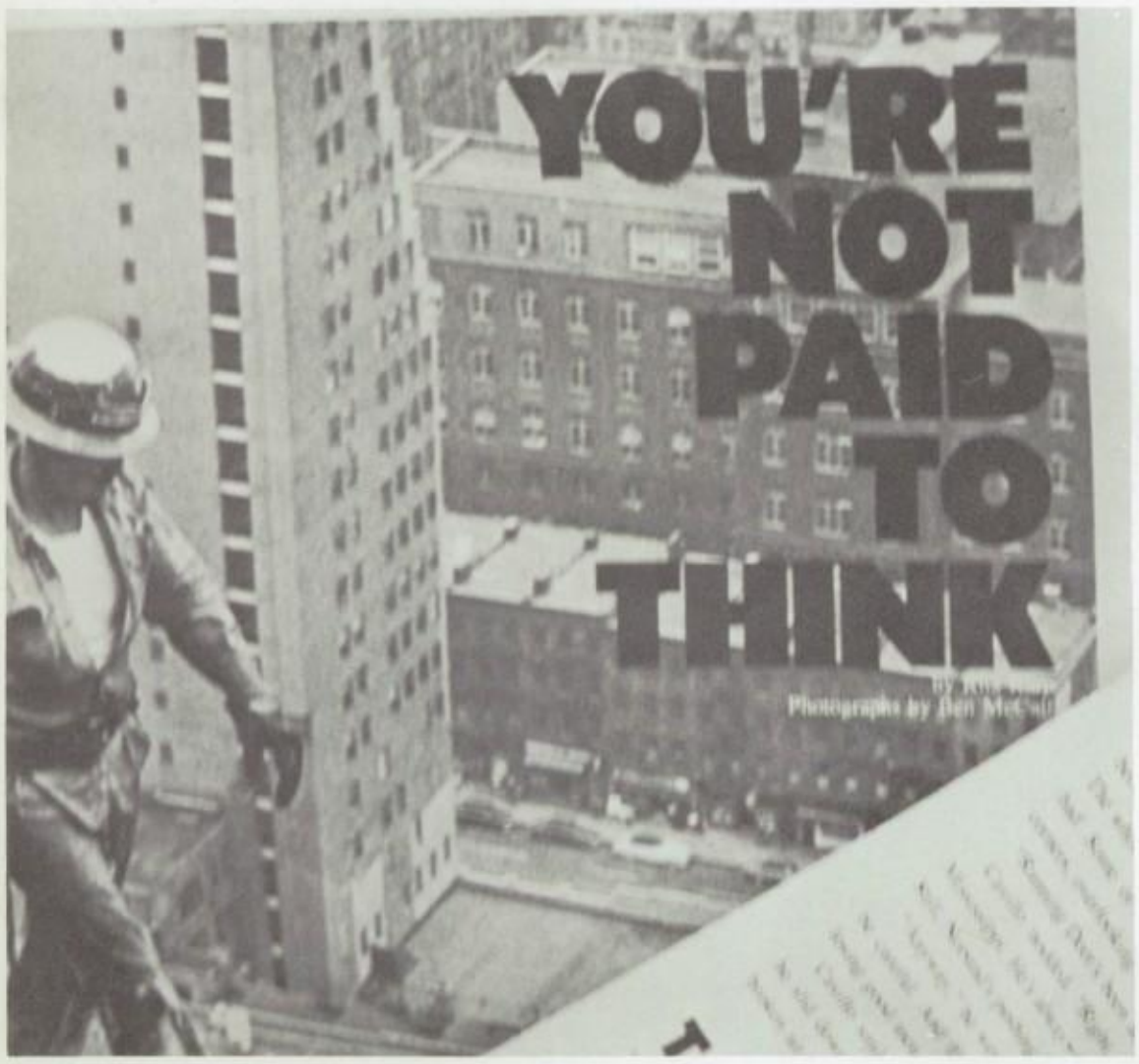
DEBORAH MEGGETT

STEPHANIE MENICHINI

BONNY MERCER

ELAINA MESSINA

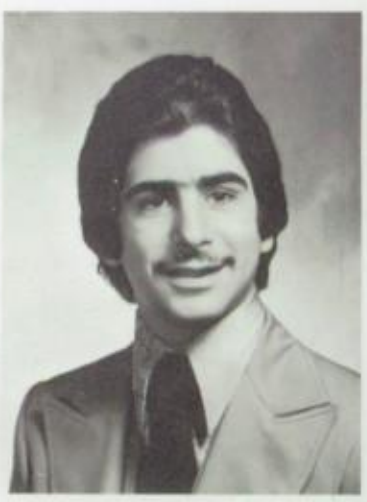
ROSEANNE MIGLIORE



MITCH MIGNOSI

LINDA MILANO

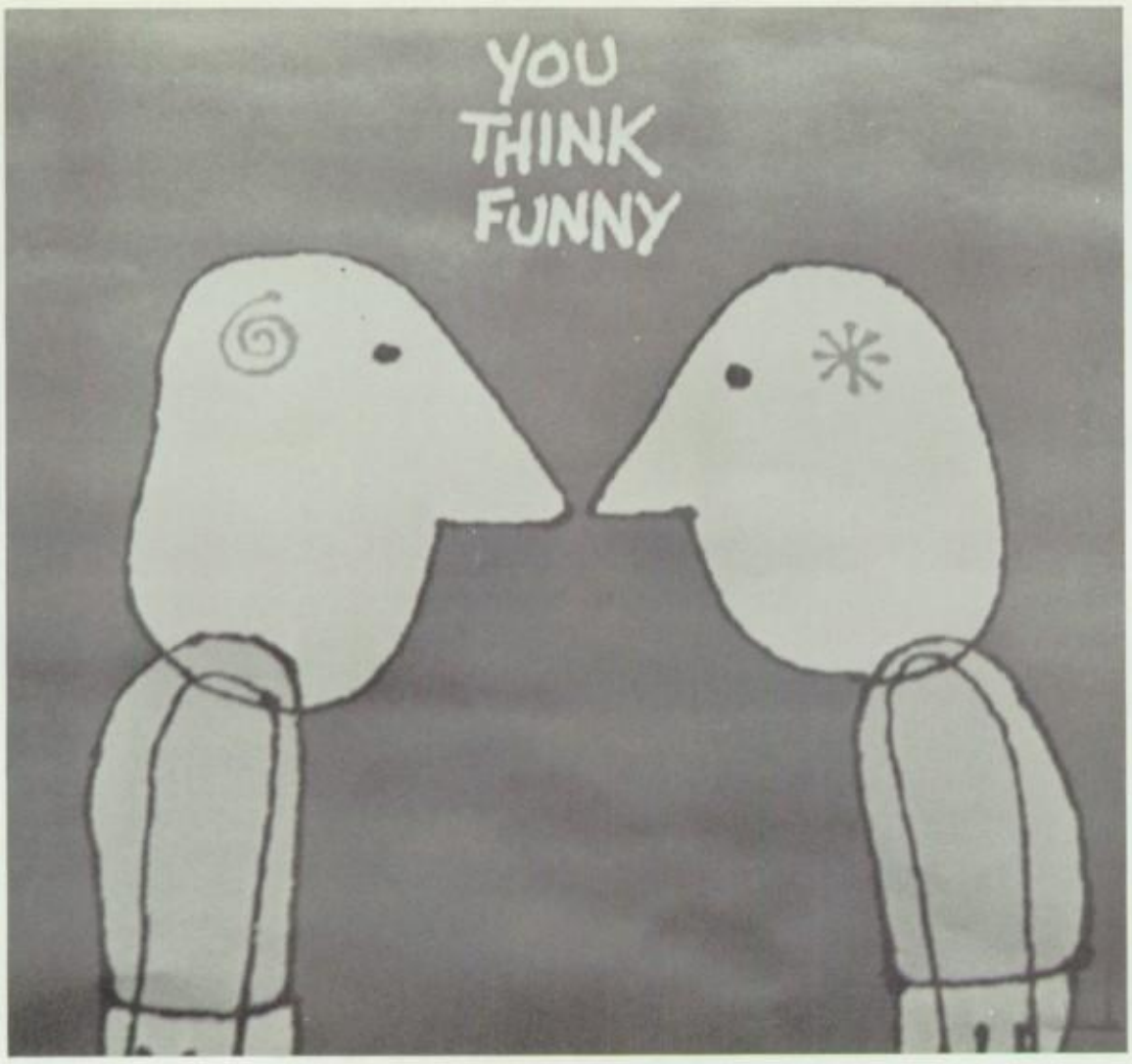
BARBARA MILLIGAN



JOSEPH MILONI

Joey McGuire — Capt. — Baseball Team.
Eleise McKelly — Sr. Chorus; Modern Dance Club.
Princeness McQuaige — Library Squad; Deans' Squad; Leaders.
Stephanie Menichini — B.E.H.S.; Deans' Squad.
Elaina Messina — Chorus.

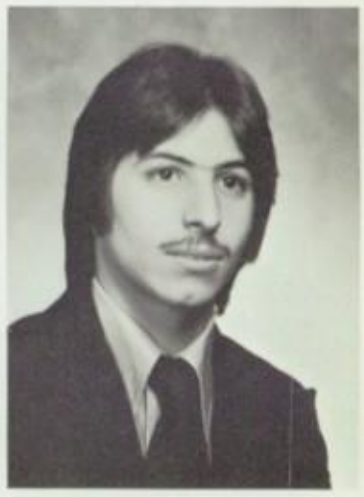
Roseanne Migliore — G.O. Cabinet; Co.-Chairman of Sing; Capt. — Twirlers; Publicity Comm.; County Fair.
Barbara Milligan — Track Team; Bio. Lab Squad; Volleyball Team.
Joseph Miloni — Sing.



DIANE MINGOIA

LYNETTE MINOR

DONNY MIRANDA



PETER MIRIGLIANO

JOE MISITI

TONI-ANN MISTRETTA

BOBBY MONROE

MARIA MONTELLA

DENISE MOODY

THERESA MORAN

MARIA MORANDO

STEVEN MORGENSTERN

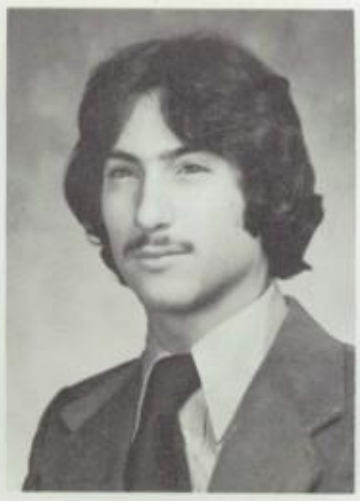
ALDO MORICI

BILL MORYTO

Lynette Minor — Leaders; Modern Dance Club; Deans' Squad.
Bobby Monroe — Stage Crew.

Aldo Morici — Sing; Pres. — Sr. Band; Orchestra.
Maria Morando — B.E.H.S.; Social Comm.; Modern Dance Club.

PHYLLIS MOTTA



LOUIS MOTTOLA

MIA MOY

LINDA MUCHER

JOSEPH MULDOON

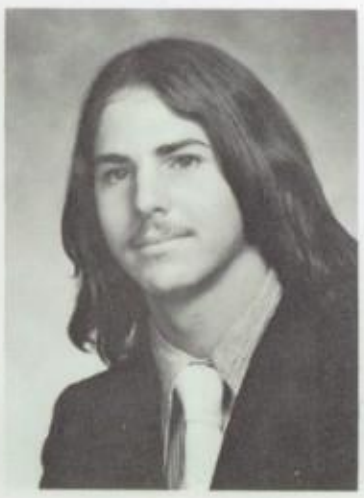
JOHN MULTARI

RALPH MULTARY

BRIAN MURPH

LYNNETTE MURPH

SHARON MUTONE



CORY NAHOUM

TONI NAPOLI

ROSE NEGLIA

JOSEPH NICHOLSON

Phyllis Motta — B.E.H.S.; G.O. Cabinet; Capt. — Cheerleaders; County Fair.
Joseph Muldoon — Sing; Varsity Show.
Lynnette Murph — Boosters; B.S.C.
Sharon Mutone — Attendance Office Squad.
Cory Nahoum — Swim Team; Aquatic Leaders; Sing; Varsity Show; County Fair.
Toni Napoli — Orientation Comm; County Fair; Coordinator of Election and Social Comm.; Publicity Comm.; Deans' Squad; Grade Adv. Office; Consultative Council; G.O. Pres; Sec. — Sr. Cabinet; Sec. — G.O. Soph. Rep.

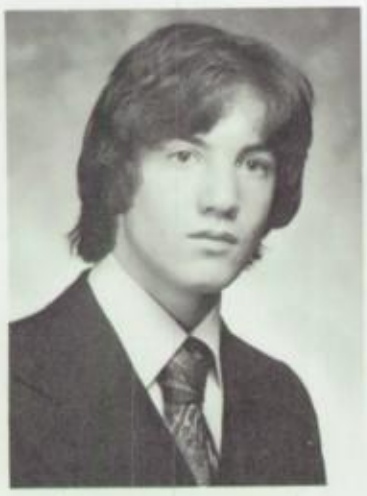
JOHN NICOTERA

KATHERINE NUCCI

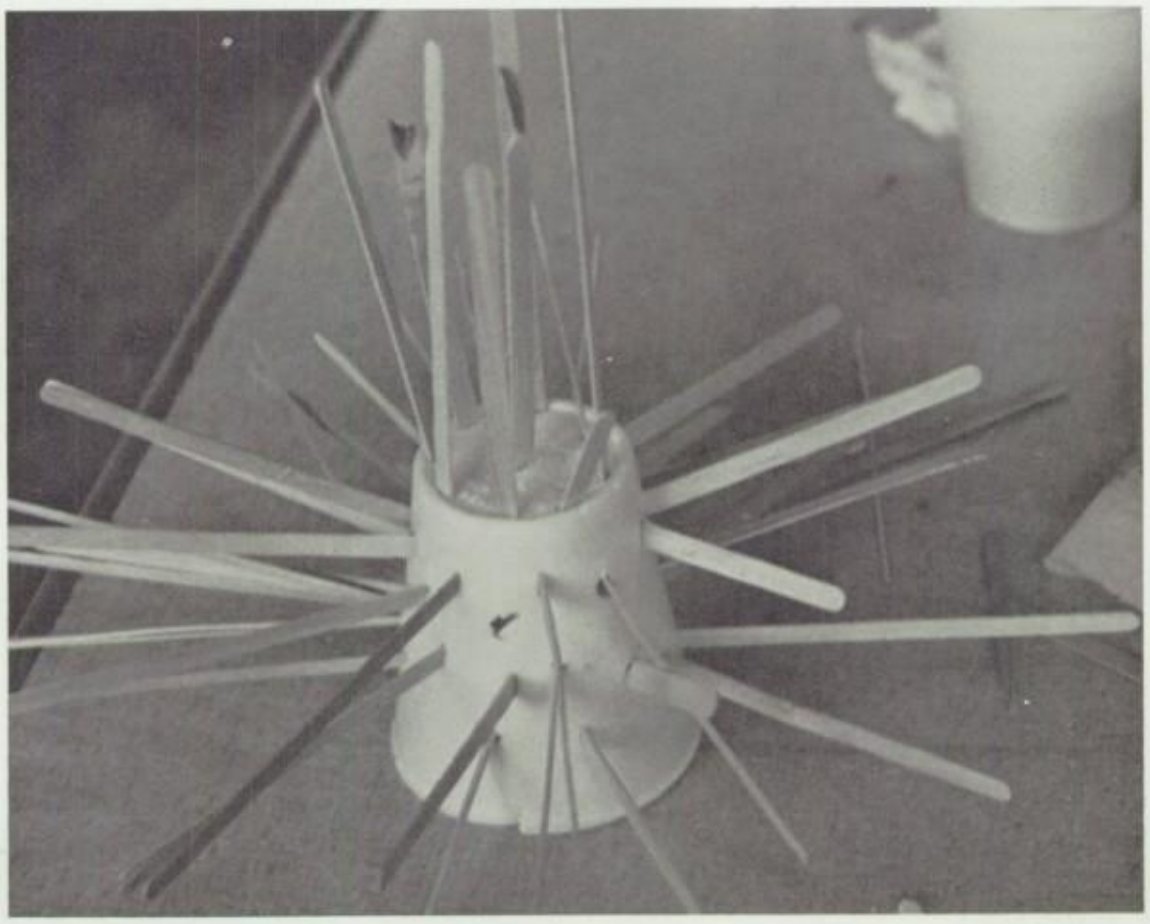
MELINDA O'BEY

DOROTHY O'CONNELL

MICHAEL O'CONNOR



THOMAS O'MALLEY



CHRISTOPHER ORTORO

JOHN OTTRANDO

AMY PAGLIARO

GRACE PALLADINO

LINDA PALMER

ANGELA PANARELLO

DEBBIE PANARO

AL PANNONE

John Nicotera — Football Team.
Katherine Nucci — Arista; Photo. Club; Bowling Team.
Melinda O'Bey — Track Team; Library Squad; Deans' Squad.
Michael O'Connor — Agathon Key Club; G.O. Cabinet; Orientation Comm.; NUHS; Layout Ed. — COMET; Treas. — G.O.; Sing; County Fair; Band; Orchestra.

Christopher Ortoro — Baseball Team; J. V. Basketball.
Amy Pagliaro — G. O. Cabinet; Boosters; Sing; County Fair; Grade Adv. Office; Publicity Comm.
Linda Palmer — Modern Dance; B.S.C.
Debbie Pannaro — Publicity Comm.; Social Comm.; Sec. — Boosters.

MISSING PERSON

LORRAINE PARADISO

ANDRÉ PARKER

PHILIP PASSARO

DANIEL PATERNA

DEBRA PATTERSON

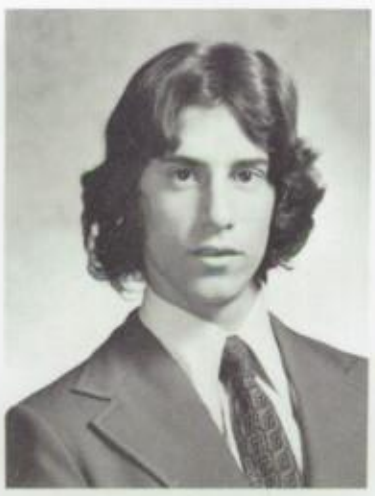
NATALIE PAULUCCI

CARMINE PELLEGRINO

JOSEPH PELLEGRINO

LOUIS PELLEGRINO

NICK PELLEGRINO



RICKY PENNACCHIO

GRACE PERONE

ACCURSIO PERRATORE

Ralph Papalia — Capt. — Stage Crew; Sing; G.O. Cabinet; Sr. Cabinet; COMET.
Lorraine Paradiso — Deans' Office Squad.
Andre Parker — Sr. Cabinet.
Philip Passaro — Dance Band; Sing; Varsity Show.
Daniel Paterna — Capt. — Swimming Team; Capt. — Golf Team.
Natalie Pauluci — Sing; Band; Swim Leader.
Carmine Pellegrino — Co. Capt. — Mimeo.
Joseph Pellegrino — Mimeo.
Nick Pellegrino — Soccer Team.
Ricky Pennacchio — Sing; Varsity Show; Stage Crew; Swim Team.
Accursio Perratore — Soccer Team.

VINCENZO PERRATORE

JULIE PESCE

FRANK PETRILLO

AUGUST PICCOLO

JOHN PICCOLO

NICK PINNOLA

GREGORY PIPARO

NANCY PISACRETA

CAROLINE PISANI

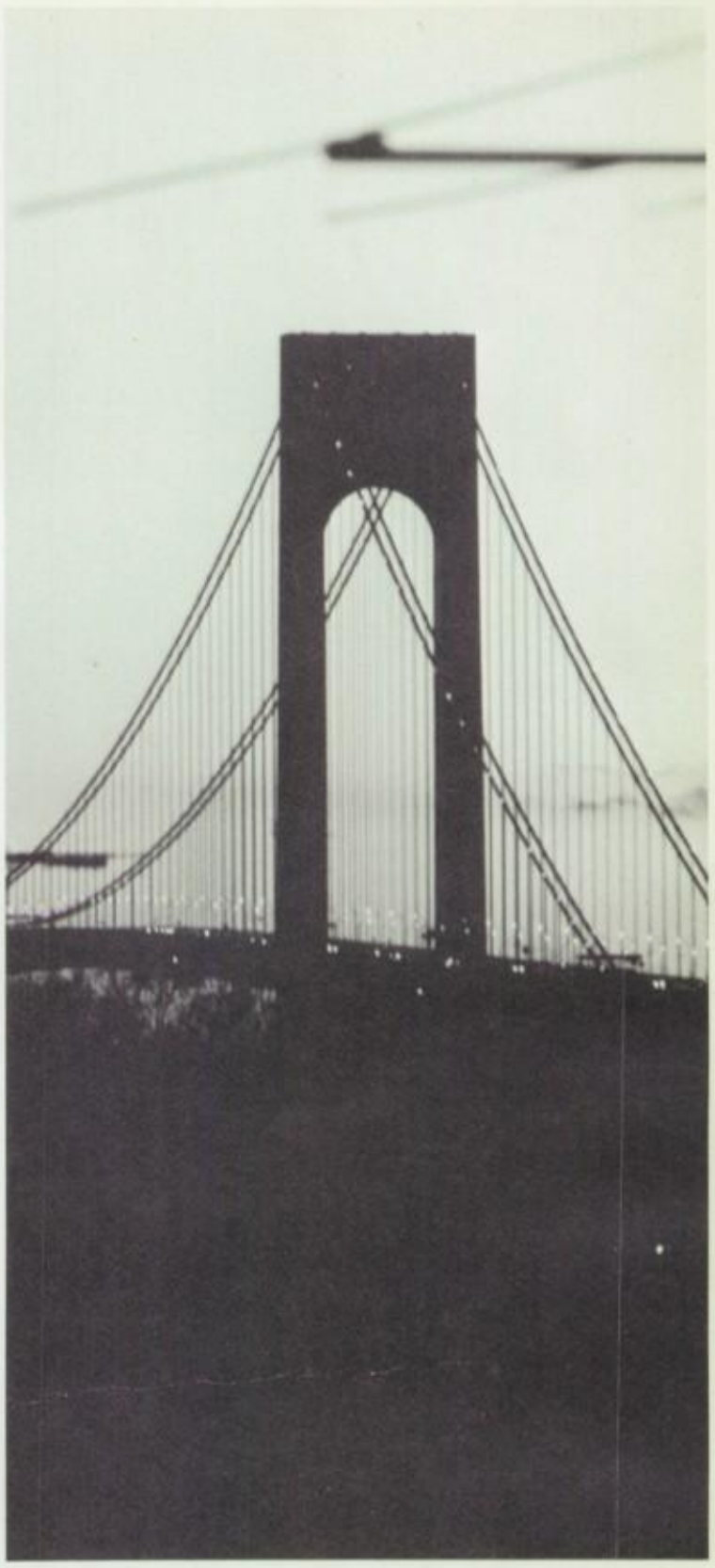
SILVANA PIZZUTO

MARYANN POLIZZI

ADA PONESSE

BARBARA POUGH

ELISE POVERO

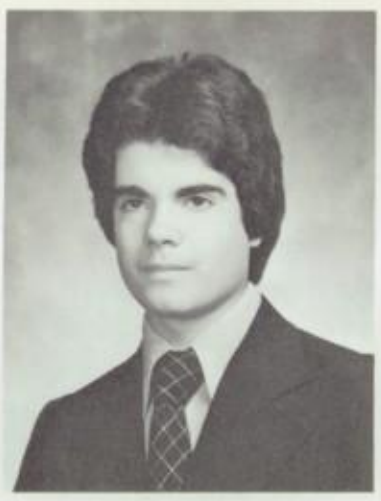


Nick Pinnola — Music Honor Society; All-City Band; Varsity Baseball.
Nancy Pisacreta — Chorus.
Caroline Pisani — County Fair; Softball Team.

Silvana Pizzuto — Italian Club; Deans' Squad.
Maryann Polizzi — Grade Adv. Office.
Barbara Pough — Boosters; Library Squad; Attendance Office.

PETER PRATA

JOHN PRAVATA



JOHN PRINCIOTTA

LEO PRIOLA

VITA PRIVITERA

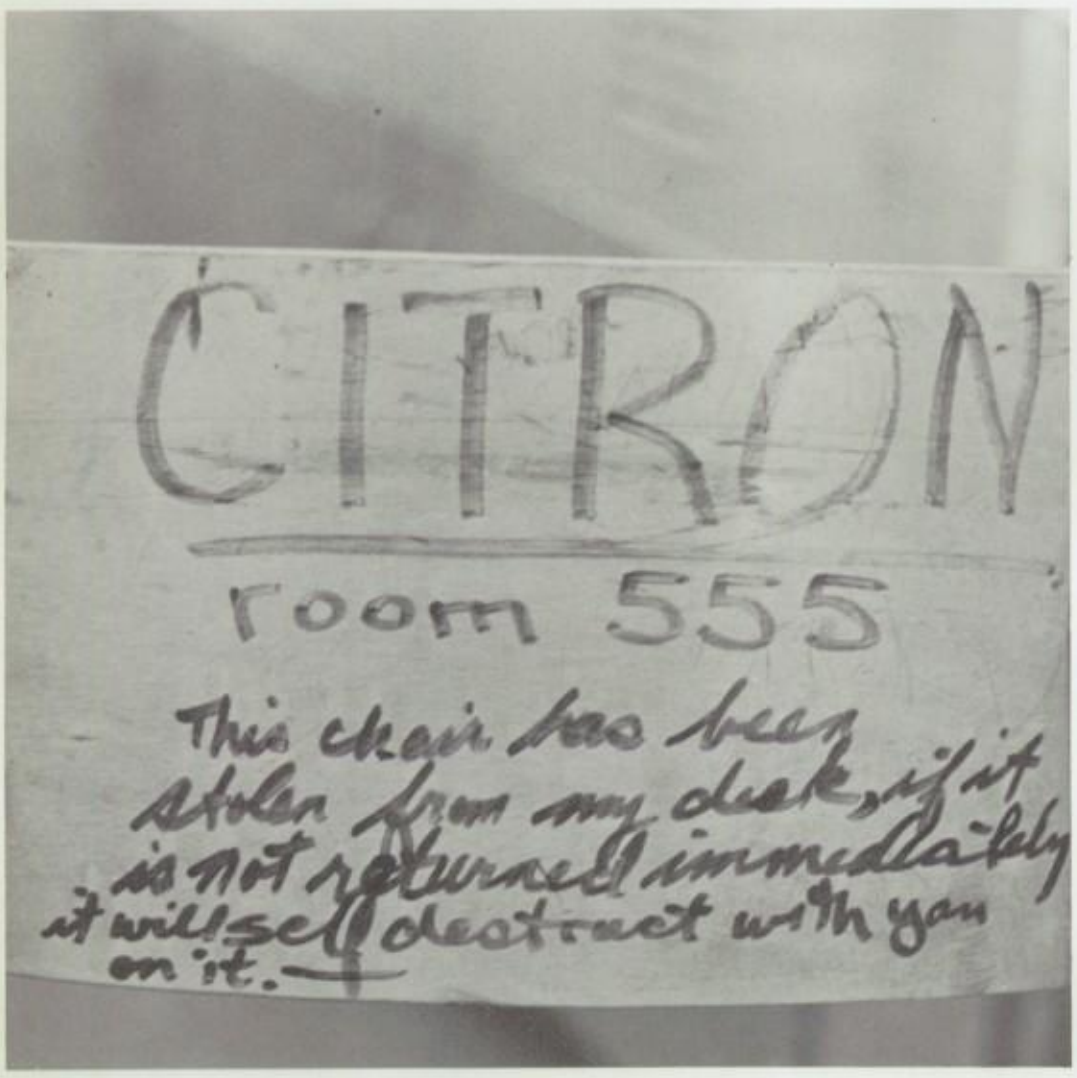
ANNE PROFACI

ANTHONY PUNCH

SUSAN QUIMBY

JOANN QUINCI

LORRAINE RABBA



DEBORAH RAGO

PAT RAMETTA

TERRY RAMOS

MARYJANE RANGNOW

Peter Prata — J.V. Baseball; J.V. Basketball.
John Princiotta — Sing.
Leo Priola — Sing; Varsity Show; County Fair; Dance Band; Sr. Band; orchestra; Deans' Squad; English Bk. Rm.; Attendance Office.

Susan Quimby — Art Squad.
Deborah Rago — Agathon — Key Club; Deans' Squad.
Pat Rametta — Stage Crew; Sing; Varsity Show.
Maryjane Rangnow — Boosters.

MICHELE RAO

ROSE MARIE RAO

MARY REDDEN

JUDY RENAUD

DONNA RENDE

YOLONDA REYNOLDS

MARIE RICCA

DEBORAH RICCIARDI

MICHAEL RICCIARDI

CAROL RICCIARDO

ROBERT RICHARD

BLANCHE RIDDICK

CARMELA RINDONE

ANGELO RISPOLI

Rose Marie Rao — Agathon Key Club.
Yolonda Reynolds — B.E.H.S.

Marie Ricca — Attendance Office.
Michael Riccardi — Chem Lab. Squad.

ANTHONY RIZZI

JO ANNE RIZZO

JOSEPH RIZZO

THERESA RIZZO

DELFINA RODRIGUEZ

MARIA RODRIGUEZ

SYLVIA ROJAS

FILOMENA ROMANO

JOHN ROMEO

ANDREW ROSALBO

LINDA ROSATO

MICHAEL ROSSMANGO

JANICE ROTHSTEIN

DANNY RUBANO

Anthony Rizzi — Arista; G. O. Cabinet; Ed.-in-Chief of Mathemagician; County Fair; Math Team; Math Office Squad.
Joseph Rizzo — Swimming Team.
Theresa Rizzo — B.E.H.S.
Delfina Rodriguez — Language Office; Spanish Club.
Maria Rodriguez — G. O. Cabinet; Spanish Club; Softball Team; Leaders.
Filomena Romano — Sing.
Janice Rothstein — Grade Adv. Office.

GIUSEPPE RUBERTO

JUDI RUBIN

AUMEMPHIS RUFFIN

CELESTE RUGGERI

CHRISTOPHER RUGGIERO

ROBERT RUNDBAKEN

JOSEPHINE RUSSO

LUCIA RUSSO

JOSEPH RUSSO

NICHOLAS RUSSO

PHILIP RUSSO

RICHARD SALAMON

JOSEPH SALOMONE

BERNADETTE SAMMUT

Joseph Ruberto — Soccer Team; Italian Club.
Judi Rubin — Music Honor Society; Band; Orchestra; Mimeo. Office.
Christopher Ruggiero — Grade Adviser's Office; Sing.
Robert Rundbaken — Sing; Varsity; Stage Crew; Library Squad.
Lucia Russo — Italian Club.
Philip Russo — Sing; Varsity Show.
Richard Salamon — Bio. Lab Squad; Photo Club.
Bernadette Sammut — Arista; B.E.H.S.; Orientation Comm.; Publicity Comm.; Leaders; Boosters; Sing; Varsity Show; County Fair; Gymnastics; G.O. Cabinet; Monday Announcer; Grade Adv. Office; Social Studies Office; NUHS; COMET; Social Commission.

LISA SANTAGATA

FRED SANTARPIA

BRENDA SANTINO

SAL SANTOMAURO

MARYANN SANTORELLI

DONNA SAPONARO

MARY SATILI

LOUIS SAVELLI

MICHAEL SAVINO

JOSEPH SBARRA

STEWART SCHARF

GIUSTINA SCHIANO

STEVEN SCHINDELHEIM

CARL SCHININA

Fred Santarpia — Baseball Team.
Brenda Santino — Arista; G.O. Cabinet; Co-Capt. — Boosters.
Mary Satili — Arista; Boosters; County Fair; COMET; Sing; Band; Orchestra.
Louis Savelli — Bowling Team.
Stewart Scharf — NUHS.

Giustina Schiano — Social Commissioner; County Fair; Publicity Comm.; Orientation Comm.; Varsity Show; Twirlers; Sing; Spanish Club; For. Language Office.
Steven Schindelheim — Arista; Bio. Lab Squad; Stage Crew; Math Team; Sing; Varsity Show.
Carl Schinina — Arista; Italian Club; Soccer Team.

ADRIENNE SCICCHIGNO

JEANMARIE SCICCHIGNO

DOMINICK SCIORTINO

FRANK SCOLARO

PATRICIA SEALE

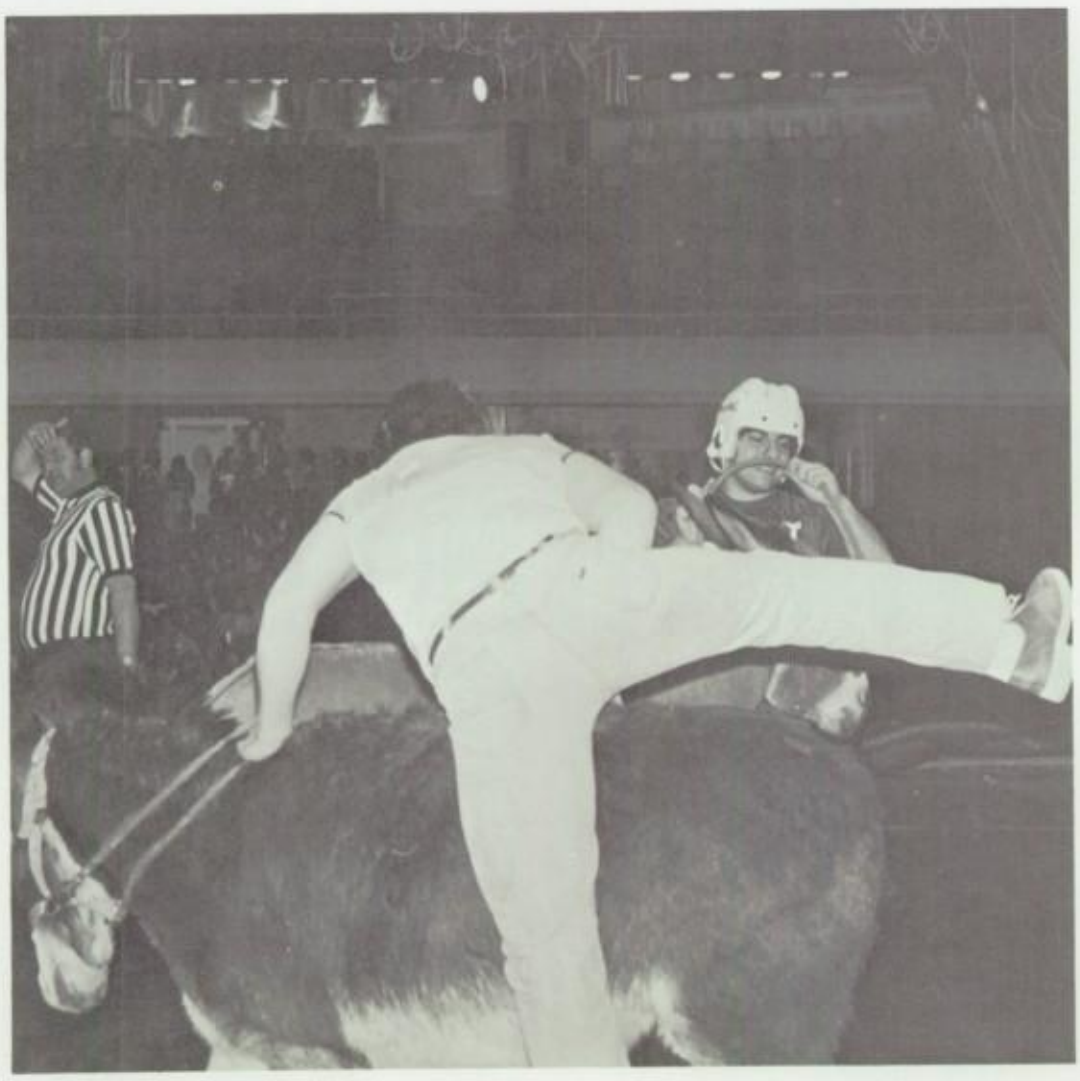
LARRY SEBELSKY

DIANE SEGRETO

JONI SEGRETO

CAROLINE SENATORE

STEPHANIE SENZINO



RAYMOND SHEEHAN

VINCENT SHEEHAN

JOSEPH SIGGIA

DEBBIE SLATCHER

Adrienne Scicchigno — Volleyball Team; Leaders; Agathon — Key Club.
Jean Marie Scicchigno — Pub. Comm.; G.O. Cabinet; COMET; Capt. — Gymnastics Team; Leaders; Photo. Club; Sing; Physical Science Office.
Dominick Sciortino — Sec. — Italian Club; Soccer Team.
Frank Scolaro — G.O. Cabinet; Football Team; Track Team.
Larry Sebelsky — Jr. Band.
Diane Segreto — Sing; Leaders.
Joni Segreto — Arista; County Fair; Varsity Show; Sing; Boosters; Pub. Comm.; Rec. Office; Library Squad; G.O. Cabinet; Social Comm.
Stephanie Senzino — B.E.H.S.
Raymond Sheehan — Math Team; Mathemagician.
Vincent Sheehan — Math Team; Mathemagician.
Joe Siggia — Football Team; Track Team.
Debbie Slatcher — Arista; COMET; County Fair; Grade Adv. Office; Deans' Squad; Sing.

ARLEEN SMITH

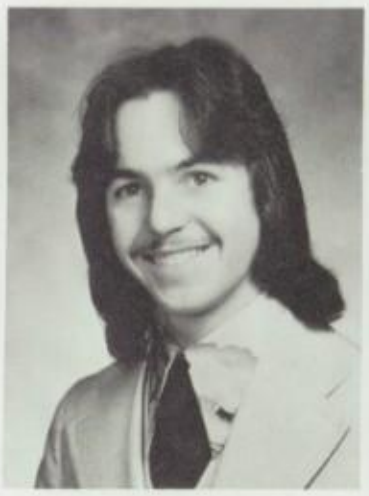
CHERYL SMITH

CURTIS SMITH

DARCY SMITH

DARRELL SMITH

JANICE SMITH



WAYNE SMITH

CAROLANN SOMMA

DEBBIE SOMMARUGA

WAYNE SPIRO

VINCENT STRACQUADANIO

MADIE SUTTON

JUNE TATA

HENRY TELIAS

Arleen Smith — Arista; Grade Adv. Office.
Carolann Somma — Boosters; G.O. Cabinet; Sr. Cabinet; Pub. Comm.; Grade Adv. Office; County Fair; Sing; Orientation Comm.
Vincent Stracquadanio — Math Team; Mathemagician.

Madie Sutton — Modern Dance Club; Senior Chorus.
June Tata — Social Comm.; Pub. Comm., County Fair Comm.; G.O. Cabinet; Capt. — Boosters; D.E.C.A.

LISA TEUTONICO

EDWARD THOMAS

LINDA THOMAS

JOAN THOMPSON

LARRY TOCCI

MARGARET TODISCO

GREGORY TOMMASINO

WAI TONG

FRANCES TORNELLO

DEBRA TORO

GLADYS TOVI

MARILINA TRAPANOTTO

JOHN TREMMEL

JOSEPHINE TRIPI

Edward Thomas — G.O. Cabinet; Pres. — Orientation Comm.; Sing; Varsity Show.
Joan Thompson — Sing; Chorus; Pub. Comm.; Orientation Comm.; G.O. Cabinet; Boosters; Library Squad; Consultative Council.
Wai Tong — Swimming Team; Photo Club.
Debra Toro — Arista; B.E.H.S.; Softball Team; Karate Squad.
Gladys Tovi — Sr. Cabinet; Bilingual Program.
Marilina Trapanotto — Treas. — B.E.H.S.; Arista; Sr. Cabinet; Mathemagician; Grade Adv. Office.
John Tremmel — Capt. — Tennis Team; COMET; NUHS; Chem. Lab Squad; Co. Capt. — Photo Club; Stage Crew; Chorus.
Josephine Tripi — Deans' Squad.

THERESA TUFANO

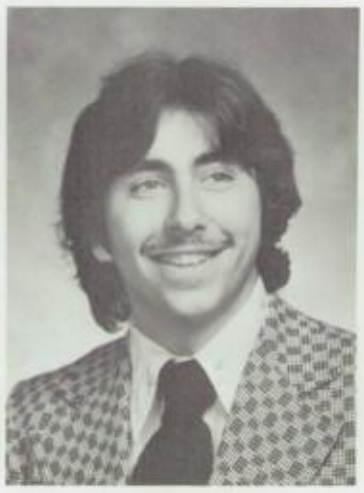
JIM TUMMINIA

SONDRA ULANER

VINCENTA VACCARO

GARY VALDATA

PHILIP VALENTI



VINCENT VALERIO

DEBORAH VANGROVE

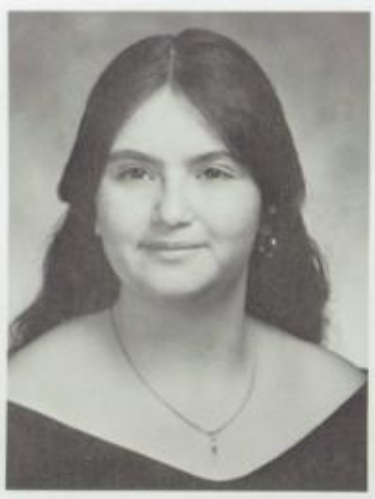
NESTOR VELEZ

DIANE VENEZIA

LENA VENTO

ANGELO VENUTO

CATHY VERO



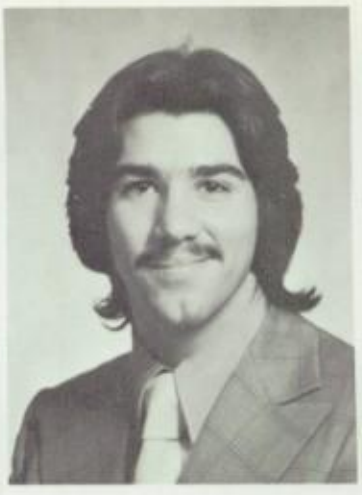
KAREN VICHNES

Jim Tumminia — Baseball Team; College Office Squad.
Vincenta Vaccaro — B.E.H.S.; Sing; General Office Squad.
Gary Valdata — Vice Pres. — G.O.; Co. Capt. — Stage Crew; Sing; Varsity Show; Agathon — Key Club; G.O. Cabinet; Sr. Cabinet; Orientation, Social, Candy Sale Comm.; County Fair; ARISTA.
Philip Valenti — Golf Team; Swimming Team; G.O. Cabinet.
Deborah Vangrove — Arista; Attendance Office Squad.
Nestor Velez — Pres. — Spanish Club; Handball Team.

JO ANN VIVOLO

MARGARET VOZZO

ROBERT VROOM



STEVEN WADE

CLIFF WAHLBERG

CELESTE WALKER

JAMES WALLACE

LISA WALLACE

FRED WATTS

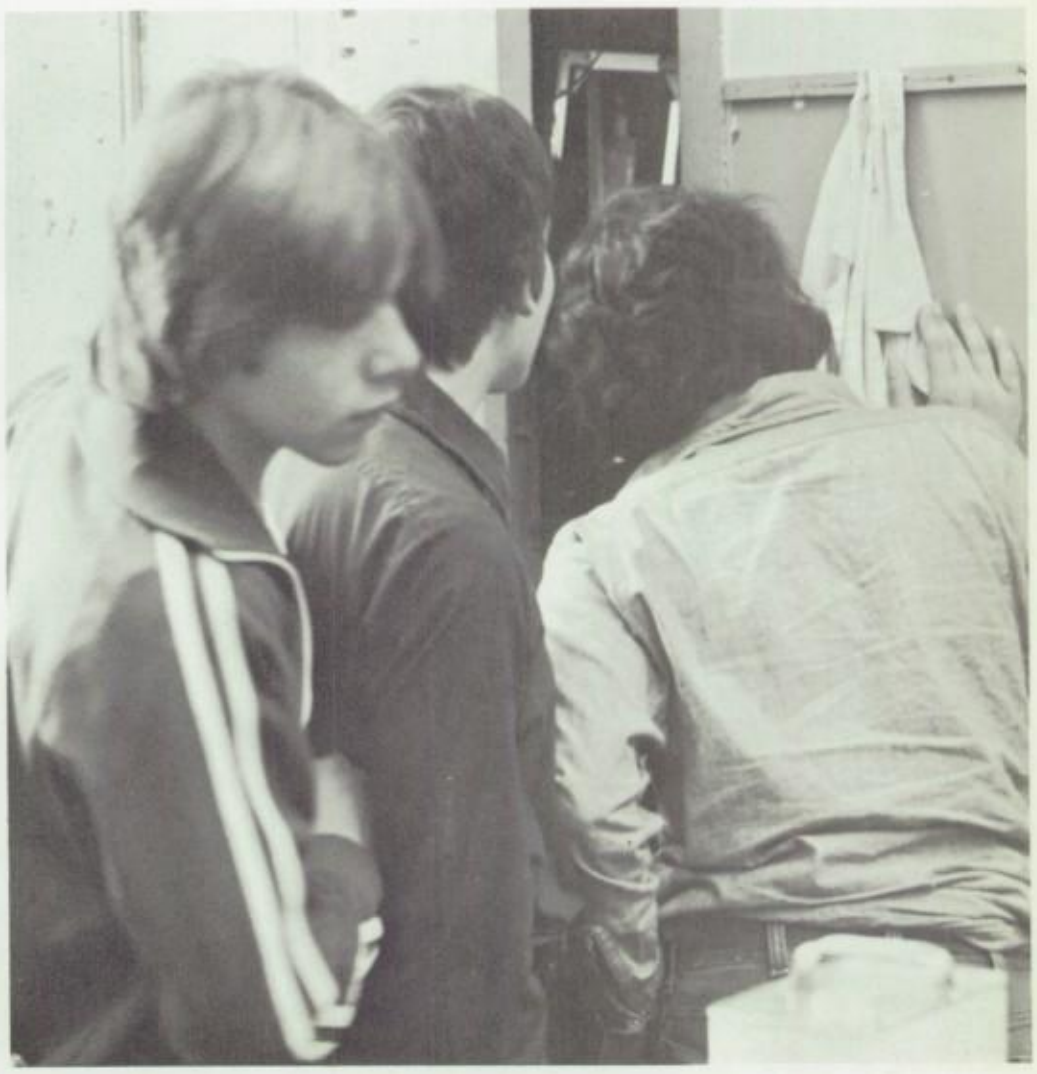
PIERRE WATTS

JUNE WEISSMAN

GWENDOLYN WHITE

DEBBIE WHITING

CAROLYN WILKERSON



God Luck - Party

JoAnn Vivolo — Arista; Sec. — G.O.; Sing; Varsity Show; Boosters; Deans' Squad; Sr. Band; Grade Adv. Office.
Margaret Vozzo — Arista; Deans' Office; Library Squad; Grade Adv. Office; Math office.
Celeste Walker — Sr. Cabinet; College Office.
Carolyn Wilkerson — Co-op; Deans' Office; Rec. Office.

RICHARD VILLANO

BILL WILLIAMS

EUNICE WILLIAMS

JANET WILSON

CHIU WING LAI

HENK WOEI

NORMAN WRIGHT

ROGER WRIGHT

ADRIENNE YOUNG

DAVID ZAGAME

MAE ZAGAMI

DEBBIE ZAND

TINA ZARRILLO

ANN ZAVATTIERI

MARY ZIMBELMANN

MICHAEL ZUFFANTE

Richard Villano — Baseball Team.
Bill Williams — Capt. — Baseball Team; B.S.C.
Eunice Williams — Leaders.
Henk Woei — Soccer Team; Fencing Team.
Roger Wright — Track Team.

Adrienne Young — Rec. Office; Library Squad.
Debbie Zand — Sr. Band; Dance Band.
Tina Zarrillo — Sing.
Ann Zavattieri — Rec. Office; Deans' Squad.
Michael Zuffante — Swim Team.

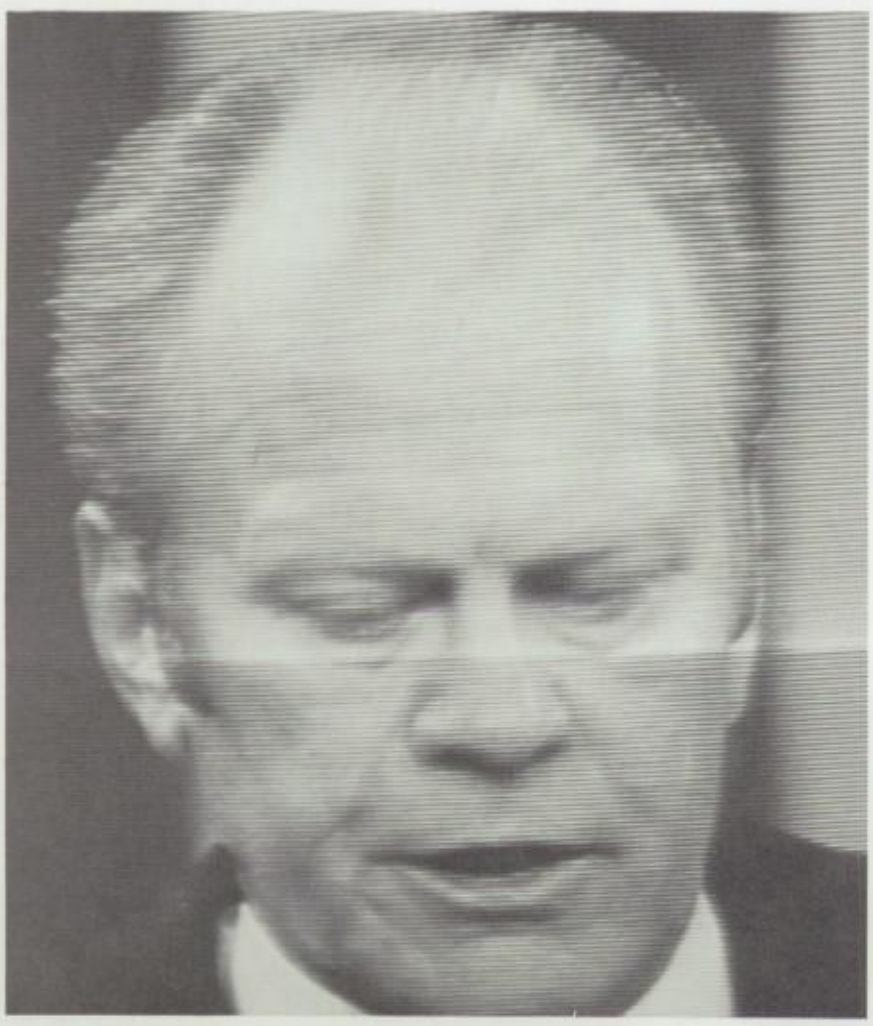
Camera Shy

JOSEPH AGNOSTINO
JOSEPH AIELLO
ANTHONY ALLIOTTA
ROSE ANN AMMIRABILE
MICHAEL ANDREACCHIO
JOAN ANTHONY
AMALIA ANZALONE
DANNY BARBARO
STEVEN BARTOLOTTO
ANTHONY BONCORAGLIO
ANGELA BONFRISCO
RICHARD BOTTO
MARK BRITT
RONALD BROUGHTON
JOHN BRUNETTI
RAY BUCCAFUSCO
SANDRA CAIN
FRANK CAMPANIOLO
SAL CAPITUMMINO
MATHEW CARLEY
JOSEPH CARRORARO
RICHARD CENNAMO
RENNY CHARLESWELL
MARESSA CHAVEZ
GEORGE CHU
GARY CILLO
WILLIAM CLINI
ANTONIO COLOMBA
SALVATORE CORRENTE
RICHARD COSTA
MICHAEL CRISPI
PHILIP D'ANDREA
DENIS D'ASARO
GLENN DAY
PATRICIA DI BENEDETTO
JOHN DI FILLIPPO
PHYLISS DI LORENZO
PETER DI MATTEO
ELLEN ESSES
SAL EUCCARELLA
ANTHONY FALCONE
MICHAEL FELUMERO
RICHARD FINAMORE
VIRGINIA FIUMEFREDDO
ANTHONY FRANZESE
RICHIE FREZZA
VINCENT FRISCIA
ROBERT FRIGONE
JULIUS GIABRUSSO
DENNIS GIORDANO
MARTA GONZALES
ELIZABETH GROLLINO
JOSEPHINE GULINO
KEVIN HANNA
ARTEMIS HARRIS
LORRI HART
RAYMOND HICKS
ROBERT HOFFMAN
STEVEN IANNACONE
JOE IERACI
ROBIN JACKSON
SILVIA JACKSON
RICHARD JOHNSON
GEORGE LACRARRUBBA
MARK LAMONICA
JOSEPH LAMPO
ELEANOR LAUTATO
FRANK LEMMA
ARTHUR LERRO
HENRY LIBANI
MICHAEL LICATA
THERESA LIVERANO
SAVERIO LUPO
RICHARD LUPOLI
ROBERT MAGLICANO
JOSEPH MANIACI
JOHN MANIACI
RALPH MARINO
JULIA MARTINELLI
FRANK MAURO
PETER MAURO
DEBBIE MCCAUGHEY
BONNIE MEBERG
NANCY MOCCIA
WILLIAM MONTOY
MARCUS MORRIS
GARY NAPOLI
GEORGE NICHOLAS
STEVEN OTTRANDO
ANTHONY PALUMBO
JOSEPH PANARO
RALPH PAPALIA
JOHN PARRINO
MARIA PELLEGRINI
STEVEN PENZA
PAT PERONE
EUGENE PERRY
ELISE POJERO
BARBARA POUGH
CRAIG PRESS
CARMELA PUGA
SAL RANDO
CYNTHIA REID
DONNA RENIE
CAROL RICCIARDI
AL RODRIQUEZ
GENE RUCCI
MIKE RUGGIERO
JOHN RUSSO
ELLIOT SALLY
JOAN SAMUELS
ZACHARY SAMUELS
NANCY SANTORPIETRO
JOHN SCAFIDI
ELLI SHAROFF
HARRY SHAUGHNESSY
RUSSELL SKOP
MARIE SIMONE
BRUCE SMART
ROBIN SPATAFORA
VINCENT TESTACCIO
FRANK THOM
CAROLYN TRIPPE
JAMES VAFADOV
DAVID VEGELLNELL
ROSEMARIE WILLIAMS
TONI WRIGHT
JOSEPH ZANFARDINO
SAL ZUCCARELLA

To Kim
Good Luck
Peter

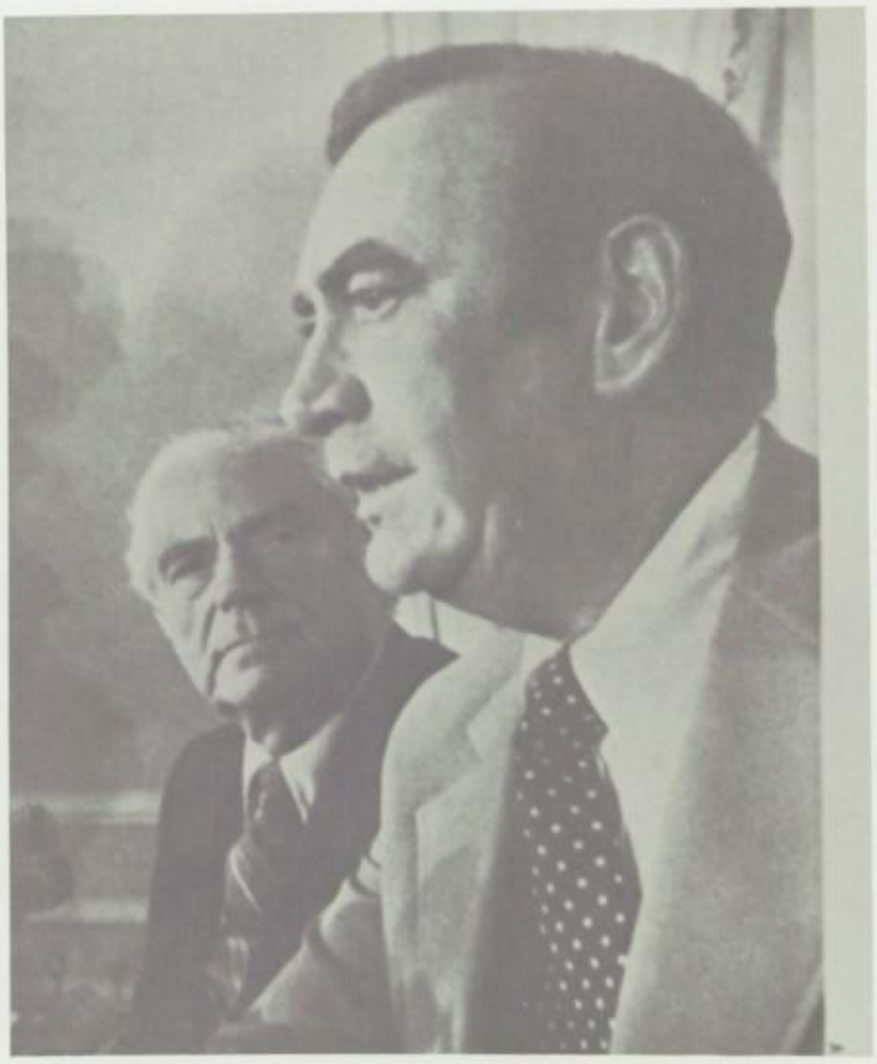
World Retrospect 1972-1976

September, 1972: Arab terrorists kill Israeli athletes at Olympic games in Munich ... Seven men are indicted in Watergate raid ... Bobby Fischer is the first American to win World Chess Championship, beating Russia's Boris Spassky in twenty-one games ... October: The Fleishman Commission on Education finds 45% of the high school students in the city use drugs ... President Nixon visits China, making Presidential history ... November: November 7 marks landslide reelection of President Nixon ... Second-term strategy aimed at injecting "new vitality" into the government ... Chile strike, which crippled the country's economy for twenty-six days, ends, following a government ultimatum to end the strike or face "severe action" ... December: Harry Truman dies at the age of 88 ... The Knapp Commission ends its two-year investigation, stating that most N.Y.C. cops are corrupt ... LIFE MAGAZINE dies ... January; 1973: Nixon begins Phase III Wage and Price Control ... The Watergate Trials begin ... High courts rule abortion legal ... Lyndon Johnson dies at the age of 64 ... Draft ends ... February: P.O.W. release begins, following war agreement ... U.S. dollar is devalued by 10% ... There is growing student unrest in Greece against the military dictatorship ... Indian siege of Wounded Knee ... March: Last



American soldiers leave Vietnam after ten years of involvement ... Prisoners revolt in West Virginia ... April: Haldeman, Ehrlichman, Dean, Kleindienst, Magruder, Gray, etc. resign because of Watergate ... Newly appointed Attorney General Elliot Richardson appoints Archibald Cox as special Watergate prosecutor ... May: Charges against Daniel Ellsberg involving Pentagon Papers are dropped ... The Senate Select Committee on Presidential Campaign Activities (Watergate Hearings) open with Sen. Sam J. Ervin as chairman ... Nixon denies involvement in Watergate ... Tom Bradley becomes L.A.'s first black mayor ... The unmanned Skylab is launched ... June: Breshnev visits the U.S. ... Clarence Kelly is appointed head of the FBI upon the resignation of Gray because of his involvement with Watergate ... Former dictator Juan Peron returns to Argentina ... First crew goes into Skylab ... July: White House reveals bugging system ... Special prosecutors Cox and Sen. Ervin demand Tapes ... Senate probes secret bombing in Cambodia ... Senate okays Alaska Pipeline ... France resumes nuclear tests in Pacific ... August: Sirica demands Watergate Tapes ... Mail bombs plague Britain ... Andrei Sakharov, noted physicist, is criticized for speaking out against the Russian government ... September: Former Presidential advisor, John D. Ehrlichman, is indicted in Ellsberg case ... Phase IV goes into effect ... Senate confirms nomination of Henry Kissinger as Secretary of State ... 1972 Nixon campaign funds — a record 60.2 million ... U.N. admits East and West Germany ... Military Junta deposes Allende in Chile ... October: Nixon wants Cox fired; Attorney General Richardson resigns because he doesn't want to fire Cox; Deputy Attorney General Ruckelhaus is fired for refusing to fire Cox; Solicitor General Richard H. Bork fires Cox and

becomes Acting Attorney General; nation is alarmed; impeachment of Nixon becomes matter of public discussion ... Nixon linked to ITT scandal ... Yom Kippur marks war in Middle East ... November: Two of the most important Watergate Tapes are missing ... Rash of U.F.O. sightings ... Arabs impose oil embargo because of situation in the Middle East ... Princess Anne weds Captain Phillips ... Rosemary Woods — eighteen minutes of hum ... December: President Nixon is linked to Milk Fund ... Vice President resigns because of criminal activity ... Kilometer 101 — cluster of tents are guarded by U.N. forces ... President Papadopoulos of Greece is ousted by military ...Ford becomes first appointed Vice President ... Malcolm Wilson becomes governor of the State of N.Y. upon the resignation of Gov. Nelson Rockefeller ... Britain is in its worst crisis since W.W.II ... A nationwide truckers' strike affects the country as National Guardsmen are ordered to patrol state highways ... Nixon's personal financial records are questioned ... Because of the Energy Crisis, William E. Simon is appointed chief of the new Federal Energy Office ... January, 1974: Mayor Beame is sworn in as the first Jewish Mayor in the seventy-five year history of N.Y.C. ... There are fist and knife fights at gas stations while attendants carry guns as the nation enters its second month of the oil shortage ... Alexander Solzhenitsyn is deported from Russia for speaking out against the present Russian government ... The first formal Middle East peace talks since 1949 begin in Geneva under the auspices of the U.S. and U.S.S.R. ... February: Because of the Energy Crisis, Daylight Savings Time is instituted ... Hearst kidnapping is the first political kidnapping in America ... Lt. Calley is set free on bail, pending appeal ... March: New Postal rates are instituted with the penny postcard now eight cents ... A Federal grand jury indicts seven of the President's top aides on charges of perjury, conspiracy to cover up Watergate break-in, and obstruction of justice ... The House Committee on the impeachment of the President of the United States is still in session ... April: President Nixon announces that he would pay back taxes for the years 1969-1972 ... George Pompidou, the 18th President of the Modern French Republic dies April 2 ... Judge Sirica issues a subpoena to President Nixon for tapes ... Hank Aaron hits number 715 ... May: The House Judiciary Committee's long-awaited hearings to consider a recommendation to impeach President Nixon opens ... FBI charges Patty Hearst with kidnapping, armed robbery, and assault with a deadly weapon ... Maryland Court of Appeals unanimously orders that former Vice President Agnew be disbarred ... Valery Giscard d'Estaing becomes the new President of France ... June: President Nixon rejects a House Judiciary Committee subpoena for 45 Watergate-related conversations ... Former counsel to the President Charles W. Colson pleads guilty to attempting to obstruct justice ... Henry Kissinger threat-



ens to resign unless allegations he participated in "illegal and shady" wire-tapping activity are cleared up ... The mother of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. is shot and killed in Atlanta's Ebenezer Baptist Church ... July: Former Nixon aide John Ehrlichman and three others are found guilty in Ellsberg break-in ... In an 8-0 decision, the Supreme Court rules that Nixon has to give up tapes and documents relating to 64 White House conversations ... The Supreme Court in a 5-4 decision all but bans bussing of children for the purpose of desegregation ... House Judiciary Committee votes three articles of Impeachment charges: obstruction of justice, abuse of power, contempt of congress ... The Turkish government announces a decision to again permit the cultivation and sale of opium policies ... Argentinian President Juan Peron dies at 78 ... August: Former Presidential counsel John Dean is sentenced to 1-3 years in prison for his role in the Watergate coverup ... On August 9 President Richard M. Nixon resigns as the 37th President of the United States. Shortly afterward, Gerald R. Ford is sworn in as the 38th U.S. President ... President Ford stated that he favors "leniency" for the nation's estimated 50,000 military draft evaders ... President Ford names former New York Governor Rockefeller as his choice for Vice President ... The U.N. World Population Conference stresses the equality of women in all walks of life ... September: President Ford proposes to offer conditional amnesty to Vietnam era draft evaders and military deserters ... Sen. Edward Kennedy announces that he would not seek the Democratic nomination for President in 1976 ... Ford announces that he was granting an unconditional pardon to former President Nixon for all federal crimes he committed while serving as President ... The Senate Rules Committee holds public hearings on the nomination of Nelson Rockefeller as Vice President ... The Ethiopian armed forces peacefully deposes 82-year old Emperor Haile Selassie ... The United States and East Germany establish diplomatic relations ... October: The trial of 5 former aides of Nixon accused of covering up the Watergate scandal begin in Washington ... Muhammad Ali becomes the second man in boxing history to regain the world heavyweight championship ... November: About 1,000 delegates from some 100 nations and a dozen international organizations gather in Rome for the World Food Conference ... Democratic election victories sweep the nation ... Democrat Ella Grasso of Connecticut is the first woman Governor in America ... December: The X-mas season begins with many tidings of spreading discomfort and lack of joy ... Nelson Rockefeller is sworn in as Vice President ... January: 1975: Mitchell, Haldeman, Ehrlichman and Mardian are found guilty by the jurors of the Watergate Conspiracy trail ... President Ford delivers a somber and depressing State of the Union Address ... Comedian Jack Benny dies of cancer at age of 80 ... Pope Paul opens Holy Year 1975 ... February: President Ford imposes tariff on imported oil ... Government hearings reveal the C.I.A. spied on American citizens ... March: Phnom Penh, Cambodia is close to falling to Communist forces as President Ford and Congress reach a compromise agreement on Cambodian aid ... Terrorism in the Middle East complicates Kissenger's Peace-Mission ... Alaska pipeline under construction ... The movie **Tommy** becomes a hit ... April: King Faisal of Saudi Arabia is assassinated by his nephew ... Communist forces capture 13 of 44 provinces of South Vietnam in a new offensive ... C-5A transport crashes during airlift of refugee Vietnamese orphans .. Chiang-Kai-Shek of Nationalist China dies at age 87 . Congress allows thousands of Vietnamese refugees to be evacuated to the U.S. during the conflict ... May: After 15 years of warfare, the North Vietnamese and Vietcong penetrate Saigon ending the Vietnam War ... Western nations assail U.S. for not honoring its "Commitment" ... Airlift of refugees ends ... Cambodian government also falls ... U.S. Marines rescue American seamen of the freighter Mayaguez after its capture by Communist Cambodians ... June: President Ford refuses to give aid to NYC now in a financial crisis ... Prime Minister Indira

for a series of summit talks ... January 1976: President Ford delivers an encouraging State of the Union Address centered around domestic economic policies ... The British-French Concorde SST begins regular air service ... Communist Forces backed by Cuban troops near full victory in Angola ... February: Presidential Primaries begin — Pres. Ford and Democrat Jimmy Carter win New Hampshire race ... Former President Richard Nixon revisits Red China ... New clues to the nature of Cancer are found ... The XII Olympic Winter Games are held in Innsbruck, Austria — The U.S. takes third place with three gold medals won by figure skater Dorothy Hamil and speed skaters Sheila Young and Peter Muller ... Angry Queens residents protest over proposed landing of the Concorde SST at Kennedy Airport ... A U.S. Oil Engineer commits suicide after he is exposed as a Soviet counter-agent ... Patty Hearst pleads the 5th Ammendment 41 times during her testimony in her bank-robbery trial ... U.S. technicians monitor the Arab-Israeli Peace in the Sinai Desert ... Less than five months away, the United States of America prepares to celebrate its 200th anniversary as a nation, and to embark upon its third century.

Gandhi of India is found guilty of campaign abuses. To keep herself in office, she suspends Parliament and proclaimes a state of martial law ... European international summit talks begin in Helsinki ... The movie **Jaws** becomes a hit ... July: The recession shows signs of reversing ... U.S. military superiority is questioned in the wake of the fall of Vietnam ... Detente — American and Soviet astronauts meet high over the Earth in the Apollo-Soyuz Joint Space Mission ... Leningrad, the first co-production of American and Russian filmmakers begin filming **Bluebird** ... August: Civil War breaks out in Portugal ... U.S. congress refuses to lift the arms embargo against Turkey as the Turks threaten to close American military bases on their soil ... Senate Intelligence Committee continues its investigation of the CIA ... Mayor Beame calls for transit fare hike from 35¢ to 50¢ ... September: Emperor Hirohito of Japan and his wife visit the U.S. ... Unrelated attempts against the life of President Ford made by Lynette Fromme and Sara Jane Moore in Sacramento and San Francisco respectively ... Police arrest Patty "Tania" Hearst after 19 months of searching for the kidnap victim — turned bank robber ... Elizabeth Ann Seton proclaimed the first American born saint ... October: Unemployment rate drops for the first time in months ... New oil price hike imposed by OPEC nations ... Campaigning begins for the 1976 Presidential elections ... November: Guerrilla warfare between Christians and Moslems worsens in Lebanon ... Generalissimo Francisco Franco of Spain dies of a heart ailment. Prince Juan Carlos is named as his successor ... Independence comes to Angola after 500 years as a Portuguese colony, and a civil war begins between Pro-Western and Communist factions ... President Ford finally approves 2.5 billion dollars in loan guarantees to New York City ... December: The monarchy of Laos officially falls to the Communists ... John-Paul Stevens is nominated for Supreme Court Justice ... President Ford visits Communist China

"Lost, yesterday somewhere between sunrise and sunset, four golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered for they are gone forever."

Horace Mann

"You are today where your thoughts have brought you;

you will be tomorrow where your thoughts take you."
James Allen

SPIRAL 1976

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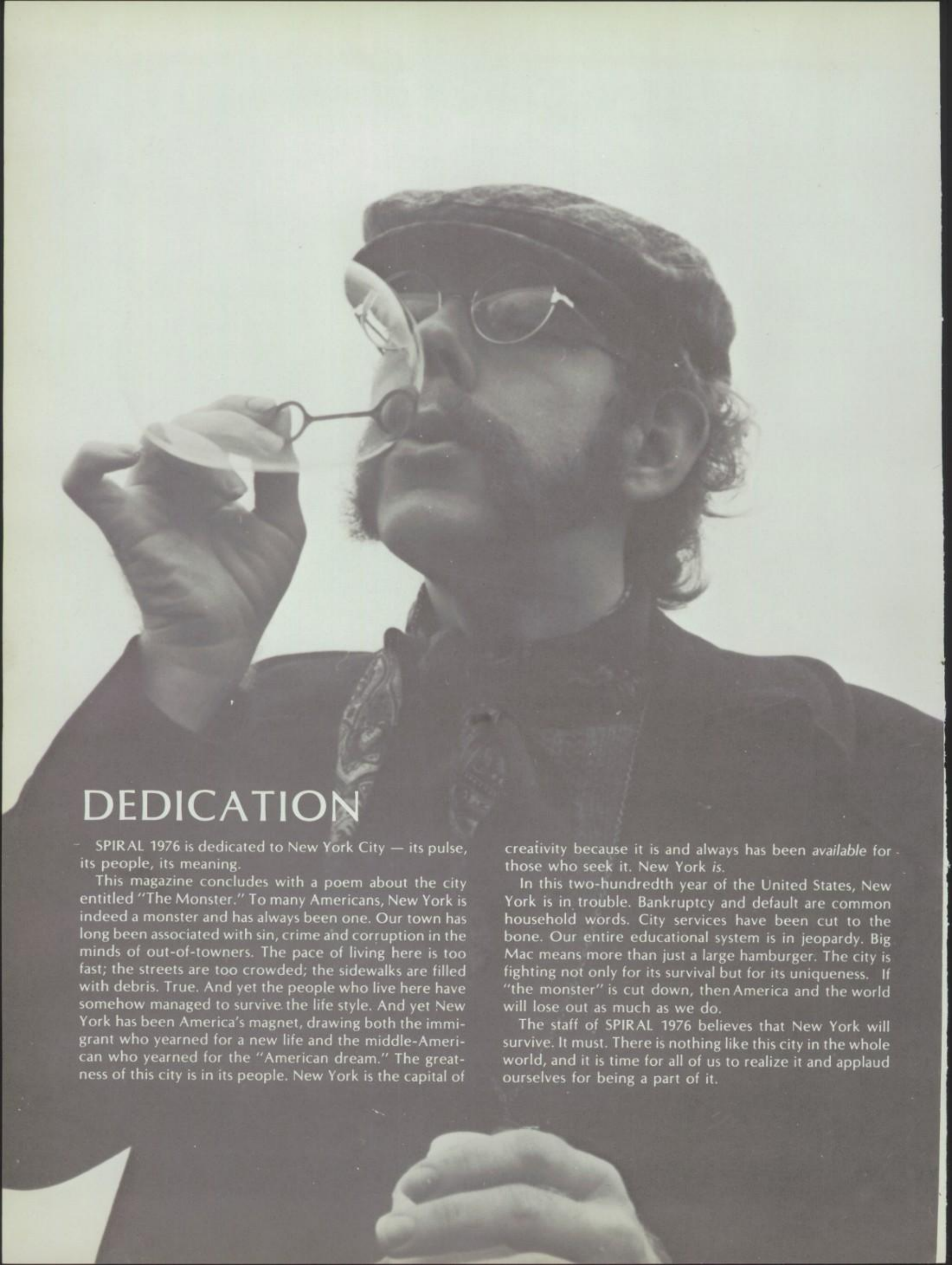


DEDICATION

SPIRAL 1976 is dedicated to New York City — its pulse, its people, its meaning.

This magazine concludes with a poem about the city entitled "The Monster." To many Americans, New York is indeed a monster and has always been one. Our town has long been associated with sin, crime and corruption in the minds of out-of-towners. The pace of living here is too fast; the streets are too crowded; the sidewalks are filled with debris. True. And yet the people who live here have somehow managed to survive the life style. And yet New York has been America's magnet, drawing both the immigrant who yearned for a new life and the middle-American who yearned for the "American dream." The greatness of this city is in its people. New York is the capital of creativity because it is and always has been *available* for those who seek it. New York *is*.

In this two-hundredth year of the United States, New York is in trouble. Bankruptcy and default are common household words. City services have been cut to the bone. Our entire educational system is in jeopardy. Big Mac means more than just a large hamburger. The city is fighting not only for its survival but for its uniqueness. If "the monster" is cut down, then America and the world will lose out as much as we do.

The staff of SPIRAL 1976 believes that New York will survive. It must. There is nothing like this city in the whole world, and it is time for all of us to realize it and applaud ourselves for being a part of it.

DECEPTION

Dianne Landi

i've fooled them again
convinced them
that i am strength
personified

and they believe
i am
invincible
incorruptible
unbendable
unbreakable
in that order

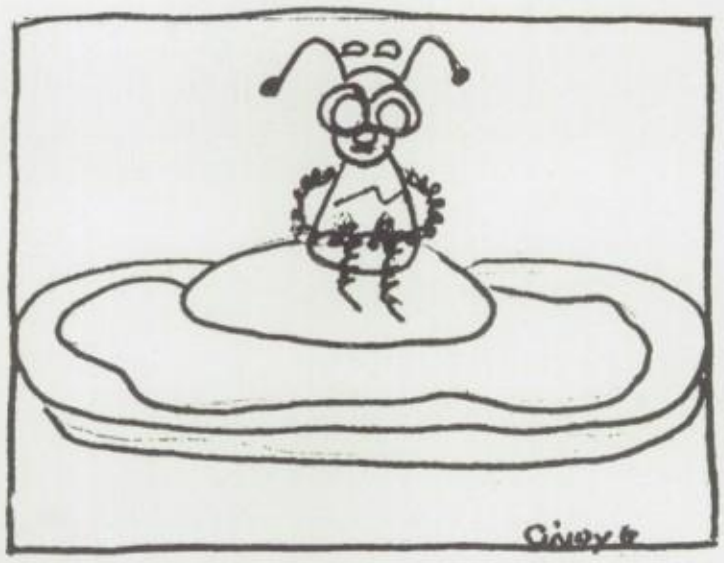
and they will swear
that i live
in the world of
organization unlimited

but they were never introduced
to the little child
who is afraid
of the dark
the crowded subways
the bombardment of obscenities
beckoning from narrow alley ways

and if they were
to live their lives
without ever meeting
the child
then i will have only fooled
myself

DOOMSDAY

Nevis George



Benny sat huddled in a corner of the basement. He was frightened, cold and hungry. If his mother was there he'd be with her, safe and warm. But she'd gone in search of food — if you could call it that. For Benny food was a mouthful of stale bread. The last time Benny had a decent meal was just before the first attack.

His father, mother, sisters and brothers were eating a breakfast of eggs and sausage when suddenly the walls came crashing in. He and his mother were able to struggle through the wreckage, but, unfortunately, the rest of the family was dead. They had been annihilated.

Now the fifth attack was in progress; Benny could hear the screams ... old and young alike were being slaughtered. People had absolutely no mercy and were able to bring agony and suffering upon Benny's community without a qualm. Their weapons were so far advanced that the only way to fight these people was to use the most primitive way of existence — flight.

Whenever any of these " monsters " (as his mother put it) came with their heavy artillery and strange gases, Benny and his mother, as well as others, would flee. Not many had been fast enough, though, and suffered terribly. Once caught, a slow, agonizing death was practically inevitable.

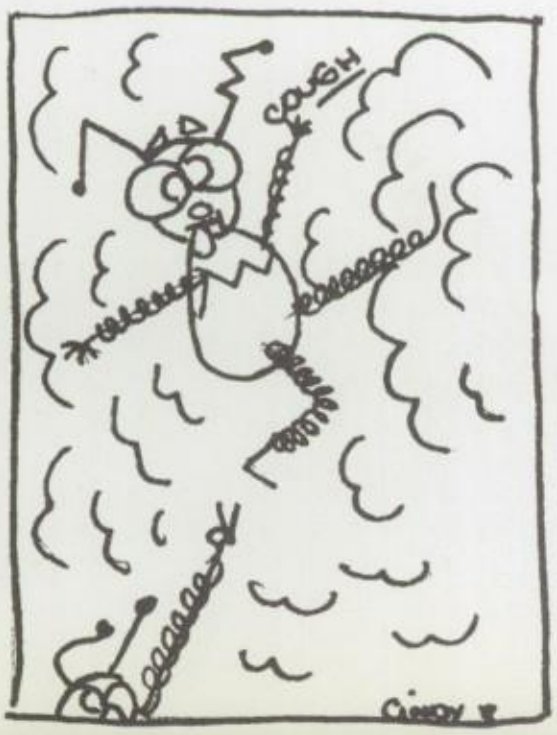
Suddenly Benny heard the screams of his mother. They seemed to be coming from upstairs. Benny ran out of the basement and up the stairs to the kitchen. By the time Benny was able to reach his destination it was too late. There, at the sill of the kitchen door, lay his mother. She had been crushed to death. It was so awful a sight that Benny collapsed.

When Benny regained consciousness, he found himself on a heap of dead bodies. Their mouths were open and eyes were in a fixed gaze. Some had missing heads and limbs and quite a few had been crushed and gassed to death. The sight of those mangled and torn bodies was too much for his already tortured senses. His first reaction was that of complete horror. His limbs thrashed uncontrollably. In his frenzy he rolled over and over until he found himself on the floor.

Suddenly Benny was engulfed in a mist which seemed to reach out and choke him. His throat became scratchy and tight. Hig eyes began to bulge and his mouth came agape. Benny tried to stand but his inability to breathe left him flat on his back. He wanted water, fresh air, anything that would help him to breathe again. After five minutes of agony, Benny was besieged by a heat which swelled in his chest and slowly moved upward until it filled his head. It seemed to burn his brain until it burst with all the heat and intensity of a bonfire.

Mrs. Ellis gazed in disgust at the small heap in her kitchen floor. "Oh, how I hate those things."

"Well, Ma'am," the exterminator said, "You won't be bugged anymore," laughing at his own pun.



THOSE WHO CRY

Gary Teitelbaum

"Game, set, match!" cried David triumphantly.

"God damn!" I thought. "He's up five matches on me. It seems I can't win!" I walked up to the net, full of smiles. After all, society frowns upon bad sportsmanship. Still, I hoped he would jump over the net and land on his ass. I shook his hand and we walked over to the water fountain.

"Jay, you're fantastic with that forehand of yours! And those aces! Those were the two most beautiful serves I've ever seen."

"Right. I was fantastic. That's why I only won three games out of three sets!" I realized after that reply that maybe I sounded a bit nasty and so did David.

"Do you want me to let you win next time?"

"No, David. I'm sorry. You're right." (He usually was.)

We left the tennis courts which were in the back of Broward County High School. We walked along 441 from the school until we hit Sample Road. Florida was beautiful on this first day of spring. We lived in Coral Springs, a suburb of Fort Lauderdale. The big royal palm trees reminded me of a recorder — long, smooth and graceful. Together with its fronds that grew out as big as a Cadillac, these noble trees were among the most beautiful things in Florida.

When David and I got to my house, it was 4:15. We walked into the house through the planting garden where my mother grew cactii, succulents and fifty other exotic varieties of plants. The house was quiet so I guessed that everyone was at my aunt's house. Since we moved to Florida, everytime my folks were out, they usually went shopping or to my aunt's house. Now any intelligent person knows that one is safer with a live grenade than to go shopping in the Fort Lauderdale area on a Saturday afternoon.

We walked into my room. I sat on my bed and David sat on the bridge chair in front of the desk. Then came the question that I didn't want to hear.

"Are you taking Janie out tonight?" he asked.

"Yeah, why?"

"I wanted to know if you want ot go with us."

Falling into his trap. "Where to?"

"How about *Fritz the Cat Meets Casper the Friendly Ghost?*"

"Is that playing near us?"

"It's at Sherman's Drive-in."

I knew it. Everytime he wanted to go to a drive-in movie he would ask me, his friend with the new car.

"Who are you taking? Ellen? Judy?"

"No, Sally. It took me a long time to decide."

"You have terrible problems! I'll pick up Janie, then I'll get you and Judy around eight. Okay?"

"It's Sally, you jerk!"

"Sally, Judy. What's the difference?" He always had girl problems. He could never decide which ones he wanted to take out; one girl was happy, but he left the other ninety heartbroken.

David was getting up when I saw a note on the table. It said to call Louie. I had been trying to call him for a week and his mother would always give me some "baloney" excuse like, "He's feeding his dog," or, "He's listening to the radio." David, Louie, and I had known each other since we were about three years old. Louie had moved to Florida a year before David's family and my family did.

"Wait a second, David. I wanna call Louie."

"Maybe this time you'll get through to him," he replied.

"I hope so." I dialed; the phone rang twice. Someone picked up the receiver. It was Louie's mother.

"Hi! This is Jay. Is Louie there?"

"Well ... he's taking out the garb ...."

Louie interrupted, "I can talk to him, Mom! Hello, Jay."

"Louie? What the hell's going on? It seems like I need a security pass just to speak to my buddy!"

"What do you mean"

"Well, you haven't been in school all week! You're never home. What's up?"

"I don't know. Well, I guess I've been kinda sick, Jay."

"What's wrong?" David looked up.

"Well, I've been getting these headaches and blackouts and memory lapses. My folks thought I was cracking up, so they sent me to a psychiatrist. The shrink does these tests on me — physical and mental. He said that it wasn't a mental problem and he recommended me to a Dr. Jerome Krauss, a brain surgeon."

"My God! A brain surgeon! What did he say?"

"He ran a few basic tests. No results. So he took x-rays of my brain. They suggest a possible brain tumor. I'm going to the hospital tonight. They're going to do a biopsy on my brain tomorrow."

"What hospital are you going to?"

"Broward Medical Center. Room 304. Hey, Jay, I gotta run now. Be good."

I hung up. I couldn't believe it was happening to "Little Louie." I was always in his class. We were very close. He wouldn't die! Tears came to my eyes. I supressed them. No good. Society doesn't like boys to cry. It's not nice.

I filled David in and expected him to be upset. That lousy bastard didn't even flinch!

"How damned cold can you be? Don't you even care? He's practically your brother and you sit there like a stupid toad!"

"I care. You know I do. Just because I don't pour my heart out to the world doesn't mean I have no emotions. They're not even sure that it's cancer, so don't shout at me and pretend you have me figured out!"

"Look, I don't feel so great. How about if you take my car and Judy by yourself and . ."

"It's Sally, you idiot!"

He thanked me, took my keys, and left. I didn't hesitate

in lending him my car because we were as close and trusting as brothers. I didn't have much of an appetite, so I got undressed and went to bed early. I was feeling sick about Louie and hurt that David was outside at that moment enjoying himself. I lay in bed staring at the ceiling. I must have been lying there for about two hours before I fell asleep.

The next morning I awoke to the sound of the pool filter. My head was pounding. I looked at the clock. It was too blurred to read. I sat up. 12:40. How'd I sleep so late? My mother walked in.

"Rise and shine, sleepy head. Are you up? Come on! Have some breakfast — or should I say lunch?"

"Sure. One minute, Ma."

"What are you doing today? Going with Davie and Louie? "

David detested being called Davie. "No, Ma. I'm gonna hang around today."

"Why isn't a healthy young man like you outside on a Sunday morning doing whatever it is you do?" She said that so cheerfully that it temporarily perked me up.

"Hey, look, Ma. Louie is having an operation today to see if a brain tumor he has is cancer. I just found out yesterday."

"Oh, my God. I can't believe it! How serious is it?"

"I don't know, Ma. We'll find out soon. I stayed in today to call up Louie's mother and father at the hospital and find out how Louie is."

"So when are you going to call the hospital?"

"I doubt that the operation would be finished so quickly. I'll call about 2:00, Ma."

I sat down to a bowl of "Sugar Pops," milk, orange juice, a roll, and butter, I ate ravenously. I guessed that my mother knew I missed supper the previous night. After I finished, I swam fifty laps in my pool. At 1:30, I dried up and wrapped a towel around my waist. In my house, anyone wetting or dirtying the white carpet was subject to capital punishment. I went into my room and called David.

"What's up, David?"

"Not much. Hey thanks for the car! Last night I had a ball! Don't worry about the car; it's fine. You ought to get upset more often if I'll get to borrow it."

"Very funny. Listen, I'm calling up Louie in ten minutes. If you wanna come over, you're welcome." I expected him to say no, but was surprised by the answer.

"Be right over." He hung up.

I put on a pair of worn blue shorts and my Miami Dolphins tee shirt. I took out my weights. I figured I'd work out awhile until David strutted over. David, Louie and I started lifting in November, but, as in everything else, David excelled faster than we did and was able to lift 150 pounds before we knew that things could be that heavy. I have no idea how much I had on the bar. Maybe 135. I struggled and built up enough sweat to drown myself in. I kept telling myself, "I won't give up!" I soon gave up. It was futile. Just then David walked in. Before even greeting me, he went over to the bar and lifted it with ease.

"Your mother let me in. She said you were busy."

While I was dialing information, I said, "I hope the hospital can page the Carters. "

"Hello. Broward Information Service."

"Can I get the number of Broward Medical Center? Right! 972, Yeah? 5238? 972-5238. Thank you." I kept repeating the number to myself because after I hung up, it was about a minute before that lousy dial tone returned. I dialed. Each number moved very slowly.

The operator answered, "Hello. Broward Medical Center."

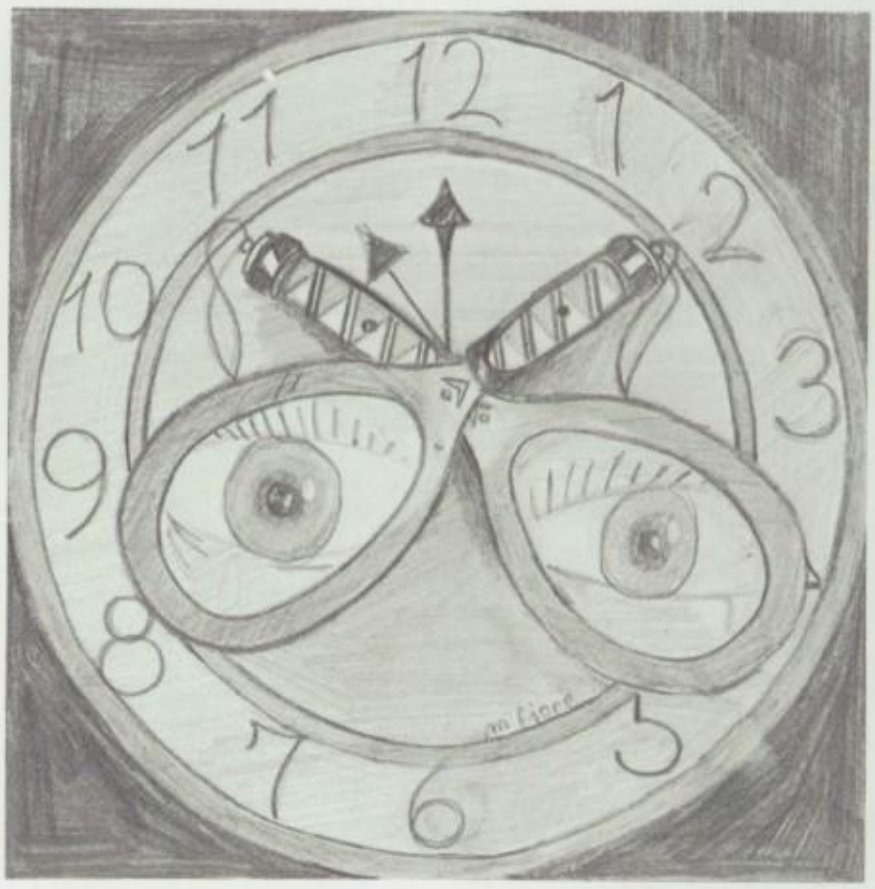
"Yes. Could you page . . ."

"Hold on one minute, sir. I'll have to connect you with the paging operator."

"Hello. This is the paging operator."

"Yes. Could you page Mrs. Rose Carter?"

I heard her voice over the loudspeaker. "Mrs. Rose



Carter. Rose Carter. Please go to the nearest desk and pick up line two. Rose Carter, pick up line two."

She picked up the phone. "Hello?" she questioned in a very weak voice.

I answered. "Hello. This is Jay, Mrs. Carter. How is Louie? . . . Mrs. Carter? . . . Are you there?"

She was crying. "The biopsy went fine. The laboratories

are closed today, so we'll have to wait until tomorrow night for the results."

"Is Louie awake?"

"I think he's in recovery, Jay. I'll call you tomorrow. Thank you for calling."

School dragged so much that Monday. I got in at 10:20 and my last class, trigonometry, was from 2:20 to 3:00. My teacher was babbling about the inverse of something or other over the tangent of a log of something to some kind of power. I couldn't keep my mind on math. Every second seemed like a minute. Every minute seemed like an hour, and by the time forty minutes went by, I was so anxious to get out that I practically flew out the door. I ran down the stairs, dropping my chemistry workbook. I left the building and just walked without thinking; my feet knew where I had to go. I looked ahead, but saw nothing. My mind was too busy to notice anything, even the beautiful palm trees.

That night we had meat loaf for supper. I was usually crazy about my mother's meat loaf, but I wasn't too hungry. I practically had to force it down. Everyone was quiet. I suppose we were all anxious to hear about Louie. I was aware of the sounds of the silent table at suppertime, like the sound of forks scratching against the plates. Even the familiar buzz of the central air conditioning gave me a start when it began. I kept jumping, thinking it was the phone. Finally, in the middle of the strawberry jello, the phone rang. I ran to get it and picked it up before the first ring ceased.

"Hello. Can I speak to Jay Pierce?"

'I'm Jay Pierce."

"This is Dr. Krauss, Louis Carter's doctor. Mrs. Carter asked me to phone you. Her husband left with her, and they were very upset. Louis has cancer."

"How bad is it, doctor? Will he live?"

"I am afraid that it is too far advanced. I'm sorry."

That doctor didn't sound too upset, but I guess that if doctors got upset every time they lost a patient, they would crack up.

"How long has he got?" I asked.

"Not very long. One month to three months at the most."

"Thank you, doctor. Good bye."

After I told my parents about Louie, I went into my room and cried. I didn't believe in God, yet I found myself cursing him and talking to him.

"Why must Louie die? There are three billion people in the world. Why was Louie picked out?" It didn't seem fair. I wondered how he must feel knowing that soon he'll be nothing but a memory. I pitied him.

I couldn't sleep that night. Everytime I started to relax, Louie's face popped into my mind. I was so tired, but so sad. Then I realized that it could have been me instead of Louie. I didn't think, "Why couldn't it be instead?" I felt guilty because of that. I finally fell asleep after all the internal conflicts simmered down.

The next day I saw David in school. I told him about Louie. He wanted to know why I didn't tell him last night. I told him that I was too upset to talk. He still did not seem upset, but more or less curious, as if it were one of those hospital television shows. It wasn't. Unfortunately, it was real.

The days and weeks flew by. Every night I would call Louie's home to find out how he was. He was on loads of medication for this and that. Every day he was in more pain as the cancer progressed.

Gradually my friendship towards David grew weaker. How could he be so heartless? To think if it were me who was dying, he would be so damned unconcerned. I almost hated him.

Then on Thursday, April 30th, I got a call from Mr. Carter. I knew what he was going to tell me before he said it.

"And Jay, I'd appreciate it if you would come with your family to his funeral. It's tomorrow morning at eight at the Reformed Synagogue on 43rd Avenue."

"We'll be there."

"Thank you."

I felt like part of me had died. I was so full of grief that I ran into my room and cried for the rest of the evening. My parents had phoned David's to tell them about the funeral.

The next morning I awoke to my alarm at 6:30. When my eyes opened, I hoped that it all was a bad dream, but I realized that it had truly happened and I would have to face up to it and the rest of life's sorrows.

We got to the synagogue at 7:50. It was fairly crowded. We sat in one of the rows of seats near the back. I saw David and his folks near the front. When the service began, I was too busy thinking about Louie to listen. The Rabbi's words were a blur. I was oblivious to everything except all the crying. Then I realized how ironic it was that the only person who isn't crying at a funeral is the person who died, and he is the one who has the biggest reason to cry. He has lost the most important thing in the world — life. I thought about how people cry their hearts out at a funeral, fully realizing that all their tears can't bring their loved one back. I guessed it makes one feel better, though.

Then I noticed everyone starting to stand and leave. I had been contemplating about death and reminiscing about Louie during the entire service.

My parents and I got up. We were the last ones out, I thought. Then, as I was leaving, I heard a muffled sob. It was David. He was crying.

PARCHMENT

Theresa Esposito

i see you
passing by
you smile and wave —
a substitution
for the kiss
i once used to receive.
your feelings
are words on a paper
that have no meaning
until they are joined.
my love
is the sentence
waiting to be made.

FAREWELL TO SUMMER

Dianne Landi

another day . . .
the sun is playing peek-a-boo
behind its curtain of clouds
and i sit here
upon my unmade bed
dreaming of
the sand
and sea
and a coppertone tan
save it
for another day
when the tempermental sun
feels like performing
but
i know that soon
the show will move
to far-off lands
and i
will have to be content with
crunching my feet through mounds of leaves
and throwing snowballs into space

TELL ME IT'S A JOKE

Mary Lofaro

Oh, great
Another routine day
I hear them talk
I don't listen
Their words are mixed
Confused
I don't understand
No, wait . . .
I do
But I don't like it
It's all a joke
Tell me it's a joke
Maybe it's a test
To see if I live up
To their standards
Do I want to pass
I'll try
One difference
I'm going to live up
To my standards
That's what I'll do
I'm going to make
The best of it
It may be a joke
But I'll try . . .

Another day
Oh, great.

ADMISSION PRICE

Dianne Landi

stars,
moving across a stage
of black velvet,
perform for me
a ballet of light.
i am
an enthusiastic audience,
a wistful observer.
i ask the moon
if i might join him
in the balcony.
he laughs and says
that i could not afford
the price of a seat,
though it merely costs
one imagination.

SEA FOAM

Christine Karatnytsky

Waves of white,
gently come from nowhere,
quietly kiss the pink sand
and disappear into blue-green
nothingness.

EMERGENCE

Frank Bevacqua

For generations, the tunnels were all they had known; they were living and dying in the diffuse but constant light of the ceiling they'd come to know as their sky. They knew of nothing other than their own self-sustaining but finite world. There, deep in the earth, beneath the remnants of a once-great city, was the last of civilization; locked in the ignorance that only time could create.

Only the legends told of a great land above. The taunting legends of a world where there were no walls, where the precious water fell freely from an endless blue sky, where the light and seasons changed and the myriad splendor of a thousand distant lights would be painted above each night.

This was their true legacy. But to the people of the tunnels it was now only a myth. The first generations had erased the memories of that legacy. They had no choice, for it was they who had destroyed their own world, with their own weapons of death. And they knew it would not be safe to return until the winds of time cleansed the surface. And so, the memories were eroded away.

The great power of the fusion bombs had laid waste to the cities. The most feared war in man's history erased history. The Earth's surface would not be safe until its deadly radioactive poisons were washed to the depths of the seas, to spend themselves, as the centuries passed. The wait would be long, but there would still be those left to come out and reclaim a world. That was the purpose of the vast tunnels. But the purpose had soon been forgotten.

Four thousand people living seven hundred feet in the ground. Co-existing in the space because they had no choice for countless years; growing food artificially by methods passed on to them; drinking water which their forebearers had provided; using the seemingly endless power of energies whose sources were even deeper below them — the same energies which had almost destroyed their race.

Yes, everything had been provided for them. It had always been that way, thanks to some long-dead group of skillful environmental engineers. Yet, man could not create prefection.

Not one had remembered the heritage of their ancestors. Only the elders knew. The purpose of the tunnels had been passed on to a select few. But that purpose had become distorted. The world above was considered lost and the elders denied its existence to the people. Curiosity of all that was beyond the steel walls was heresy. And so it remained — beyond the point of its usefulness.

There were only a few hundred in the beginning who were safe when the fire rained from the sky. The tunnel complex was built for an increase in population with time. But how much time? The four thousand dwellers were pushing the systems to their limits. Soon, only the surface would be sufficient to provide for their needs.

Rod's grandfather was an elder. It brought prestige to his family, but to him only frustration. Herememberedas a small boy his grandfather telling him of the legend, but his questions were always brushed aside.

"It is not yet time for you to know," the old man would say.

Still, he would persist. "What lies beyond the walls? Why is it forbidden to go beyond the western tunnel? Where is the wonderful land you speak of?"

His grandfather would then grow angry at his persistence. For even the grandson of an elder did not have the right to be curious beyond the accepted bounds. But why did his grandfather tell him of the legend when it would only frustrate him? He had always been close with his grandfather. Someday, Rod knew he too would become an elder. Perhaps then he would know.

Even now that he had grown, Rod still had both an abiding respect and a resentment toward his aging grandfather. The resentment was dwindling, for the elder was old and dying. Eventually, another respected member of the "Chosen" would take his place as an elder, and the answers Rod sought would evade him until even after his own father had passed away.

Rod's answers came one evening. He was walking from the main community plaza chamber to the smaller tunnels in which were the dwellings of his family. The "sky" high above him instantly faded from green to a dull red. It was evening. Exactly twelve hours later it would turn back to green as it had done for as long as Rod could remember.

When he entered the house, his grandfather called him to his bedside. He thought he'd be hearing one of grandfather's amusing stories about his youth, which he always loved to tell. But his grandfather had a look of seriousness that he had never seen before.

"My son, you are much different than your father was." His voice was hoarse. "What I am about to do is forbidden, but I have waited too long, and for the good of tomorrow, I must!"

Rod was nervous, but he listened tentatively as he held his grandfather's hand.

The elder reached into his vestment and brought forth a small, notched, metal bar. The middle was tarnished from handling, but the ends appeared untouched. The object gave the impression of being extremely old and Rod, for some reason, was drawn to it.

" This — this may hold the answer to all your questions, and maybe more. It was passed on to me, and by the law I must pass it on to my successor along with The Book. But I can't. I must give it to you." He pressed it in Rod's hand and began to tell a story of the Legend that surpassed all those Rod had ever heard.

For minutes he listened, not knowing what to say. His curiosity was stimulated more than it had been when he was a child listening to his grandfather's stories. He was told of the once great cities, the reason they lived in the tunnels, and the surface, which was man's true home. He found it hard to envision.

He hesitated. "But sir . . ."

The elder interrupted. "I have told you all that I know. I have given you the key to what I do not know. Even I have not gone beyond the tunnels, and thus I have only told you what has been passed on to me and what is written in The Book. For it is written in a strange language. I have spent my life trying to understand it."

He pointed to the drawer. Rod opened it and brought forth a metal bound book that looked as old as time itself. On the cover words, written in unknown but hauntingly familiar characters, were engraved.

ENVIRONMENTAL SYSTEMS OPERATIONS MANUAL
UNIDO SUB-SURFACE SHELTER COMPLEX — LEVEL B
UN-HQ NYC UN-ZRQ-F13EV-10/1983

He put it down and looked at his grandfather.

"It is hard to read the writing on the pages, Rod, but remember what I've told you. Tell no one I have given you 'the Key.' It is sacrilege!" His eyes gleamed with anxiety.

Rod finally questioned him. "But sir, why have you told me if it is against the laws?"

"Perhaps I have waited too long. Perhaps we all have. Go. Leave the book, but take what I have given you. I may not be with you much longer. You must use it before my successor takes my place. Now, go," he said in a feeble voice.

Rod got up, bowing his head in the usual show of respect, and left the room, depressed and scared. He went to his own room and stared at the small bar. The "key" his grandfather had called it. Then the other words his grandfather had spoken came back to him.

"I may not be with you too much longer."

Yes, Rod was very scared.

Two nights passed. By he time the "sky" turned green on the third day, Rod's grandfather was dead. After the customary three days, the succeeding elder would demand his grandfather's personal effects from his parents. Even though Rod was nineteen, he was still under their discipline. He could not tell them of the gift his grandfather had given him. Notonly the "key," but the instructions to use it.

In the tunnels, the dead were buried in the only soft-grounded area not used for hydrophonic agriculture in a secluded stretch, distant from the center of the complex. As Rod attended the funeral with his family in the western tunnel, he glanced toward the extreme end. It had been forbidden for generations, and it was against the laws to venture beyond the burial area which in itself was a deserted spot. That was the way up, he was told. Beyond the sky and into the forgotten world. It frightened yet intrigued him.

He felt the "key" in his pocket as he followed the procession back to the dwellings. He knew he would have to act soon.

That night, Rod made his decision. The opportunity would not last long, and it was his grandfather's dying wish, not to mention his own stinging curiosity. Only his fear was left.

He began to prepare. He gathered some small provisions from the storage unit, filled a container with water and searched for his father's portable lighting unit. The tunnel dwellers often used the re-chargeable units to get around during the night, when the "sky" was darker. They too had been provided for them, ages ago.

Rod packed a work-sack with the provisions, slung it over his shoulder, and clutched the lighting unit in one hand and the "key" in the other. His family slept unknowingly.

Rod kept the unit off as he made his way past the dwellings in the ruby light, hoping not to run into a night patrol. He walked on through the silent, familiar tunnels, moving westward until they widened toward their terminus. The burial grounds were somewhat unnerving by night, but still relatively familiar. It was the passage beyond that was foreboding.

Rod stopped once at his grandfather's grave, then continued down the tunnel until it began to narrow. The red "sky" was no longer above him, and the light grew dimmer. With the complex safely behind him, Rod switched on the lighting unit. The floor was paved again, like the main tunnels.

As he walked on he looked back at the red glow of home. Forward, there was only darkness. The only sound was his own footsteps against the cold steel floor.

Now, something was reflecting back his light. A wall! He had come to the end of the narrowing tunnel. A huge metal area, grooved, appeared embedded in the concrete, and to the left a small panel. Rod drew closer. On the panel were the same strange letterings as on The Book.

WARNING*DANGER
LEVEL B-MAIN SURFACE ACCESS SHAFT
RESTRICTED AREA
AUTHORIZED SECURITY OR ENVIRONMENTAL PERSONNEL ONLY
ACCESS RELEASE CODE SSC-HQ-B-WI-3

It was beyond Rod's understanding, but the last symbols looked familiar. He looked at the inscription on the "key" and held it next to the panel. They matched.

Below the panel inscription was a small sprocket or hole. Rod wasted no time. He inserted the bar in as far as it would go, and turned it. Nothing happened. He turned it back. Again nothing.

Finally, he pulled it out. There was a sudden low hum, then a vibration as Rod noticed the metal area beginning to slide to the right. It was a door!

It opened a few meters, then stopped moving as the humming continued. He had found it! They mystery of the ages was before him! He turned once more to the sleeping complex almost a kilometer behind him. Soon it would be dawn. Time was growing short. He looked beyond the door, into the darkness. It chilled his blood, but he had come this far . . .

With the lighting unit he made his way in. Along the smooth walls he found another panel with some keyway. He inserted the bar, and the humming started again, as the huge, thick door began to close behind him. He turned around with a start, panicking as he saw the ruby light of his home dwindle to a crack.

Now he felt completely and totally alone, petrified at the darkness around him. He didn't move. He began to wish that he was back sleeping at the dwelling.

Seconds after the door had sealed itself, there was a blinding flash, and a whir of atmospheric compressors.

Brilliant lights illuminated a long passageway. For a moment, Rod cowered in fear, but then he got over the shock and adjusted to the blinding light. He switched off his unit.

A long, narrow tunnel with smooth walls stretched before him. After a few hundred meters, it curved off to the right and began to gently slope upward and wind. As he followed it, Rod was sure — he had found it — the passage to the sky!

After one last look at the door and a sip from his water container, Rod walked through the passage. On and on, ever upward on its gently sloped winding curve, he walked, passing signs he didn't understand.

DEPTH — 200 METERS/BELOW SECONDARY SHIELDING

DEPTH — 175 METERS/ABOVE SECONDARY SHIELDING

Every half hour, he came across more "doors" which he opened with his "key." Resting periodically, he continued on, overcoming his original fear. The anticipation had grown over it. He climbed for over seven hours, counting fifteen doors as he went, climbing and resting, in the bright, white light.

Finally he passed the last sign.

DEPTH — 10 METERS/ LEVEL — PRIMARY SHIELDING/EXPOSURE CHECK

The tunnel stopped windingand leveled off. At the end was the final door, larger than the rest. Aside from the difference in size, so were its inscribed letterings.

WARNING
PROBABLE EXPOSURE
FINAL SURFACE ACCESS BARRIER
NO SHIELDING BEYOND
RADIATION CHECK MANDATORY
UNHQ SUB-BASEMENT
CAUTION: PRESSURE RELEASE DISENGAGEMENT
SSC-HQ-B-WI-3

Rod hoped it was the last door he would have to open. He used the key. In a hiss of escapng air, the pressure-sealed door slid back, revealing only darkness. No lights engaged this time.

Seconds later, Rod was hit by a blast of cold air. It was the wind of a world he had never known before. He engaged his lighting unit and walked forward.

The walls were rough now. So was the floor. Still there was darkness. After going a few meters, Rod tripped. Steps! He walked up them, looking at the more frequent writings on the walls, and arrows too.

The wind continued. The white light of the main passage was now below him. The steps grew dusty and strewn with pebbles and debris. He had to be careful now in the darkness, broken only by his own lamp. The steps ended, but the debris grew thicker, and at times he had difficulty getting aroung it. Rod appeared to be walking on a cement floor that was strangely cracked and pulverized in sections.

He thought, "Perhaps this was caused by the so-called holocaust of his grandfather's story."

The rubble got thicker, and he could no longer see the walls of the passage. He assumed it had ended into a larger chamber. He saw what looked like a metal in the debris, but he was not sure.

The cold wind was now coming from directly ahead. It was then that Rod saw the faint glow of light above and ahead of him. He carefully walked on through the large chunks of granite, cement and steel, toward the patch of light.

There it was — a huge hole above him. He climbed the mound of rubble, to the open.

For the first time in his life, Rod saw the sky! He stood on the ground of his ancestors.

Above him, there were a thousand tiny jewels set in infinite detail! Rod gaped at the heavens, with the wind in his face. He had emerged in the night to see the splendor of the universe. It seemed infinite. The walls were gone. There was only the wind and the horizon. And to that horizon, as far as Rod could see, were the ruins, broken only by the black splotch that had once been a river lit in the diffuse blue light of the stars. Even the cold and the shock of the open world did not make Rod withdraw to the tunnel. He walked dazed among the rubble.

He looked back across the river to the east. Soon, he would see a sunrise for the first time, in all its awesome glory, for the horizon was already aglow. He held the "key" in his trembling hand.

Shining his light in the rubble, he came across something relatively unscratched, a sizable stone monolith facing toward the river. It seemed to be the base of something that was once a pole or model tower. Rod drew closer.

It had an etched inscription, still legible and unmarked for some reason. Rod moved his fingers over the metal surface. Like the other inscriptions, Rod could not understand it; written in the forgotten tongue of his ancestors, who had built and destroyed a great world. Above the characters was a small symbol, a cluster of olive branches around a calibrated sphere. Beneath that was a picture of a dove. Rod had never seen a bird before. Finally came the inscription:

DEDICATED TO THOSE MEN OF THE UNITED NATIONS INTERNATIONAL DEFENSE ORGANIZATION, WHO IN THEIR QUEST FOR THE PREVENTION OF HOSTILITIES AND THE ESTABLISHMENT OF WORLD PEACE, GAVE THEIR LIVES FOR THE HOPES AND DREAMS OF A UNITED EARTH.
1945-1985 A.D.
UNITED NATIONS HEADQUARTERS, NEW YORK CITY
OCTOBER 24, 1985
PACEM IN TERRIS

How close they had come. But not close enough.

Rod did not know what it meant, yet he knew it meant something more than the usual ancient jibberish.

Telling his people of what he had seen and convincing them to come out would not be easy — he knew that. But once they saw the light of the sun and stars and the ancient mysteries of the past, he believed they would stay.

He watched the sun come up on the cold spring morning, then got up and walked back to the depths — to the land of his birth. But unlike his grandfather, he knew he would not die there.

From the ashes — a flower.

THE TITLE ESCAPES ME

Dianne Landi

we missed each other
again
which leaves me to wonder
if we were destined
by Fate or Astrology
or the Powers That Be
to never
collide, intersect, merge
my hand reaches out
and yours
extends, withdraws, extends
until i am totally bewildered
by its movements
you try to speak
i interrupt
you interrupt my interruption
we walk away
with empty half sentences
spinning through our brains
i hand my heart to you
on a silver platter
and you ask
if it's sterling or plate
(No, i want to cry, it's flesh and blood and tears and
laughter. my gift to you.)
we are soldiers on opposing lines
we are the same person bisected
we are silent strangers riding in the subway bleakness
we know each other too well

OBSERVATION

Dianne Landi

in loving you
there is the admission
that your nose
is slightly crooked,
and your clothes are always
a bit too wrinkled,
and you burp a decibel too high
for my unaccustomed eardrums.
these imperfections
are nonetheless
a part of you,
and in loving you
there is the knowledge
that love is not blind
but tolerant.

DÉJÀ VU
Theresa Rizzo

AN INTERVIEW WITH ANDREW SARRIS

the village VOICE

(Once upon a time, being a film critic was quite unfashionable. In the 1970's, the film critic is a celebrity in his own right as well as a controversial reviewer of one of the pop arts. The January 1976 *Esquire* had a piece on the New York film critics in which the writer stated that "the holy trinity of popular film criticism is composed of Sarris, Kael and Simon . . . ". Andrew Sarris is the film critic for the *Village Voice*. Mr. Sarris was born in Brooklyn. He attended John Adams High School and Columbia University. He discovered the movies while attending college and has been a rabid movie-goer since. He began his film writing career while in the Army. After a number of writing jobs, Mr. Sarris was asked to substitute for a couple of weeks for the regular film reviewer of the *Voice*. That was in 1960. Mr. Sarris has been with the *Voice* ever since. In addition to writing for the weekly newspaper, Mr. Sarris has written articles and books about film as well as becoming an associate professor of cinema at Columbia. Andrew Sarris met with the editors of *Spiral* at his apartment in Manhattan.)

SPIRAL: Did you always want to be a film critic?

SARRIS: I don't think anybody ever said that he wanted to be a film critic. I don't think it was much of a vocation back in the Fifties when I started. Few people were interested in film criticism back then and not many people wanted to become directors either. Most people wanted to be writers or actors — things for which there were cultural models. The irony is that in those days everybody went to the movies. Movies were a habit and people went regularly. Film criticism was not held in very high esteem in the Forties and Fifties. When movie theatre audiences deserted by the millions, movies became a much more selective thing. Then film criticism began to gain in esteem as fewer people attended films. I think the same thing now holds true for television. Television criticism today is not highly regarded and yet many more people look at television than go to movies. I didn't want to be a critic. I wanted to be a writer. I still do.

SPIRAL: Do you think you have power as a critic?

SARRIS: I think I have more influence than power. Everything is relative. I don't have as much power to alter people's perception of film as does the critic for the *Times,* for example. I think that anyone who writes for the *Times* has tremendous power. I think my power is not of

that nature. I couldn't fill Radio City Music Hall with people panting to see a movie. I do have some influence. I've talked to people who care about movies and who read me. I think they pay attention. The *Voice* has a readership of a few hundred thousand. They eventually get to see my column so that is a certain power, a certain influence. I don't have any power in terms of the commercial Hollywood films. Then again, I don't want that kind of power. I would have a hard time sleeping at night if I knew that someone whom I had panned would have to sell his ranch house and move back to a rent-controlled apartment.

SPIRAL: Does the television film critic have greater influence upon the taste of the movie going public than does the newspaper film critic?

SARRIS: Television people reach more audience than has ever been reached before. The question is how deep that reaching is. Do people decide to go to a movie by what Gene Shalit says? Is he enough? The question is very difficult to answer because what we get now is that media critics on television very often go with the consensus. If Gene Shalit is to rave about a film, that's a sure bet that almost everyone else has raved about it, too. If he pans it, then most others have panned it. You very seldom get an actual test of each critic. Let's say that Gene Shalit would be the only critic to say that *Inserts* was the greatest film of all time. Would millions rush to see it? Take something way out. If Shalit was the only person to say that *Jaws* was not worth seeing, could he stop everybody in the United States from going to see *Jaws* because of his enormous power? I think the television critics have enormous influence in the sense that they reach a lot of people who don't read anything and don't read any film criticism. Their only perception comes from the television critic.

SPIRAL: What criteria do you use in criticizing a film?

SARRIS: As a critic, I didn't grow up through the journalistic route. I came up out of academe. Very few reviewers ever used to come up that way. I came up from a cultish interest in film, a very intense enthusiasm for film. So I'm very much a specialist, an historian and my feeling is very often not that of the average movie-goer. I'm seeing how a film will look like in twenty years. I'm obsessed with history and I'm thrown backwards and forwards into time all the time. I'm trying to see where this particular film will fit in film history. Being an encyclopedic movie-goer is one of the curses of this kind of critic. It's hard to see anything that's absolutely brand new. You begin to see the same structure, the same thing. Very often, there are people who can be entertained who don't remember old movies or who haven't seen them. They may like them much more than the critic who has seen it before. The things I look for are clarity and coherence as well as a personal statement by the director and by the actor. One of the problems with being a critic is that it's hard to write about and analyze the visual, the kinetic aspects of film. You overemphasize the literary aspect of film. A movie operates in a kind of a multiple way. It operates in time and in space. A lot of things are happening on the screen that are not necessarily significant. All things come together. If you try to write the way a movie operates, you will be almost unreadable. It's very hard to construct a literary model for that kind of experience. The main criterion I use is my own historical judgment. I suppose I fall back on the criteria one uses for all the arts — whether the work holds together, its relation to life and reality and what you sense about the world. I would say that if I err at all it is not on the side of objectivity. I'm very subjective, very personal, very impressionistic. I think our reactions are colored. I would rather have the reader know where I stand and he can make his own judgments. Those are basically the criteria. Every critic's criteria always conform to his own strengths. We all play to our strengths and away from our weaknesses. This is characteristic of all writing, of all criticism.

SPIRAL: How do you feel when you give a film a poor review?

SARRIS: People don't believe this. I think they all think we're a bunch of gleeful surgeons who can't wait to get our hacksaws and begin hacking at bone and flesh. I don't like to pan movies. I don't enjoy it, really. I'd much rather write about things I like. I'm forced by the fact that I am a reviewer to cover a lot of things I don't like because everyone else is covering them because they're very important or expensive or popular. I think my record will show basically I'm an enthusiast rather than a negativist. I always give top priority to the best film. I look for the best films and write about them first. If I have time left over, I write about the bad ones.

SPIRAL: Do filmmakers try to influence critics?

SARRIS: Yes, in any way they can. Not in the obvious ways you think of. No one has offered me money to dump a review or to say nice things. There are subtle inducements if you play ball with press agents or producers. They'll send you on junkets all over and things like that. I think American critics are very honest in that way. European critics are really corrupt without even thinking about it. American critics are pretty much more honest. The way that movie people try to get you is just to try to impress upon you that they are human beings. They want you to break bread with them and see their wives and children and know about their mothers who are being kept in those condominiums in Miami Beach. You realize that these people are nice human beings just like you and me. It makes it much harder to pan them. I think they get you mainly by appealing to your better nature, something I think critics do have.

SPIRAL: Would you want to write for a daily newspaper?

SARRIS: Not anymore. When I was working for the *Voice*

Sarris Blasts 'Hindenburg,' Sinks 'Lucky Lady'

and not getting paid for it or getting paid very little I would have taken any job. Now I don't think I'd want to be a regular reviewer. This has something to do with power again. The most powerful paper is the *Times,* of course. I could write for the *Times.* I would have the power to reach all those people. But I don't think people realize that power is a two-way street. You think you have the power to change people, but the power changes you, or the people change you, or the readers change you. You're not as free to say what you want because of them. The difference between having a couple of hundred thousand readers and a couple of million readers is the tremendous pressure they exert on you. I'm given leeway at the *Voice.* I'm not as journalistically limited as are many of my colleagues who write for more conventional papers.

SPIRAL: About how many movies per week do you see and how much time do you devote to the writing of your reviews?

SARRIS: We have our own projector here for films we get from various places and the sky's the limit with home box office and television as well as regular movie screenings for critics. I see about ten to fifteen movies a week minimum. This puts quite a strain on me and takes up such a tremendous amount of time. I write when I can. I just grab whatever time I can. I don't have a regular regimen because screenings and appointments come up all the time. I usually try to put aside two full days to do all my writing for the *Voice* and I devote the rest of the time to trying to get other writings out, mostly books and articles.

SPIRAL: What do you think of the motion picture ratings system?

SARRIS: I'm opposed to it. I remember when they first announced that they were not going to create a "ghetto" by categorizing motion pictures. That's exactly what happened. There's a certain motion picture organization that rates only G or PG films. It doesn't rate R or X pictures. It becomes a form of censorship. To avoid an X rating, filmmakers will do anything. So what happens is that movies that have any kind of eroticism in them instead of being in the mainstream of the cinema as they should be are being pushed off into one thing, into a ghetto. I'm against that. I prefer movies to be available to everyone or no one. I think ratings are very hypocritical particularly in this country. Now the tendency is to drive all sex out of the movies and concentrate on violence. Movies are just becoming more and more violent. *Taxi Driver* is the first American movie that got an X because of violence and the producers had to tone it down, to put it in sepia color as opposed to letting the audience see the natural red color of blood in order to get an R for it. By and large, movies about violence get PGs and movies with the slightest bit of sex — a bare breast or a bedroom scene or a word on the soundtrack — get Rs. From that point, millions are denied the opportunity to see it. I think some of the best movies being made are rated R. I don't see how movies are going to grow up if we put them in this ghetto. That's why I think the rating system is dumb.

SPIRAL: Are pornographic movies here to stay?

SARRIS: People have been telling me for years and years that there's going to be a backlash. I don't see any trace of it. I don't like hard core pornography myself. I don't like it the way it is now. I do think that society is evolving toward an acceptance of these facts. I don't see why movies can't have it if they want it. Most people accept that now. You can't put Humpty Dumpty back together again. People who complain about immorality in movies are now just not talking about themselves. Everybody doesn't go to the movies. There are one-hundred and twenty-five movies on television. People can stay home and look at television. They don't have to go out to movies at all. Whatever censorship drives exist right now exist purely in people who tell other people what to do, not people talking about their own needs. Anyway, I think everybody's taste has altered. The big argument that always comes up, especially on panels, is: What about children? I don't know if there are any children left. People say children. What are they talking about? Seven, eight or nine year old children? I think it's an interesting question for a parent to decide. I think parents should worry about all the television children are looking at in this very addictive way. I think that's a big problem. I think if they can't exercise control there, the game is over by the time the kid mosies down to the movie house. When people say children, I don't think anybody's a child who's over nine years old nowadays. There is a tremendous amount of input and data that's flowing into kids between the ages of seven and nine today. The way they are conditioned is the equivalent of what we used to be at fifteen or sixteen in terms of social pressures, in terms of sexual awareness, in terms of general sophistication. I don't think there's any comparison. I don't mean kids today are all that sure of themselves. I'm sure they're very vulnerable and very uncertain, but it's a pretty different situation now. When you try to find out what a parent means by the term "child," you see that he is talking about someone who's fourteen, fifteen, even seventeen. That's not my idea of what a child is. That's what the ratings are concerned with. R ratings concern seventeen year olds. I think anyone between the ages of twelve and seventeen can look at anything on the screen and not be shocked even by the hardest of hardest core. I think people are using the mov-

ies as a scapegoat for other things that are happening like family authority that's going and so forth.

SPIRAL: What do you think of film festivals?

SARRIS: I used to be a film festival bum. I used to travel around the world and look at hundreds of films. A French critic once said that they're like religious rites. You go there to worship at the shrine of the cinema. I supported the New York Film Festival for years. It's a chance to gorge on films for awhile. It can be very exhausting. They're useful though. I think they attest to the vitality of film as an art form. The fact is that in America particularly the use of film festivals makes us much more sophisticated in foreign films than people in the other fields are in foreign literature or foreign music or art. I think we're far more internationalist in films than we are in any other art. The film festivals contributed to that.

SPIRAL: Do you like the Academy Awards?

SARRIS: It's silly to expect too much from the Academy Awards. That is to expect absolute wisdom from them or from any body including critics' groups that I belong to. I've always been fascinated by the Academy Awards because I'm always aware about their history. I know the Academy has evolved into sort of a company union as it was in the early Thirties. It's really what people think in California. The choices are often peculiar, particularly in recent years. The nominations are strange. One interesting thing is that a lot of the people who vote in the Academy are very old, old timers. I don't think they go very much to movies anymore. For example, the Beatles were the most interesting popular music of the Sixties and I don't think they ever were nominated for best music in a film. These people don't follow things anymore. They're very reactionary in that way. I'm always puzzled by the choices they make, but it intrigues me because the puzzle creates mystery and mystery is what people think in California, how they disagree with what we in New York think. Who is popular and unpopular out there and why. I think this is what is interesting about the Academy Awards. Some of my critical colleagues just dismiss the Academy as a bunch of idiots and imbeciles, but I don't think the members of the Academy are those things. I would call them interesting. This year, for example, it is very likely George Burns will win the best supporting actor award. That's a choice that would have been inconceivable for the critics to make. I don't think that's such a bad choice necessarily, but there's something a little fixed about it. It's almost been set into the works. Everybody's going to do it out of inertia without thinking about it much. My feelings about the Academy Awards are complex. I have to pay attention to it journalistically, but I don't think it's a significant thing one way or another.

SPIRAL: What is the state of the current American cinema?

SARRIS: I think it's fundamentally unhealthy in a commercial sense. More and more people see fewer and fewer movies. One movie may make a hundred million dollars while the next movie doesn't pay off the cost of its negative. When I grew up, everybody went to the movies by habit. There wasn't much of a gap between movies. Nowadays people tend to fasten onto a few movies and not go to the rest. Also the studios have disintegrated. Every film has to make it on its own. In the old days, studios carried some films just for the sake of prestige. Studios used to carry Greta Garbo not because she was always that popular but because there was prestige involved. I think there's an interesting development artistically in the American cinema. The whole idea of narrative is changing. Everybody's gotten addicted to location shooting. And that has brought up a problem. The problem is that we still have many of the same scenarios, many of the same story ideas as we did in other times. Now we use them with real live locations and a funny thing happens: the story doesn't fit the realism. In the old studio days, there used to be a harmony. You see something like *Casablanca*. The whole thing sort of harmonizes together. All that studio lighting and everything harmonizes with the plot. You try to do *Casablanca* today and you really go to Casablanca and the plane lands and you see a real desert and everything. It seems out of place. The plot seems hopelessly contrived because the decor is not contrived. I think that's what the significance of *Nashville* may be. What I do like about *Nashville* is this whole idea of disjunctive narrative, of these intersecting stories, of things not necessarily being neatly tied up, with things sort of dropping and other things picking up. I think that is the kind of narrative that people will have to start writing. Unfortunately, in the last few years I find there's a great deal of old fashioned stupidity in movie making. I'm surprised at how many out and out stupid movies are being made. I mean things like *Gable and Lombard* which is more stupid than any Gable and Lombard movie I ever saw in the bad past. And this is sort of depressing because we thought that with this new age of liberty and everything that all the bright people would rise to the top, but unfortunately many stupid people have risen right up there with them so we're back where we started.

SPIRAL: Another trend has been sequels like *The Godfather, Part Two*.

SARRIS: It's sort of odd with Coppola. He's a very ambitious director and everything he's done outside of *Godfather* has been a flop. The *Godfather* formula, the genre formula, is the only thing he can do. An interesting thing about this is he tries to play away from the genre, play away from the violence. It's a very artistic version of this thing. This is part of this new audience. This new audience is very unventuresome. It won't go to things it doesn't know. It has to go to presold things with such an overwhelming concept like *Jaws*. And it floods to these things. I'm told that *Jaws* has developed sort of a *King Kong* cult

now. Kids are seeing it for the ninth and tenth times. They just come to see the shark and as soon as the shark has been killed they walk out of the movie. They don't even wait for Dreyfuss to come out of the water. The high point of the movie for them is when the shark — and I don't blame them in a way because it is such a hammy performance — eats Robert Shaw. They go wild with ecstasy. This is right back where I started at the Saturday movie house. This doesn't seem to me to be a great progression forward. I don't mind genre films. I think they can be good. This thing of sequels indicates that a lot of the marketing that's being done now is worse than anything that the old studios ever did. The thing that impresses me even more than sequels is those animal pictures that no one ever reviews or talks about. Instead of talking about how much money *Jaws* made, let's think about the fact that the second or third highest grossing picture last year was a movie called *Benji,* a silly movie about a dog! You see these movies about bears and wolves and beavers flooding television ads. They open up in about fifty theatres. Everbody drags his kids by the hair to look at the big bear. These movies are beyond criticism. They're outside of the critical realm. They're just like avalanches; they just fall down on you. There's nothing you can do about it. We don't even talk about them. There's more and more of this kind of marketing going on. So you see that the state of the American cinema right now is very confused, still very vital and active and exciting. I have plenty to do. It's not a question of my sitting on my thumbs. I'm not disenchanted or disillusioned. I think every period in film history people thought movies were doing horribly and then we look back about a decade or so later and it's the Golden Age or something, but nobody sees it at the time.

SPIRAL: Actresses complain that there are no good parts for women in movies. Do you agree?

SARRIS: It's very true. My wife, Molly Haskell, wrote a book about that called *From Reverence to Rape.* I agree with most of what she says and I'm not a feminist at all. I miss the good women's parts in film. I was brought up on the binary system of films. In fact, I'm much more interested in looking at a woman on the screen than looking at men. I think women were always more interesting as performers, as actresses, than men are. I think this is gone. I think you have about ten or twelve men who are bankable. The only woman star right now that is bankable is Barbra Streisand, who is not the end all of my aspirations for womanhood. Most of these male stars are middle-aged, getting rather old and going into their fifties who have to play these adventurous parts opposite young chicks. This is something unprecedented. The other day I was talking to someone about Marlon Brando's new film *Missouri Breaks* and how Brando's falling off his horse all the time. It's a difficult job for the editing because he's so heavy he rolls off the horse. Brando's been acting with varying degrees of reluctance for over twenty-five years! He has had a fantastically long career. People used to last in the old days no more than six or seven years. Nowadays, somebody comes along and he lasts forever. Take John Wayne. He's in his sixties or seventies. He is so old in terms of being a leading man. Years ago, they wouldn't have kept him in view. They would have exiled him from Hollywood. Thirty years ago, people like that would have been out of sight. Once a movie star got to around thirty, people would say he's getting a little old to play action roles. This is supposed to be a youth oriented cinema and there isn't a leading man now that's much this side of fifty. There is not a young leading star of general youth and age. Name me one star that's in his twenties. There are more people in their twenties in politics, in business, in writing than there are in film. Movies, which used to be the fountainhead of youth, had people in their twenties playing grown up people who headed corporations, who were generals and everything like that. Now you have fifty year old men playing post-graduate students and adolescents. It's strange. Whereas women don't have that option. Once a woman passes thirty-five, she's sort of used up. Ellen Burstyn finally hit it and now she's considered too old to play romantic leads with someone like Robert Redford. No one would ever cast Robert Redford and Ellen Burstyn and she's about the right age for Redford. She is certainly the right age for Paul Newman, who is past fifty.

SPIRAL: Who are your favorite performers and directors?

SARRIS: I think right now the best actor around is Jack Nicholson. I think he's most interesting, most exciting. I liked Gene Hackman's performance in *French Connection II* and *Night Moves,* two films I liked and just about no one else did. I liked Chaplin and am a great Garbo admirer. I admired Lombard very much. I didn't admire Gable that much as an actor. I think the great part of movies is our feeling for actors and actresses and movies. That's why being a critic is very difficult. There's no one in movies who doesn't have some die-hard defender. On occasion, I've gotten these irate replies from fans of theirs. Movies is a very emotional field. Very subjective. As far as directors are concerned I like a lot of them. I love Hitchcock very much. Renoir. I just did a book on John Ford. I have a whole group of interesting directors: Chaplin, Keaton, Lang, Lubitsch, Hawks. I'm not really in the high art game, though. I'm not looking for a few great works. I love film. I love going to a great many films.

SPIRAL: What elements go into the making of a very fine film?

ANDREW SARRIS LOVES GABLE AND LOMBARD, HATES THE MOVIE

SARRIS: The most important thing in a movie is the kind of rapport between the narrative and the visual and kinetic elements. The story elements should somehow blend in with the visual needs of the film. You should feel a connection between these two things. Also the acting should be appropriate, should be forceful. You should have a kind of coherence to the film as a whole artistically and you should feel a kind of thematic unity in the film. This is what my objection, for example, to *Taxi Driver* is. I can't join the raves for it. I think there is a basic incoherence in the character of the cab driver. I think he doesn't make sense. He changes from one scene to the next. I don't know who he is. By the end of the film I don't recognize him. I've just watched a series of interesting acting exercises on his part, but it's like he's been auditioning for a series of roles instead of the role intended. It's a funny thing. Critics very often worry about clarity and coherence more than audiences do. I sit with an audience in a theatre. I don't have the foggiest idea of what's going on in the movie. I mean it's so confusing. I turn to see someone else in the audience, someone like an old lady from Teaneck, and she's perfectly satisfied. I chat with her and wonder about the chaos in the film and she says that it's all right, that life is this way. That's why *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman* is so popular. It's because it's so completely incoherent, it's completely crazy. It doesn't match up at all. But that's what people, really for better or for worse, interpret their lives as.

SPIRAL: Do you think that film critics as a group have raised the level of film making?

SARRIS: Possibly. I don't know. I think they've raised the level of appreciation of movie making. I don't know if they've really changed movie making. I hate to make that statement. I don't think they should seek to change movie making. I'm not an activist critic. I tend to be passive. I tend to lay back and say show me and I'll tell you what I think. If I knew how to make movies I'd go out and make them myself. Why should I sit there reviewing movies when I could have my own yacht and live the life of a movie maker. I mean obviously it's ridiculous to think that critics, most of them failed writers anyway, have any special wisdom. What they do have and what they can have is a sense of appreciation. They can show you things. To be a great critic is not to be someone who changes the course of cinema, but someone who changes the way people look at cinema. A critic doesn't make things happen, but once they do happen he helps illuminate what has happened. I think that's more the function. I wouldn't say critics improve film although probably if Orson Welles in 1941 had had the kind of critical atmosphere that difficult directors like Bergman or Altman have today I think his career would have gone a lot better. I think he would have had people fight for him the way people today fight for directors. I think the question is does it go too far. Does it reach the point where critics get emotionally involved with directors? You get emotionally involved with certain people and you're not free to judge their work. You're committed to them. It's like you bought stock in them. I was out in Hollywood recently. I bumped into a friend of mine who was working for Robert Altman. He took me to see a rough cut of *Buffalo Bill*. They were still mixing it, editing it, and I know if I had opened my mouth and given him a few suggestions, Altman would have at least listened. I was scrupulous about that. I didn't want to talk about it. I think if a critic becomes involved in that sort of thing, it can be very dangerous if he does it on a wide scale. Then you become implicated. For some reason, people demand that critics keep a certain separation from the artist in film, more than they do in other things. In literary criticism, everybody accepts the corruption. It's understood.

SPIRAL: Who are your favorite critics?

SARRIS: That's a difficult question. I don't follow my contemporaries so regularly anymore. I'm personally friendly with people like Vincent Canby of the *Times* and Roger Greenspun. We tend to share some attitudes, not all. My favorite critics are those who influenced me greatly in the past. They were the French critics. I think James Agee was good. I try not to read too much contemporary criticism today. I used to read it religiously — everybody and everything. So when I sat down and would write my own reviews, instead of reviewing the films I was reviewing what everybody else said about them. Now I make it a point to read the critics in the *Times,* the *Post* and occasionally the *News* because I think everybody else reads those. I don't read the magazine critics because they're too much in the same area. People come up and tell me I made the same point that Pauline Kael made or John Simon made or somebody else made. I say fine because I didn't read them. If I had read these critics' reviews, I would have been inhibited in making that point. I think there are a great many interesting critics now. I don't agree with them all. I think the level of criticism is higher now than it was.

SPIRAL: What is it like at a screening when all of the major critics are together in the same room?

SARRIS: We get along all right in a screening. I guess my arch antagonists have been John Simon and Pauline Kael. I was on a television show with John last week. We're friendly when we meet. Pauline and I are not friendly, but there's no awkwardness. I'm friendly with many critics. A lot of us are friendly. You say about screenings. You know people in the literary field, in other fields, can have feuds because they hardly ever see each other. We have to see each other about a hundred to two hundred times a year so you have to find some modus vivendi in order to function. We don't rush up and start scratching each other's eyes out.

INFINITY

Felice Aueron

To search
for your feelings inside
To tenderly hold
a flower that will never die
To step
with the wind or against it
To drift
within a mirror of endless dreams
To learn
the thoughts behind the sky
To understand
the reasons for a smile
Imagining the future within your mind
wishing, wanting, hoping . . .

TRUST

Cathy Hoffman

We find together
another star to explore.
We share
discussions late at night
in itchy sleeping bags.
"We should be quiet;
it's late, you know."
"Daddy's coming,
pretend you're sleeping."
And a bad dream
comes to conquer you.
Claustrophobia.
You're caught
and can't escape.
Your soul
calls out to me
for help.
Little cousin,
following my example
and trusting me,
I trust
you know
I love you.

No phone calls anymore . . .
Gone is the joy of understanding,
Comparisons of hope,
full loves and future things
which kept feelings in unison.
They sent you to snob school
for weeknights of geometry
and weekends upstate.
You claim you're genuine.
You want no diamonds —
from him or anyone.
But you've spent our trust
like time . . .

ON BEING SIXTEEN

Joyce Rispoli

To some people, being sixteen may be the best time of their life. For me, it's the worst time of my life. I thought I had everything pretty well straightened out, but my eyes are opening and showing me the world as I never knew it could be. This confuses me. It's possible that all this just happened accidentally on my 16th year in this world.

I can't speak to anyone about these feelings because no one would understand or even care. I see how distant people are and it kills me. When people know and trust other people there is communication, but these days not too many people trust other people. It seems that everyone is out for himself only and if someone else is hurt by it, then it's just too bad. How long can this go on before people just die from loneliness?

Also, it is impossible to live without working in this world, but everything piles up at once. It's not that I don't have an idea of what I intend to do with my life; I just find it hard to make that final decision. At times I think, "What am I doing here?" or "For what reason was I put on this earth?". Then I realize that I want to do something interesting with my life. I want to wake up in the morning. Things must get better in years to come. I want my dreams to be fulfilled — and I intend to see that they are.

THE NEIGHBORHOOD

Nevis George

Two small boys skip down the street chanting a "funny" little verse.
"A fight, a fight, a nigger and a white . . . ".

A girl about nineteen or twenty years old hurries to meet "a man" — she's gonna make some easy money tonight.

A guy kicks beer cans and wine bottles away from his shiny new car.

On the corner is the louse that's the main cause of dope in the neighborhood. Everyone keeps quiet 'cause they don't wanna get involved.

Who cares?

A fight, a fight, a nigger and a white . . .

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF RHODA GREENBERG

Dolores Goreczny

I know today will be quite a memorable day for me. It's my first (maybe last) at a new (not the first) job. Pessimistically, I'm looking at the situation I'm in. Let's see, I'm seventeen, presently employed at "Philly's Steak Palace" (will officially begin my chaotic moves in five minutes), and I'm scared to death of those money-hungry, beastly-looking creatures. (Why is my life coming before me? That only happens when you die!)

"Greenberg . . . "

"Who the hell . . . "

"Get to work," interrupts a slightly perturbed middle aged woman. She is obviously my superior.

Awkwardly I stroll into the main dining room where people are hailing me as if I am a cabbie. What a bunch of lowlife slobs!

"May I help you?"

"Whatcha got for desert?"

"I'll get you a menu."

"Hey, you, wait a minute. (Is he addresing me??) I don't want to go through all the complications. Just brief me."

(Oh boy.) "Okay, well, we have ice cream, pie, cake, cookies . . . "

"What kind of ice cream?"

"Well, there are 64 flavors. It would be easier if I got you a menu."

"Never mind. Just tell me what you got in the way of papaya."

"Papaya? We don't carry papaya ice cream."

"Why not?"

(What a jerk!) "How do I know?"

"Well, you work here, don't 'cha?"

Refusing to answer that, I walk away slowly and decide to name the 64 flavors of ice cream just to calm myself down. The hell with that guy!

"What can I do for you?"

"Do you really want to know?"

(I'm afraid to ask.) "Uh-yes."

"I'd like you to come with me to my house tonight. You know, my wife isn't home. She's away for awhile."

"So big deal."

"What do you mean, big deal? We could have some real swinging times."

"Yeah, you and my grandmother."

"C'mon, honey."

"Flake off, mister." (It's times like these that I wish Daddy was around.)

"Excuse me, miss."

"May I help you?" I quickly ask.

"Can you tell me what this fly is doing in my soup?"

"Gee, lady, I don't know. It looks to me like it's doing the backstroke or something." (What a loony-tune. If she wanted the fly removed, she should have said so in the first place.)

"Do you work here?"

(No, I always stand in restaurants with my uniform on for enjoyment!) "Yes, can I get you anything?"

"Do you have water?"

"Is that to go or to drink here?" I ask sarcastically.

"Well, what do you think?"

"I think you're cheap." I walk away. What would you do?

"Greenberg . . . "

"Coming."

"Deliver this to section four, table one on your left. One of our waitresses got sick."

"Okay, boss, Oh, no, it's tripe. I hate tripe. These goddamn things get me sick." (No wonder that waitress got sick. I feel sick myself.)

"I didn't tell you to eat it — just deliver it, hah."

"If I have to deliver this, I want a raise."

"For your information, this is your first day, Greenberg."

(Time certainly flies when you're having fun.) So I pick up the tray in a quite civil and sophisticated manner, but somewhere between the civil and sophisticated, I drop it on a nasty old gent who nearly knocked off my head with his cane. Well, that's the end of that. (Thank God.)

"Look there, Millie. There's Rita's daughter. I didn't know she worked here."

"Rhoda! Rhoda!"

I knew she was talking about me because I was Rita's daughter. Oh, how I feel like crawling in a mold of cottage cheese!

"Hi, how are you?"

"You see, I told you she remembered me, Millie."

(Actually, I didn't know this lady from a hole in the ground.) "Well, I'm sorry, I really can't place you, though you do look rather familiar."

"Well, Rhoda, I'm your mother's brother's sister's sister. Remember? I was at your birthday party when you turned ten."

(Why me, God, why me?) "That certainly clears up the whole situation. Can I get you anything to eat or drink?"

"No. No thank you."

"You have to excuse me tonight for my forgetfulness but . . . "

"Don't worry, dear. We're leaving anyway."

(Good, get out.) "Come again." (Sometimes I wonder if it's me or them.) Well what do you know, they left me a tip. Gee, a whole quarter.

"Greenberg."

"Yeah, boss?"

"Go home."

"Do you really mean it?"

"You're finished for the day. Same time tomorrow."

"Okay." With great enthusiasm I put on my coat and race out the door. Wow, I made sixty cents, in tips. At this rate, in twenty-eight years I should make close to twenty dollars. I wonder if I should make a career out of this.

There's the bus, right on time. Oh, no, it's a SPECIAL. I'm freezing. It must be fifteen degrees out tonight. Oh, there's another bus. Another SPECIAL? Goddamn buses.

"I'm special," I shout. (I knew it wouldn't work.) Where the hell are all the buses?

After forty minutes of waiting I hail a cab to take me home. Nearing my house, he kindly says, "$17.36, please."

"$17.36! Are you kidding?"

"$17.36."

"I heard you. Do you know that this is twenty eight years of hard earned money?" Walking slowly towards my door, I stop to think awhile — I know it will be hard, but I'll adjust. It will just take a little more time and patience and, of course, practice. Tonight was hard, maybe a crucial point in my life, but I survived. Maybe in twenty eight years I'll become head waitress or mother superior or whatever. What a chance of climbing the ladder! Maybe I'll even own my own restaurant. Wow, I don't believe I'm flipping out. (I knew this job would affect me.) Oh well, if you can't beat 'em, join 'em!

ABIGAIL'S ARK

Gary Teitelbaum

She was quite eccentric. After all, how many people spend every penny they've ever saved on animals? How many people decorate rooms according to the country of origin of a breed of dog or cat? How many people talk to animals instead of to people?

Since she was a girl, Abigail Dodson always loved animals. She was raised on a farm full of all sorts of animals. Her parents taught her that the sanctity of life was the most important thing on earth.

Abigail married Hayward Dodson when she was nineteen. Six years later, their only child, Ralph, was born. When Ralph was fifteen, Hayward died suddenly, leaving Abigail with a great loss. To help ease her pain, Abigail acquired a few pets and from that time her pets and her son (in that order) have been her entire life.

"Mama! You've got to get out once in a while! It's not healthy to be cooped up with the animals all day!" Ralph always began his Friday night sermon to his mother with those words.

"Look here, sonny! I'm not all alone! My family will keep my company."

"Two Arabian horses, six dogs and two cats are not a family!"

"Sonny! That's not my entire family. We have a new addition!"

"Don't tell me you've got another animal! I can't afford one. What is it?"

"A black cat. He said his name was Tikvah. He is such a handsome gentleman."

"He *said* his name was Tikvah?" Ralph was quite upset. He knew that many people talked to animals, but that fact that his mother insisted that her animals answered her disturbed him.

"Yes. He is such a clever and handsome gentleman."

"Mama, why don't you sell your house and move in with Joan, the kids and me? You can keep all the animals except the horses and the African hunting dogs."

"Sonny, I'm shocked! How can you expect me to give up my family so easily? You *know* that Doctor Doolittle would never even consider it!"

Ralph had been accustomed to his senile mother's occasional outbursts that compared herself to Doctor Doolittle. "But, Mama, you've spent all the money from Dad's insurance a long time ago. I can't support you and all those animals forever!"

"Those *animals!* They're living creatures! If you don't want to support us, then don't! I'll go looking through garbage cans to find my family food!"

He couldn't stand it when she referred to her pets as her family or how she made him feel guilty when it came to her support. "All right, Mama, you win."

Abigail looked remarkably young for a seventy-two year old woman. Her gray hair was worn in a bun. She was slightly underweight and had almost perfect features. She had a knowing, satisfying air about her.

If one tried to describe Abigail's house in one word, it would be "haunted." From the outside, it did look like one of those movie haunted houses. It was extremely large and eerie looking.

After her conversation with Ralph, she drank a glass of orange juice and then went to check on the animals. Her first stop was the garage where she kept her Arabian horses. The two horses were beautiful with silky manes against snow white skin. Ahmed, the male, and Shala, the female, awaited her.

"Hello, Ahmed. How are you feeling? Oh, I'm fine, thank you. You're joking! She is? Why didn't you tell me? Shala, if you didn't feel well, you should have told me. I'll make you some soup. Oh, I see. You don't want soup. All right, then, go to bed early. If you don't feel better by tomorrow, you can sleep inside the house until you feel well enough. After all, you need your strength for you know what. Good night."

Every Friday night, she followed the same routine. Ralph's phone call would precede her juice and her good night to her family. After leaving the horses, she walked back into the house to her four rooms that were decorated in facsimiles of China, Italy, Thailand and Africa. She said good night to her two Pekinese, her two Italian greyhounds, her two Siamese cats and her two African hunting dogs.

Abigail walked into her bedroom where she saw Tikvah. Tikvah was black, sleek and smooth, with yellow eyes that shone like fire. As Abigail walked into the room, the cat

sturred and looked up at her.

"Hello, Tikvah. Did you enjoy your nap?"

"My name is not Tikvah! It is Mortimer!"

Abigail was taken aback. The cat had answered her! She knew that when she talked to animals that they never *really* answered her back. Not with words anyway. She was stunned to hear a cat actually talk. "You t-t-talked!" she stuttered.

"Yesss. And ssso did you," the cat purred.

"But how?"

"The same way as you, of course."

"Who are you?"

"My name is Mortimer and it is obvious enough that I am a cat."

"But cats can't speak!"

"Well, I hope they *can* because I haven't the slightest idea what I *am* doing if not talking."

"Why have you come into my house?"

"I have come to reward you."

"Reward me?"

"Funny. I believe that *I* said that."

"Reward me for what?"

"I've been observing you all day. I know how you sacrifice your money and your time so that these animals of yours can be happy."

"The animals are my family. I want no reward."

"Oh, come now. Are you serious? They're not your family. You can't even talk to them and be understood. I can. Only I can."

The cat had hit an extremely raw nerve. "I *can* talk to them! I *do* talk to them. I — ."

"No! You can't be understood by them. You haven't the power that I have. I talked to the animals today. And may I say that they really do love you. It so happens, though, that animals have instincts that tell them when they are going to die. Your animals have from two months to three years left to live, Mrs. Dodson. They decided that they would like to give up their last days on earth so you can be happy for the rest of your life."

"What do you mean?"

"Before I perform my miracle, you must swear that by no means will you ever reveal any of this evening's secret and highly confidential happenings. Trust me! Swear to me! Swear!"

Abigail found herself taking the oath of secrecy.

"Close your eyes, Abigail Dodson!"

"They're closed."

"Now open them."

To her amazement, she wasn't in her bedroom but in the garage with all her animals. They were silent.

"How did we get here!" she screamed.

"Quiet! Remember what you swore!"

"I remember." She was afraid.

Suddenly, to her complete astonishment, the two horses took a pose where the male was bucking up and female was alongside him. An eerie glow began to form around them. The glow became brighter and brighter. Then it stopped. The horses had turned to gold.

"My God! What have you done to them?"

"Quiet," said Mortimer, "it is their own choice. Remember, you are never to speak of how you acquired these treasures. Never!"

He was dead serious.

Then the two Pekinese posed. The female sat down and the male started licking her neck. They froze. A green aura surrounded them. They had become jade! They looked like Jade Ming Dynasty sculputures.

"You're killing my family!" she screamed.

"Quiet! Remember, you are never to speak of this!"

Next the two Italian greyhounds took positions that looked as if they were happily playing with each other. A pink glow surrounded them. They became marble statues.

"You're hurting my babies!"

"Never repeat this evening's events," warned the cat.

The two Siamese cats took symetrical sitting positions. They were almost the same, except one's head was tilted slightly to the right; the other's was slightly to the left. All of a sudden they began to shine! They became silver! Their beautiful blue eyes became sapphires! They were mirror images. Bookends.

"Please stop," pleaded Abigail, "Haven't you done enough?"

"It's their decision! You had better not tell anyone."

Finally, the African hunting dogs were ready for a similar fate. They posed as if they were about to pounce on a herd of zebra. Their color slowly faded. They became white. Ivory!"

"Why have you done this to me?"

"They wanted you to experience the luxury that you afforded them. They were all to die shortly. They wanted you to be as happy as you made them. Do what you like with the statues, but for your own sake never speak of me or the manner in which you acquired this wealth. Remember!"

"I'll remember."

She was grief-stricken that she had lost her family. She thought of her animals' sacrifice. To think that they loved her enough to give their lives for her. She turned to look for Mortimer, but he was gone.

The senile woman soon forgot her loss. She examined the treasures. They were very beautiful indeed. She would have to call Ralph. "Sonny, what is the name of that art appraiser friend of yours?"

"Robert Willis?"

"That's the one who got me all the beautiful things for my family rooms."

"That stuff is junk. He told you that."

"Tomorrow, I want you both to come to tea. I want him to see some very valuable things I have."

"What valuable things?"

"You'll see tomorrow."

"I'll look at them before Robert Willis does. He's a very busy man who can't have his valuable time taken."

"Don't you believe me?"

"Sure, Mama, sure."

"Sonny! I'm doing this so I'll have enough money to support myself for the rest of my life. If you don't bring Mr. Willis, then I'll just go elsewhere."

The next day, Ralph and Robert Willis arrived at three. The two men and Abigail sat in the living room. Abigail broke the silence. "I think we'll have tea before we conduct our business."

"Fine,"said Mr. Willis. "Mrs. Dodson, exactly what do you want me to examine. I'd like at least an inkling before we have our tea."

"Oh, just some things."

"Let's have tea later, Mama," Ralph commanded.

"All right. I'll tell you exactly what I own. Two gold horses. Two jade dogs. Two marble dogs. Two silver cats. Two ivory dogs."

"Where did you get them, Mama?"

"I'm not going to tell you."

"Where did you get them?"

"I can't tell you."

"Why not, Mama?"

"Because Mortimer made me swear that I wouldn't tell you how he changed my family into those precious statues!"

She clapped her hand to her mouth as if she were trying to push her secret back down her throat.

"Mortimer? What are you raving about, Mama?"

Abigail realized that she had told enough of the secret to go back on her word to Mortimer. She supplied the rest of the story.

"Show us these things now," said Ralph.

"Right this way." She led them to the garage and confidently threw open the door. There were ten animals inside. They were all dead! Suddenly, a noise was heard. A black cat walked out from the shadows.

"Mortimer! What happened to the statues? Tell them about the statues! Tell them I'm not crazy! Please!"

The only thing the black cat said was, "Meow."

Abigail fainted. When she was revived, all she could do was babble, "Mortimer, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry. I swear I won't tell."

Ralph had no choice. His mother could not speak any other words but apologies to a black cat. He was forced to have his mother committed to an insane asylum where some years later she died. Her last words were: "I'm sorry, Mortimer."

* * *

Nobody ever goes to that house anymore. They say it's cursed. Since Abigail left the house, two other owners have gone insane, babbling about, of all things, a talking black cat named Mortimer.

THE WINNING SIDE

Dianne Landi

"Oh, dammit!" I thought. "Jerry's supposed to call and she's on the phone again!"

In the background, my mother's voice droned on. "Well, Pat, I've discussed it with Joe and Peter and they both agree it would be for the best. Hmmm. What's that? Oh, yes. No, I don't think she'll be too hard to convince."

Whom were they going to convince about what? Being nosy was second nature to me, Super Snoop — Future Ace Reporter, so I quickly strode into the kitchen under the false pretense of getting a Coke. The conversation continued in the same vein, but my mother was not dropping any hints right then. I sat there sipping my Coke until she hung up. Then I began interrogation proceedings.

"Mom, who shouldn't be too hard to convince?"

"Uh, no one, no one at all."

"Bullshit!!" Uh-oh. I slipped. Smack!

"I warned you about using that language in my house," my mother scolded.

"She makes it sound like she lives in the Vatican," I half-laughed to myself. But we were straying too far from the matter at hand, so I delved in again.

"Mom, who shouldn't be too hard to convince? Who, Mom? C'mon, tell me."

"Oh, all right. I suppose you have to be told sooner or later. You know that Grandma is, well, getting on in years — she'll be seventy-five in two months, and we've decided that it would be nice if she could live where there are people her own age to keep her company."

"But," I protested, "she has lots of company. Why, she's friends with everyone in the neighborhood. Even the kids on the block drop in for candy or cake every day."

"She has to be with people her own age. Besides, there would be excellent nurses in the home to make it easier for her in her condition. We already made arrangements at a very exclusive place. It's like a resort for senior citizens, actually. She could be ready to leave by Wednesday."

"She ain't gonna like that."

"It's not going."

"What's not going?" I asked.

"It's not ain't gonna; it's not going."

"Okay, if you say so." With that I strode back into the parlor and waited for Jerry to call.

I was right. She didn't like it. After one year of algebra (honor class, no less), I knew that an equation had to be balanced in order to find a solution. In my grandmother's case, however, no formula on earth would make a live spitfire equal a resident of the old age home.

The scene that followed after Mom, Dad, Aunt Pat and Uncle Joe revealed their little plan to Granny was not to be forgotten.

We were sitting around the table, enjoying Sunday dinner, when my mother, self-designated spokeswoman for the Committee to Tell Grandma How to Live Her Life began her sales pitch. She spent several minutes with the introduction, which centered around "how lonely you must be, Mom, since Father passed away." Grandma replied that she had many beautiful memories of her husband to keep her company.

Having no answer to her simple but sincere statement, my mother continued on a different note. Somewhere in the middle of her flowing description of the countryside surrounding the home, my grandmother interrupted.

"Wait just one minute here. I wasn't born yesterday. I know what you're up to, and I'm not going to stand for it." As she spoke those last words, her fingers reached out for an olive, and she flicked it across the table. It accidentally went down my mother's blouse, causing her to squirm uncomfortably.

"Ten points," shouted my grandmother, with a glint of mischief in her eyes. "Here comes another one, and another, and one for you, and you," she cried, stripping the antipasto of its last olive.

This went on for quite a few minutes, as everyone joined in the food-throwing. Meatballs sailed through the air and strands of spaghetti were plastered against the green walls, forming a mixture of red, white and green which uncannily resembled the Italian flag.

My grandmother picked up a wooden spoon and banged it on the table until all was silent.

"My children," she began, "I understand your concern for my welfare. It's not especially easy to get around in this confounded contraption (referring to wheelchair), but since when was life supposed to be easy?"

"But, Ma," Uncle Joe started to interrupt.

"Guiseppe, I spend forty one years trying to teach you some manners, and now I know that I have failed. As I was saying, before this zucchini interrupted, life was not meant to be easy. Life is a challenge. Feeding three kids during the Depression was a challenge, but it was accepted and we made the best of the situation. I don't ask for an easy life. I ask only that I be allowed to live my life with dignity. I don't want my bambini to pay so much money to send their mother to some fancy nursing home. I just want my children to respect me; respect my right to choose. And I choose to live in this house, on this block, with my people."

When she spoke again, her voice held a note of mockery. "Enough said. I don't want to hear another word about whatever it was we were talking about, which I seem to have forgotten. You must excuse me. My memory is not what it used to be. I guess that comes from old age, no?" she murmured apologetically, winking in my direction.

NEW YORK

Dolores Goreczny

In the barren streets
I wandered far
The words of Jesus
Written on subway cars
The voices of the insane,
Imprinting memories —
Visions
That will always remain

Those plastic people
Were so cold
Their hearts enlarged
With evil
Transparent figures
Of empty strangers
Reflecting
All their dangers

And in the glaring lights
I saw
Two cool dudes
Taken in by the Law
Each talking
In a constant rhyme
Their pictures to appear
In the New York Times

A lesson lost
And never learned,
The world — she turns.

THE MONSTER

Marian Gryak

With the wake of dawn
and the slumber of twilight,
The Monster groans,
surrounded by a grayness
Which spreads a dismal outline
over its outstretched parts.

Such an enormous metabolism
consisting of abnormalities
Knives clenched within its heart.

Seldom can the sound of laughter
be heard
When the Monster speaks.

Sometimes it is silent
like a cobra
Waiting patiently
to strike.
To touch with burning fingers
its womb.
But in its womb
lies the patience of a People.

And through the darkened sky
the People look up
To search for that final
ray of hope.
Reaching up to unite its dream
with the stars.

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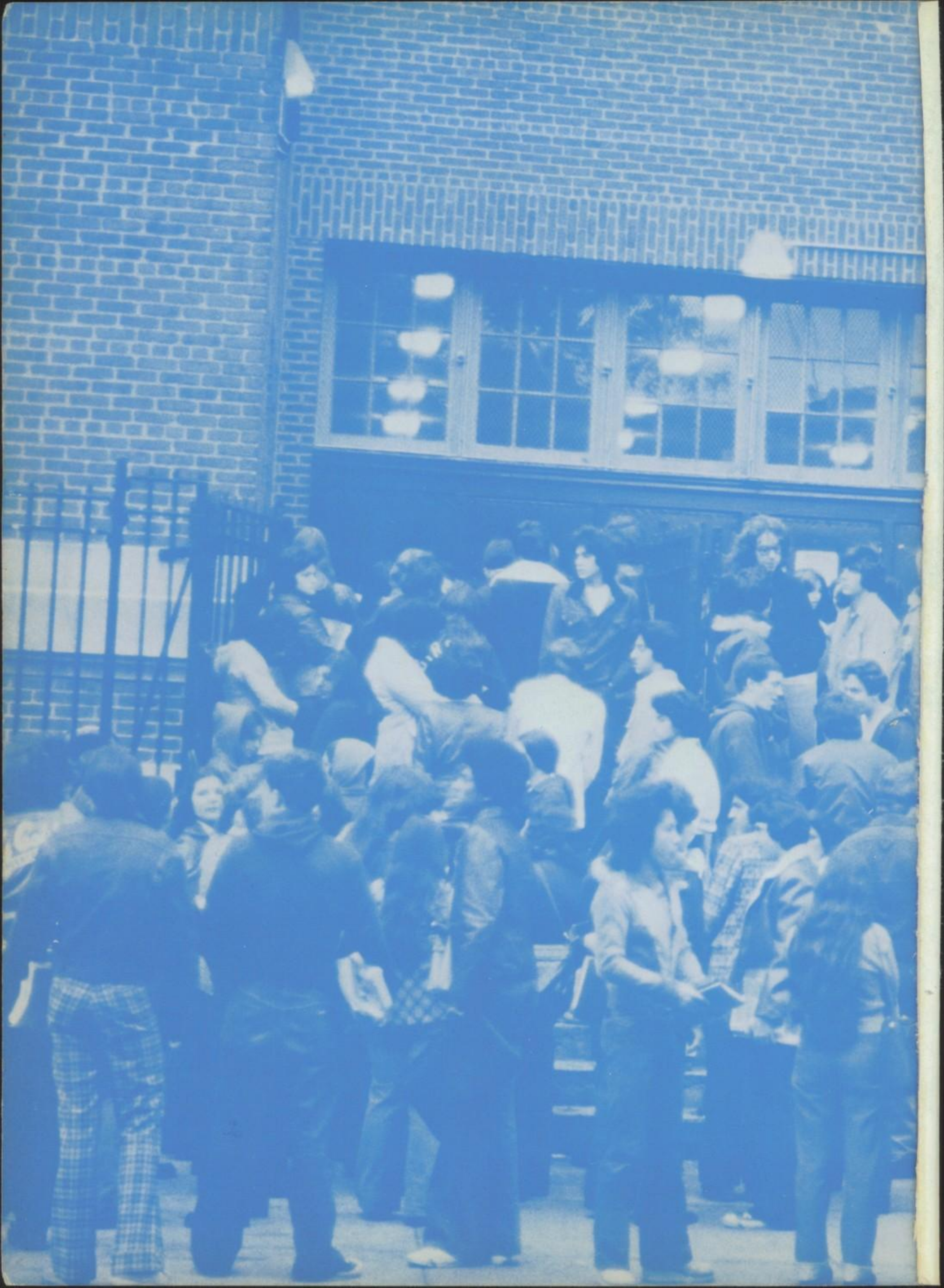
Dear Kirk,



Theodore.